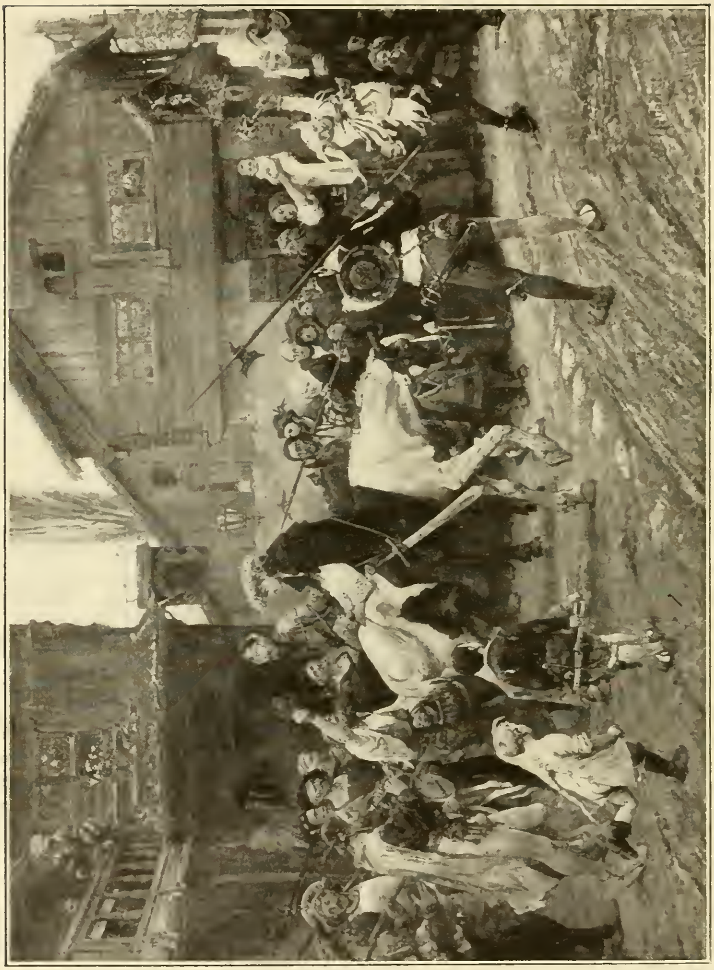


THE HUMILIATING ENTRY OF SONNAVATER AND KNUT INTO STOCKHOLM

BY C. G. HELLQUIST

(*Swedish artist*, 1851–1890)

Early in the sixteenth century, the Scandinavian kingdoms were united and ruled by King Christian of Denmark. Sweden was not happy in this union, and to force its obedience Christian seized and carried away to Denmark Gustavus and other young nobles as hostages. Gustavus escaped, returned to Sweden, and aroused the people to revolt. In 1523, Sweden won its freedom from Denmark, and Gustavus was made king. In his new kingdom he found much to reform. The nobles and clergy were rich and powerful, the peasants were poor and oppressed, and the laws were not observed.

When Gustavus attempted to improve matters, the nobles and clergy grew rebellious. Two bishops, Peter Sonnavater and Master Knut, were leaders of a revolt, and after it failed, in 1526, they fled to Drontheim to Archbishop Olaf. The archbishop, however, proved false to their trust and betrayed them to some servants of the king. These servants dressed them in rags, put a crown of straw upon Sonnavater's head and a miter of birch bark on Knut's, mounted them, face to the tail, on two raw-boned steeds, and led them through Upsala to Stockholm in a Shrovetide procession among the scoffs and insults of the people. When the market-place was reached, they were made to drink the health of the executioner, and were then broken on the wheel.

THE HUMILIATING ENTRY OF SONNAVATER AND KNUT INTO STOCKHOLM

NORWAY SWEDEN

DENMARK ICELAND GREENLAND AND THE SEARCH FOR THE POLES

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME VIII

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1914

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

THE FIRST EDITION OF THE WORLD'S STORY IS LIMITED TO SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY NUMBERED COPIES, OF WHICH THIS IS

NO. 521

NOTE

All rights in material used in this volume are reserved by the holders of the copyright. The publishers and others named in the subjoined list are the proprietors, either in their own right or as agents for the authors, of the selections taken by their permission from the works enumerated, of which the ownership is hereby acknowledged. The editor takes this opportunity to thank both authors and publishers for the ready generosity with which they have given permission to include these selections in "The World's Story."

"The Younger Edda," translated by Rasmus B. Anderson: copyright 1879 by S. C. Griggs & Company; used by permission of the publishers, Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago.

"A History of Norway," by Hjalmar H. Boyesen: published in the United States by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; in Great Britain by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

"Weird Tales from Northern Seas," by Jonas Lie: published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

"Peeps at Many Lands — Norway," by Lieut. A. F. Mockler-Ferryman: published in the United States by The Macmillan Company, New York; in Great Britain by Adam and Charles Black, London.

NOTE

"Sweden and the Swedes," by William Widgery Thomas: published by Rand McNally & Company, Chicago.

"Cronholm's History of Sweden," by Neander N. Cronholm; reprinted by permission of the author.

"Karine," by Wilhelm Jensen: published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

"Times of Battle and of Rest," by Z. Topelius: published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

"The Hansa Towns," by Helen Zimmermann: published in the United States by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; in Great Britain by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

"Peeps at Many Lands — Denmark," by M. Pearson Thomson: published in the United States by The Macmillan Company, New York; in Great Britain by Adam and Charles Black, London.

"Grettir the Outlaw," by S. Baring-Gould: published by Blackie & Son, Ltd., Glasgow.

"Saga Time," by J. Fulford Vicary: published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

"Laxdæla Saga," translated by Muriel A. C. Press: published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London.

"The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelungs," by William Morris: published by Longmans, Green & Company, London.

"Egypt and Iceland in the Year 1874," by Bayard Taylor: published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Peeps at Many Lands — Iceland," by Mrs. Disney Leith: published in the United States by The Macmillan Company, New York; in Great Britain by Adam and Charles Black, London.

NOTE

"The Land of Desolation," by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes: published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Danish Greenland," by Dr. Henry Rink: published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

"Memoirs of Hans Hendrich," translated by Dr. Henry Rink: published by George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London.

"The Northwest Passage," by Roald Amundsen: published by Constable & Company, Ltd., London.

"The Romance of Polar Explorations," by G. Firth Scott: published by Seeley, Service and Company, Ltd., London.

"Farthest North," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen: published in the United States by Harper & Bros.; in Great Britain by Constable & Company, Ltd., London.

"The Heart of the Antarctic," by E. H. Shackleton: published in the United States by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; in Great Britain by William Heinemann, London.

"The South Pole," by Roald Amundsen: published in the United States by Lee Keedick, New York; in Great Britain by John Murray, London.

"The Nobel Prize," by Vance Thompson; from the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, New York, September, 1906.

"Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland," by Jacob A. Riis; from *The Outlook*, New York, December 25, 1909.

"Friends in High Latitudes," from the *Cornhill Magazine*, London.

"The Discovery of the North Pole," by Admiral Robert E. Peary, used by permission of the author.

NOTE

"The Rivals in the Antarctic"; from *Harper's Weekly;* New York, March 16, 1912.

Illustration — "Admiral Peary in his North-Pole Costume"; from "The North Pole," by Admiral Robert E. Peary. Used by permission of the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

CONTENTS

NORWAY

I. STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

The Wolf Fenris . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 3
The Horse Sleipnir . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 7
Thor fishes for the Midgard Serpent
From the Younger Edda 10
From "Northern Antiquities," translated from the French of M. Mallet by Bishop Percy.
Thor among the Giants . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 13
The Death of Balder . . . . . . *From the Younger Edda* 20
Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson.
Proverbs from the Eddas . . . . *From the Elder Edda* 28

II. TALES OF THE SEA-ROVERS

The Discoverer of the North Cape
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31
The Story of Hakon the Good . . *From the Heimskringla* 36
Translated by Samuel Laing.
Stories of Olaf Tryggvason.
Olaf's Youthful Adventures . . . . *Henry Wheaton* 48
From "History of the Northmen."
How Gyda chose Olaf for a Husband *From the Heimskringla* 51
King Olaf orders a Poem . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 54
Ironbeard . . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 56
From "Tales of a Wayside Inn."
Stories of Olaf the Saint
St. Olaf captures London Bridge . . *From the Heimskringla* 60
St. Olaf and His Little Brother . . . *From the Heimskringla* 63
How King Olaf preached Christianity . *John Fulford Vicary* 65
From "Olav the King, and Olav, King and Martyr."
Olaf as a Saint . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 70
King Magnus, who was reformed by a Poem
Hjalmar H. Boyesen 77

CONTENTS

How King Harald Hard-Ruler gave his Treasure for his Life . . . . *Hjalmar H. Boyesen* 84
From "A History of Norway."
How King Sigurd smoked out the Pirates *From the Heimskringla* 87

III. LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH

Finn Blood . . . . *Jonas Lie* 91
From "Weird Tales from Northern Seas."
How the Laplanders live . . . *A. F. Mockler-Ferryman* 102
From "Peeps at Many Lands — Norway."
The Music of Ole Bull . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 108
From "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

SWEDEN

I. STORIES OF VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE

The Hall of the Early Chiefs . . . . . *Henry Morley* 113
From "English Writers."
How the Swedes elected their King *Neander N. Cronholm* 114
From "History of Sweden."
How the Swedes learned of Christianity *S. Baring-Gould* 115
From "Lives of the Saints."
How Ragnar Lodbrog won a Wife and a Nickname *Saxo Grammaticus* 120
From "The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus."
The Defeat of the Jomsburg Vikings *Neander N. Cronholm* 123
From "History of Sweden."
Sigrid the Haughty
The Wooers of Sigrid . . . . . . *From the Heimskringla* 127
Queen Sigrid and the Ring . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 128
The Revenge of Sigrid the Haughty . *From the Heimskringla* 132

II. TALES FROM SWEDISH HISTORY

The Blood-Bath of Stockholm *William Widgery Thomas, Jr.* 151
Gustavus Vasa, the Savior of Sweden *William Widgery Thomas, Jr.* 157
From "Sweden and the Swedes."
The Marriage of Gustavus Vasa . . . *Wilhelm Jensen* 165
From "Karine."

CONTENTS

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT LÜTZEN *Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller* 172
From "History of the Thirty Years' War."
THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS *Michael Altenburg* 182
THE CROSSING OF THE LITTLE BELT . . . . . *Z. Topelius* 183
From "Times of Battle and Rest."
HOW THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" DEFENDED HIMSELF AT BENDER . . . . *François Marie Arouet Voltaire* 192
THE NOBEL PRIZE . . . . *Vance Thompson* 209

DENMARK

I. TALES OF THE DARK AGES

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER . . . *William Shakespeare* 225
THE SLAYING OF THE MONSTER GRENDEL . *Florence Holbrook* 235
From "Northland Heroes."
HOW KING RORIK REGAINED THE TRIBUTE *Saxo Grammaticus* 245
THE SPEAKING OF PRINCE UFFE THE SPEECHLESS *Saxo Grammaticus* 249
From "The First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus."
THE LETTER OF KING CANUTE . . . . *King Canute* 257
WALDEMAR ATTERDAG AND THE HANSA . *Helen Zimmermann* 260
From "The Hansa Towns."

II. FOLK-STORIES AND LEGENDS

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE . . . . *John G. Whittier* 269
THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE . . . . . *Caroline Norton* 276
MOLBOER STORIES . . . . *Unknown* 278
From "Denmark Past and Present," by Margaret Thomas.

III. SCENES FROM DANISH HISTORY

THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" OVERCOMES COPENHAGEN *François Marie Arouet Voltaire* 285
From "The History of Charles XII of Sweden."
KING CHRISTIAN . . . . *Johannes Evald* 291
Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
STORIES OF TORDENSKJÖLD, THE GREAT DANISH ADMIRAL
Tordenskjöld as a Fisherman . . . . *M. Pearson Thomson* 293
From "Peeps at Many Lands — Denmark."
The Fight with the Swedish Frigate . . . *R. A. Davenport* 294
The King's Snuff-Box . . . . *R. A. Davenport* 295

CONTENTS

The Capture of Marstrand . . . . *R. A. Davenport* 296
From "Lives of Individuals who raised themselves from Poverty to Eminence."

The Fall of Queen Caroline Matilda . . . *G. Hezekiel* 299
From "Two Queens."

Hans Christian Andersen as a Boy *Hans Christian Andersen* 310
From "The Story of my Life."

ICELAND

I. IN SAGA TIMES

How the Sagas came to be written *Sabine Baring-Gould* 319
From "Grettir the Outlaw."

How the Early Icelanders dressed . *J. Fulford Vicary* 322

Paying Visits in Saga Time . . . . . *J. Fulford Vicary* 331
From "Saga Time."

How the Laws were made in Saga Time . . . *Unknown* 338

II. STORIES FROM THE ICELANDIC SAGAS

The Irish in Thule . . *From the Saga of Olaf Tryggvason* 343

Glum and his Man Ingolf . . . *From Viga-Glum's Saga* 344
Translated by Sir Edmund Head.

How Kjartan of Iceland became a Christian *From the Laxdœla Saga* 351
Translated from the Icelandic by Muriel A. C. Press.

Thangbrand the Priest . . . *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* 360

How Grettir the Outlaw saved the Farmhouse *From the Saga of Grettir the Strong* 364
Rewritten by S. Baring-Gould.

The Burning of Njal . . . *From the Saga of Burnt Njal* 369
Translated by George Webb Dasent.

How the Boy Sigurd won the Horse Greyfell *William Morris* 376
From "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelungs."

III. ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE

The Fire Mountains of Iceland . . . . *Lord Dufferin* 387
From "A Yacht Voyage — Letters from High Latitudes."

Climbing Mount Hekla . . . . *Pliny Miles* 392
From "Nordurfari, or Rambles in Iceland."

CONTENTS

Waiting for the Great Geyser to Spout . . *Bayard Taylor* 398
From "Egypt and Iceland in the Year 1874."
How Icelandic Children get their Surnames
Mrs. Disney Leith 406
From "Peeps at Many Lands — Iceland."

GREENLAND

I. STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF GREENLAND

How Eric the Red came to Greenland *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 411
How the Greenlanders got a Bishop . *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 416
From "The Land of Desolation."
The Search for the Lost Colonies of Greenland
Dr. Henry Rink 421
From "Danish Greenland."
The Apostle to Greenland . . . . *Jacob A. Riis* 427
A Model Parliament . . . . *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 439
From "The Land of Desolation."

II. STORIES OF LIFE IN GREENLAND

Greenland Customs of Two Centuries Ago . *Hans Egede* 447
From "A Description of Greenland."
How to build a "Woman's Boat" . . *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 452
From "The Land of Desolation."
The Eskimos and their Ways *From the Cornhill Magazine* 455
The Farewell of the Greenlanders
From the Cornhill Magazine 465
What is an Iceberg? . . . . *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 469
Escaping from a Glacier . . . . . . *Dr. Isaac I. Hayes* 478
From "The Land of Desolation."

THE SEARCH FOR THE POLES

I. ADVENTURES IN THE FROZEN NORTH

Spitzbergen, the Island that belongs to No One
Lord Dufferin 489
From "A Yacht Voyage — Letters from High Latitudes."
Fifteen Hundred Miles on Floating Ice . *Hans Hendrik* 498
From "Memoirs of Hans Hendrik."
How to build a Snow-Hut . . . . *Roald Amundsen* 509
Paying a Call in the Northwest Passage *Roald Amundsen* 519
From "The Northwest Passage."

CONTENTS

II. THE NORTH POLE

The Fate of Sir John Franklin . . . . *Elizabeth Doten* 531
A Balloon Search for the North Pole . . *G. Firth Scott* 535
From "The Romance of Polar Exploration."
The Attack of the Ice . . . . *Fridtjof Nansen* 538
From "Farthest North."
The Discovery of the North Pole *Admiral Robert E. Peary* 546

III. THE SOUTH POLE

In Antarctic Winter Quarters . *Sir Ernest H. Shackleton* 561
From "The Heart of the Antarctic."
Norway at the South Pole . . . . . . *Roald Amundsen* 572
The Rivals in the Antarctic . . . *From Harper's Weekly* 575
Captain Scott's Last Message . . . . *Robert F. Scott* 581

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Humiliating Entry of Sonnavater and Knut into Stockholm	*C. G. Hellquist*	Frontispiece
Boinnis Glacier and River	*Photograph*	28
The Ancient Church of Göl	*Photograph*	76
Birchlegs carrying King Hakon	*Knud Bergslien*	88
A Home in the North	*Photograph*	92
The Naerodal and Jordalsnut	*Photograph*	100
Market Day in the Far North	*Photograph*	106
Bringing Home the Body of Charles XII	*G. O. Cederström*	208
The Play Scene in "Hamlet"	*Daniel Maclise*	234
The Northwest Passage	*Sir John Everett Millais*	518
Admiral Peary in his North-Pole Costume	*Photograph*	546
At the South Pole	*Photograph*	574

NORWAY

I

STORIES FROM SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

HISTORICAL NOTE

THERE are two old Icelandic books called the "Eddas" which are famous the world over. The first, known as the "Elder Edda," consists of poems and songs of heroic and mythical import, collected probably from oral tradition about the middle of the thirteenth century, but composed at different periods between this century and the ninth. It was partly from these poems that the "Völsunga Saga," the northern version of the "Nibelungenlied," was derived, probably in the twelfth century.

The "Younger Edda" is in prose. This is ascribed to Snorre Sturleson, who lived in the first half of the thirteenth century. Here are found many stories of the myths of northern lands. According to this book, the principal deities were the powerful Odin, the great all-father; his wife Frigga; their son, Balder the beautiful, the friend of every one and beloved by every one; Thor the thunderer, who defended Asgard, the home of the gods, from the giants; and the treacherous Loki, full of malicious mischief and hatred. Heroes who fell in battle were borne by the "battle-maidens," the Valkyries, straight to Valhalla, where they joyed in fighting through the day and feasting through the night.

It was believed that at some time in the future, gods and men would be destroyed, the sun would become pale, the earth would sink into the sea, and the stars would drop from the heavens. After this destruction had taken place, a new heaven and a new earth would be created. Misery and wrongdoing would vanish, and gods and men would live in the utmost harmony together for unknown ages.

THE WOLF FENRIS

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

[The father of Fenris was Loki, the personification of evil. Tyr was one of the sons of Odin.

The Editor.]

Then said Har: —

"The wolf Fenris was bred up among the gods; but Tyr alone had the daring to go and feed him. Nevertheless, when the gods perceived that he every day increased prodigiously in size, and that the oracles warned them that he would one day become fatal to them, they determined to make a very strong iron fetter for him, which they called Læding. Taking this fetter to the wolf, they bade him try his strength on it. Fenris, perceiving that the enterprise would not be very difficult for him, let them do what they pleased, and then, by great muscular exertion, burst the chain and set himself at liberty. The gods, having seen this, made another fetter, half as strong again as the former, which they called Dromi, and prevailed on the wolf to put it on, assuring him that by breaking this, he would give an undeniable proof of his vigor.

"The wolf saw well enough that it would not be so easy to break this fetter, but, finding at the same time that his strength had increased since he broke Læding, and thinking that he could never become famous without running some risk, voluntarily submitted to be chained. When the gods told him that they had finished

their task, Fenris shook himself violently, stretched his limbs, rolled on the ground, and at last burst his chains, which flew in pieces all around him. He thus freed himself from Dromi, which gave rise to the proverb 'To get loose out of Læding,' or 'To dash out of Dromi,' when anything is to be accomplished by strong efforts.

"After this the gods despaired of ever being able to bind the wolf; wherefore Al-father sent Skirnir, the messenger of Frey, into the country of the Dark Elves to engage certain dwarfs to make the fetter called Gleipnir. It was fashioned out of six things; to wit, the noise made by the footfall of a cat; the beards of women; the roots of stones; the sinews of bears; the breath of fish; and the spittle of birds. Though thou mayest not have heard of these things before, thou mayest easily convince thyself that we have not been telling thee lies. Thou must have seen that women have no beards, that cats make no noise when they run, and that there are no roots under stones. Now I know what has been told thee to be equally true, although there may be some things thou art not able to furnish a proof of."

"I believe what thou hast told me to be true," replied Gangler, "for what thou hast adduced in corroboration of thy statement is conceivable. But how was the fetter smithied?"

"This can I tell thee," replied Har, "that the fetter was as smooth and soft as a silken string, and yet, as thou wilt presently hear, of very great strength. When it was brought to the gods, they were profuse in their thanks to the messenger for the trouble he had given himself; and taking the wolf with them to the island called Lyngvi, in the lake Amsvartnir, they showed him the

cord, and expressed their wish that he would try to break it, assuring him at the same time that it was somewhat stronger than its thinness would warrant a person in supposing it to be. They took it themselves, one after another, in their hands, and after attempting in vain to break it, said, 'Thou alone, Fenris, art able to accomplish such a feat.'

"'Methinks,' replied the wolf, 'that I shall acquire no fame in breaking such a slender cord; but if any artifice has been employed in making it, slender though it seems, it shall never come on my feet.'

"The gods assured him that he would easily break a limber silken cord, since he had already burst asunder iron fetters of the most solid construction. 'But if thou shouldst not succeed in breaking it,' they added, 'thou wilt show that thou art too weak to cause the gods any fear, and we will not hesitate to set thee at liberty without delay.'

"'I fear me much,' replied the wolf, 'that if ye once bind me so fast that I shall be unable to free myself by my own efforts, ye will be in no haste to unloose me. Loath am I, therefore, to have this cord wound round me; but in order that ye may not doubt my courage, I will consent, provided one of you put his hand into my mouth as a pledge that ye intend me no deceit.'

"The gods wistfully looked at each other, and found that they had only the choice of two evils, until Tyr stepped forward and intrepidly put his right hand between the monster's jaws. Hereupon the gods, having tied up the wolf, he forcibly stretched himself as he had formerly done, and used all his might to disengage himself, but the more efforts he made the tighter became

the cord, until all the gods, except Tyr, who lost his hand, burst into laughter at the sight.

"When the gods saw that the wolf was effectually bound, they took the chain called Gelgja, which was fixed to the fetter, and drew it through the middle of a large rock named Gjöll, which they sank very deep into the earth; afterwards, to make it still more secure, they fastened the end of the cord to a massive stone called Thviti, which they sank still deeper. The wolf made in vain the most violent efforts to break loose, and opening his tremendous jaws, endeavored to bite them. The gods, seeing this, thrust a sword into his mouth, which pierced his underjaw up to the hilt, so that the point touched the palate. He then began to howl horribly, and since that time the foam flows continually from his mouth in such abundance that it forms the river called Von. There will he remain until Ragnarök."[1]

"Verily," said Gangler, "an evil progeny is that of Loki, yet most mighty and powerful; but since the gods have so much to fear from the wolf, why did they not slay him?"

"The gods have so much respect for the sanctity of their peace-steads," replied Har, "that they would not stain them with the blood of the wolf, although prophecy had intimated to them that he must one day become the bane of Odin."

[1] The destruction of the world.

THE HORSE SLEIPNIR

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

"Thou mad'st mention," said Gangler, "of the horse Sleipnir. To whom does he belong, and what is there to say respecting him?"

"Thou seemest to know nothing either about Sleipnir or his origin," replied Har, "but thou wilt no doubt find what thou wilt hear worthy of thy notice. Once upon a time when the gods were constructing their abodes, and had already finished Midgard and Valhalla, a certain artificer came and offered to build them, in the space of three half years, a residence so well fortified that they should be perfectly safe from the incursion of the Frost-giants and the giants of the mountains, even although they should have penetrated within Midgard. But he demanded for his reward the goddess Freya, together with the sun and moon. After long deliberation the Æsir agreed to his terms, provided he would finish the whole work himself without any one's assistance, and all within the space of one winter; but if anything remained unfinished on the first day of summer, he should forfeit the recompense agreed on. On being told these terms, the artificer stipulated that he should be allowed the use of his horse, called Svadilfari, and this, by the advice of Loki, was granted to him. He accordingly set to work on the first day of winter, and during the night let his horse draw stone for the building. The enormous size of the stones struck the Æsir with astonishment, and they

saw clearly that the horse did one half more of the toilsome work than his master. Their bargain, however, had been concluded in the presence of witnesses, and confirmed by solemn oaths, for without these precautions a giant would not have thought himself safe among the Æsir, especially when Thor returned from an expedition he had then undertaken towards the east against evil demons.

"As the winter drew to a close the building was far advanced, and the bulwarks were sufficiently high and massive to render this residence impregnable. In short, when it wanted but three days to summer the only part that remained to be finished was the gateway. Then sat the gods on their seats of justice and entered into consultation, inquiring of one another who among them could have advised to give Freya away to Jötunheim, or to plunge the heavens in darkness by permitting the giant to carry away the sun and moon. They all agreed that no one but Loki, the son of Laufey, and the author of so many evil deeds, could have given such bad counsel, and that he should be put to a cruel death if he did not contrive some way or other to prevent the artificer from completing his task and obtaining the stipulated recompense. They immediately proceeded to lay hands on Loki, who, in his fright, promised upon oath that let it cost him what it would, he would so manage matters that the man should lose his reward. That very night, when the artificer went with Svadilfari for building stone, a mare suddenly ran out of a forest and began to neigh. The horse being thus excited, broke loose and ran after the mare into the forest, which obliged the man also to run after his horse, and thus between one and the

other the night was lost, so that at dawn the work had not made the usual progress. The man seeing that he had no other means of completing his task, resumed his own gigantic stature, and the gods now clearly perceived that it was in reality a Mountain-giant who had come amongst them. No longer regarding their oaths, they, therefore, called on Thor, who immediately ran to their assistance, and lifting up his mallet Mjölnir paid the workman his wages, not with the sun and moon, and not even by sending him back to Jötunheim, for with the first blow he shattered the giant's skull to pieces, and hurled him headlong into Niflhel. But shortly after, the mare bore a gray foal with eight legs. This is the horse Sleipnir, which excels all horses ever possessed by gods or men."

THOR FISHES FOR THE MIDGARD SERPENT

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

[According to Scandinavian mythology, Midgard (the earth) was held together by the Midgard serpent which lay at the bottom of the ocean with its tail between its jaws. Across the ocean was the land of giants with whom the gods were perpetually at war.

The Editor.]

He [Thor] went out of Midgard under the semblance of a young man, and came at dusk to the dwelling of a giant called Hymir. Here Thor passed the night, but at break of day, when he perceived that Hymir was making his boat ready for fishing, he arose and dressed himself, and begged the giant would let him row out to sea with him. Hymir answered that a puny stripling like him could be of no great use to him. "Besides," he added, "thou wilt catch thy death of cold if I go so far out and remain so long as I am accustomed to do." Thor said that for all that he would row as far from the land as Hymir had a mind, and was not sure which of them would be the first who might wish to row back again. At the same time he was so enraged that he felt sorely inclined to let his mallet ring on the giant's skull without further delay, but intending to try his strength elsewhere, he stifled his wrath, and asked Hymir what he meant to bait with. Hymir told him to look out for a bait himself. Thor instantly went up to a herd of oxen

that belonged to the giant, and seizing the largest bull, that bore the name of Himinbrjót, wrung off his head, and returning with it to the boat, put out to sea with Hymir.

Thor rowed aft with two oars, and with such force that Hymir, who rowed at the prow, saw with surprise how swiftly the boat was driven forward. He then observed that they were come to the place where he was wont to angle for flat-fish, but Thor assured him that they had better go on a good way farther. They accordingly continued to ply their oars, until Hymir cried out that if they did not stop they would be in danger from the great Midgard serpent. Notwithstanding this, Thor persisted in rowing farther, and in spite of Hymir's remonstrances was a great while before he would lay down his oars. He then took out a fishing-line, extremely strong, furnished with an equally strong hook, on which he fixed the bull's head, and cast his line into the sea. The bait soon reached the bottom, and it may be truly said that Thor then deceived the Midgard serpent not a whit less than Utgard-Loki had deceived Thor when he obliged him to lift up the serpent in his hand: for the monster greedily caught at the bait, and the hook stuck fast in his palate. Stung with the pain, the serpent tugged at the hook so violently that Thor was obliged to hold fast with both hands by the pegs that bear against the oars. But his wrath now waxed high, and assuming all his divine power, he pulled so hard at the line that his feet forced their way through the boat, and went down to the bottom of the sea, whilst with his hands he drew up the serpent to the side of the vessel. It is impossible to express by words the dreadful scene that now took

place. Thor, on one hand, darting looks of ire on the serpent, whilst the monster, rearing his head, spouted out floods of venom upon him. It is said that when the giant Hymir beheld the serpent, he turned pale and trembled with fright, and seeing, moreover, that the water was entering his boat on all sides, he took out his knife, just as Thor raised his mallet aloft, and cut the line, on which the serpent sunk again under water. Thor, however, launched his mallet at him, and there are some who say that it struck off the monster's head at the bottom of the sea, but one may assert with more certainty that he still lives and lies in the ocean. Thor then struck Hymir such a blow with his fist, nigh the ear, that the giant fell headlong into the water, and Thor, wading with rapid strides, soon came to the land again.

THOR AMONG THE GIANTS

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

Thor and his companions went their way and continued their journey until noon. Then they saw a burg standing on a plain, and it was so high that they had to bend their necks clear back before they could look over it. They drew nearer and came to the burg-gate, which was closed. Thor finding himself unable to open it, and being anxious to get within the burg, they crept between the bars and so came in. They discovered a large hall and went to it. Finding the door open they entered, and saw there many men, the most of whom were immensely large, sitting on two benches. Thereupon they approached the king, Utgard-Loki, and greeted him. He scarcely deigned to look at them, smiled scornfully, and showed his teeth, saying: —

"It is late to ask for tidings of a long journey, but if I am not mistaken, this stripling is Oku-Thor, is it not? It may be, however, that you are really bigger than you look. For what feats are you and your companions prepared? No one can stay with us here unless he is skilled in some craft or accomplishment beyond the most of men."

Then answered he who came in last, namely, Loki: —

"I know the feat of which I am prepared to give proof, that there is no one present who can eat his food faster than I."

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"That is a feat, indeed, if you can keep your word, and you shall try it immediately."

He then summoned from the bench a man by name Loge, and requested him to come out on the floor and try his strength against Loki. They took a trough full of meat and set it on the floor, whereupon Loki seated himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate as fast as they could, and met at the middle of the trough. Loki had eaten all the flesh off from the bones, but Loge had consumed both the flesh and the bones, and the trough, too. All agreed that Loki had lost the wager.

Then Utgard-Loki asked what game *that* young man knew. Thjalfe answered that he would try to run a race with any one that Utgard-Loki might designate. Utgard-Loki said this was a good feat, and added that it was to be hoped that he excelled in swiftness if he expected to win in this game, but he would soon have the matter decided. He arose and went out. There was an excellent race-course along the flat plain. Utgard-Loki then summoned a young man, whose name was Huge, and bade him run a race with Thjalfe. Then they took the first heat, and Huge was so much ahead that when he turned at the goal he met Thjalfe.

Said Utgard-Loki: —

"You must lay yourself more forward, Thjalfe, if you want to win the race; but this I confess, that there has never before come any one hither who was swifter of foot than you."

Then they took a second heat, and when Huge came to the goal and turned, there was a long bolt-shot to Thjalfe.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"Thjalfe seems to me to run well; still I scarcely think he will win the race, but this will be proven when they run the third heat."

Then they took one more heat. Huge ran to the goal and turned back, but Thjalfe had not yet gotten to the middle of the course. Then all said that this game had been tried sufficiently.

Utgard-Loki now asked Thor what feats there were that he would be willing to exhibit before them, corresponding to the tales that men tell of his great works. Thor replied that he preferred to compete with some one in drinking. Utgard-Loki said there would be no objection to this. He went into the hall, called his cup-bearer, and requested him to take the sconce-horn that his thanes were wont to drink from. The cup-bearer immediately brought forward the horn and handed it to Thor.

Said Utgard-Loki: —

"From this horn it is thought to be well drunk if it is emptied in one draught, some men empty it in two draughts, but there is no drinker so wretched that he cannot exhaust it in three."

Thor looked at the horn and did not think it was very large, though it seemed pretty long, but he was very thirsty. He put it to his lips, and swallowed with all his might, thinking that he should not have to bend over the horn a second time. But when his breath gave out, and he looked into the horn to see how it had gone with his drinking, it seemed to him difficult to determine whether there was less in it than before.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"That is well drunk, still it is not very much. I

could never have believed it, if any one had told me, that Asa-Thor could not drink more, but I know you will be able to empty it in a second draught."

Thor did not answer, but set the horn to his lips, thinking that he would now take a larger draught. He drank as long as he could and drank deep, as he was wont, but still he could not make the tip of the horn come up as he would like. And when he set the horn away and looked into it, it seemed to him that he had drunk less than the first time; but the horn could now be borne without spilling.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"How now, Thor! Are you not leaving more for the third draught than befits your skill? It seems to me that if you are to empty the horn with the third draught, then this will be the greatest. You will not be deemed so great a man here among us as the asas [gods] call you, if you do not distinguish yourself more in other feats than you seem to me to have done in this."

Then Thor became wroth, set the horn to his mouth and drank with all his might and kept on as long as he could; and when he looked into it its contents had indeed visibly diminished, but he gave back the horn and would not drink any more.

Said Utgard-Loki: —

"It is clear that your might is not so great as we thought. Would you like to try other games? It is evident that you gained nothing by the first."

Answered Thor: —

"I should like to try other games, but I should be surprised if such a drink at home among the asas would be called small. What game will you now offer me?"

Answered Utgard-Loki: —

"Young lads here think it nothing but play to lift my cat up from the ground, and I should never have dared to offer such a thing to Asa-Thor had I not already seen that you are much less of a man than I thought."

Then there sprang forth on the floor a gray cat, and it was rather large. Thor went over to it, put his hand under the middle of its body, and tried to lift it up, but the cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor raised his hands; and when he had stretched them up as far as he was able the cat lifted one foot, and Thor did not carry the game any further.

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"This game ended as I expected. The cat is rather large, and Thor is small, and little compared with the great men that are here with us."

Said Thor: —

"Little as you call me, let any one who likes come hither and wrestle with me, for now I am wroth."

Answered Utgard-Loki, looking about him on the benches: —

"I do not see any one here who would not think it a trifle to wrestle with you." And again he said: "Let me see first! Call hither that old woman, Elle, my foster-mother, and let Thor wrestle with her if he wants to. She has thrown to the ground men who have seemed to me no less strong than Thor."

Then there came into the hall an old woman. Utgard-Loki bade her take a wrestle with Asa-Thor. The tale is not long. The result of the grapple was that the more Thor tightened his grasp, the firmer she stood. Then the woman began to bestir herself, and Thor lost his

footing. They had some very hard tussles, and before long Thor was brought down on one knee. Then Utgard-Loki stepped forward, bade them cease the wrestling, and added that Thor did not need to challenge anybody else to wrestle with him in his hall; besides, it was now getting late. He showed Thor and his companions to seats, and they spent the night there enjoying the best of hospitality.

At daybreak the next day Thor and his companions arose, dressed themselves, and were ready to depart. Then came Utgard-Loki and had the table spread for them, and there was no lack of feasting both in food and in drink. When they had breakfasted, they immediately departed from the burg. Utgard-Loki went with them out of the burg, but at parting he spoke to Thor and asked him how he thought his journey had turned out, or whether he had ever met a mightier man than himself. Thor answered that he could not deny that he had been greatly disgraced in this meeting; "and this I know," he added, "that you will call me a man of little account, whereat I am much mortified."

Then said Utgard-Loki: —

"Now I will tell you the truth, since you have come out of the burg, that if I live, and may have my way, you shall never enter it again; and this I know, forsooth, that you should never have come into it had I before known that you were so strong, and that you had come so near bringing us into great misfortune. Know, then, that I have deceived you with illusions. . . . In regard to the first [contest] in which Loki took part, the facts were as follows: He was very hungry and ate fast; but he whose name was Loge was wildfire, and he burned

the trough no less rapidly than the meat. When Thjalfe ran a race with him whose name was Huge, that was my thought, and it was impossible for him to keep pace with its swiftness. When you drank from the horn, and thought that it diminished so little, then, by my troth, it was a great wonder, which I could never have deemed possible. One end of the horn stood in the sea, but that you did not see. When you come to the seashore you will discover how much the sea has sunk by your drinking; that is now called the ebb." Furthermore he said: "Nor did it seem less wonderful to me that you lifted up the cat; and, to tell you the truth, all who saw it were frightened when they saw that you raised one of its feet from the ground, for it was not such a cat as you thought. It was in reality the Midgard serpent, which surrounds all lands. It was scarcely long enough to touch the earth with its tail and head, and you raised it so high that your hand nearly reached to heaven. It was also a most astonishing feat when you wrestled with Elle, for none has ever been, and none shall ever be, that Elle [eld, old age] will not get the better of him, though he gets to be old enough to abide her coming. And now the truth is that we must part; and it will be better for us both that you do not visit me again. I will again defend my burg with similar or other delusions, so that you will get no power over me."

When Thor heard this tale, he seized his hammer and lifted it into the air, but when he was about to strike, he saw Utgard-Loki nowhere; and when he turned back to the burg and was going to dash that to pieces, he saw a beautiful and large plain, but no burg. So he turned and went his way back to Thrudvang.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

FROM THE YOUNGER EDDA

The beginning of this tale is that Balder dreamed dreams great and dangerous to his life. When he told these dreams to the asas [gods] they took counsel together, and it was decided that they should seek peace for Balder against all kinds of harm. So Frigg [mother of Balder] exacted an oath from fire, water, iron, and all kinds of metal, stones, earth, trees, sicknesses, beasts, birds, and creeping things, that they should not hurt Balder. When this was done and made known, it became the pastime of Balder and the asas that he should stand up at their meetings whilst some of them should shoot at him, others should hew at him, while others should throw stones at him; but no matter what they did, no harm came to him, and this seemed to all a great honor.

When Loki, Laufey's son, saw this, it displeased him very much that Balder was not scathed. So he went to Frigg, in Fensal, having taken on himself the likeness of a woman. Frigg asked this woman whether she knew what the asas were doing at their meeting. She answered that all were shooting at Balder, but that he was not scathed thereby.

Then said Frigg: —

"Neither weapon nor tree can hurt Balder, I have taken an oath from them all."

Then asked the woman: —

"Have all things taken an oath to spare Balder?"

Frigg answered: —

"West of Valhalla there grows a little shrub that is called the mistletoe, that seemed to me too young to exact an oath from."

Then the woman suddenly disappeared. Loki went and pulled up the mistletoe and proceeded to the meeting. Hoder stood far to one side in the ring of men, because he was blind.

Loki addressed himself to him, and asked: —

"Why do you not shoot at Balder?"

He answered: —

"Because I do not see where he is, and furthermore I have no weapons."

Then said Loki: —

"Do like the others and show honor to Balder; I will show you where he stands; shoot at him with this wand."

Hoder took the mistletoe and shot at Balder under the guidance of Loki. The dart pierced him and he fell dead to the ground. This is the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to gods and men.

When Balder had fallen, the asas were struck speechless with horror, and their hands failed them to lay hold of the corpse. One looked at the other, and all were of one mind toward him who had done the deed, but being assembled in a holy peace-stead, no one could take vengeance. When the asas at length tried to speak, the wailing so choked their voices that one could not describe to the other his sorrow. Odin took this misfortune most to heart, since he best comprehended how great a loss and injury the fall of Balder was to the asas.

When the gods came to their senses, Frigg spoke and asked who there might be among the asas who desired to win all her love and good will by riding the way to Hel and trying to find Balder, and offering Hel a ransom if she would allow Balder to return home again to Asgard. But he is called Hermod, the Nimble, Odin's swain, who undertook this journey. Odin's steed, Sleipnir, was led forth. Hermod mounted him and galloped away.

The asas took the corpse of Balder and brought it to the seashore. Hringhorn was the name of Balder's ship, and it was the largest of all ships. The gods wanted to launch it and make Balder's bale-fire thereon, but they could not move it. Then they sent to Jötunheim after the giantess whose name is Hyrrokken. She came riding on a wolf, and had twisted serpents for reins. When she alighted, Odin appointed four berserks to take care of her steed, but they were unable to hold him except by throwing him down to the ground. Hyrrokken went to the prow and launched the ship with one single push, but the motion was so violent that fire sprang from the underlaid rollers and all the earth shook. Then Thor became wroth, grasped his hammer, and would forthwith have crushed her skull, had not all the gods asked peace for her. Balder's corpse was borne out on the ship; and when his wife Nanna, daughter of Nep, saw this, her heart was broken with grief and she died. She was borne to the funeral-pile and cast on the fire. Thor stood by and hallowed the pile with Mjöllnir. Before his feet ran a dwarf, whose name is Lit. Him Thor kicked with his foot and dashed into the fire, and he, too, was burned. But this

funeral-pile was attended by many kinds of folk. First of all came Odin, accompanied by Frigg and the Valkyries and his ravens. Frey came riding in his chariot drawn by the boar called Gullinburste or Slidrugtanne. Heimdal rode his steed Gulltop, and Freya drove her cats. There was a large number of frost-giants and mountain-giants. Odin laid on the funeral-pile his gold ring, Draupner, which had the property of producing, every ninth night, eight gold rings of equal weight. Balder's horse, fully caparisoned, was led to his master's pile.

But of Hermod it is to be told that he rode nine nights through deep and dark valleys, and did not see light until he came to the Gjallar-river and rode on the Gjallar-bridge, which is thatched with shining gold. Modgud is the name of the man who guards the bridge. She asked him for his name, and of what kin he was, saying that the day before there rode five fylkes [kingdoms, bands] of dead men over the bridge; "but," she added, "it does not shake less under you alone, and you do not have the hue of dead men. Why do you ride the way to Hel?"

He answered: —

"I am to ride to Hel to find Balder. Have you seen him pass this way?"

She answered that Balder had ridden over the Gjallar-bridge; adding: —

"But downward and northward lies the way to Hel."

Then Hermod rode on till he came to Hel's gate. He alighted from his horse, drew the girths tighter, remounted him, clapped the spurs into him, and the

horse leaped over the gate with so much force that he never touched it. Thereupon Hermod proceeded to the hall and alighted from his steed. He went in, and saw there sitting on the foremost seat his brother Balder. He tarried there over night. In the morning he asked Hel whether Balder might ride home with him, and told how great weeping there was among the asas. But Hel replied that it should now be tried whether Balder was so much beloved as was said. "If all things," said she, "both quick and dead, will weep for him, then he shall go back to the asas; but if anything refuses to shed tears, then he shall remain with Hel."

Hermod arose, and Balder accompanied him out of the hall. He took the ring Draupner and sent it as a keepsake to Odin. Nanna sent Frigg a kerchief and other gifts, and to Fulla she sent a ring. Thereupon Hermod rode back and came to Asgard, where he reported the tidings he had seen and heard.

Then the asas sent messengers over all the world, praying that Balder might be wept out of Hel's power. All things did so, — men and beasts, the earth, stones, trees, and all metals, just as you must have seen that these things weep when they come out of frost and into heat. When the messengers returned home and had done their errand well, they found a certain cave wherein sat a giantess whose name was Thok. They requested her to weep Balder from Hel; but she answered: —

Thok will weep
With dry tears
For Balder's burial;
Neither in life nor in death
Gave he to me gladness.
Let Hel keep what she has!

It is generally believed that this Thok was Loki, Laufey's son, who has wrought most evil among the asas. . . . He was repaid for this in a way that he will long remember. The gods became exceedingly wroth, as might be expected. So he ran away and hid himself in a rock. Here he built a house with four doors, so that he might keep an outlook on all sides. Oftentimes in the daytime he took on him the likeness of a salmon and concealed himself in Frananger Force. Then he thought to himself what stratagems the asas might have recourse to in order to catch him. Now, as he was sitting in his house, he took flax and yarn and worked them into meshes, in the manner that nets have since been made; but a fire was burning before him. Then he saw that the asas were not far distant. Odin had seen from Hlidskjalf where Loki kept himself. Loki immediately sprang up, cast the net on the fire, and leaped into the river.

When the asas came to the house, he entered first who was wisest of them all, and whose name was Kvaser; and when he saw in the fire the ashes of the net that had been burned, he understood that this must be a contrivance for catching fish, and this he told to the asas. Thereupon they took flax and made themselves a net after the pattern of that which they saw in the ashes and which Loki had made.

When the net was made, the asas went to the river and cast it into the force. Thor held one end of the net, and all the other asas laid hold on the other, thus jointly drawing it along the stream. Loki went before it and laid himself down between two stones, so that they drew the net over him, although they perceived that

some living thing touched the meshes. They went up to the force again and cast out the net a second time. This time they hung a great weight to it, making it so heavy that nothing could possibly pass under it. Loki swam before the net, but when he saw that he was near the sea, he sprang over the top of the net and hastened back to the force.

When the asas saw whither he went, they proceeded up to the force, dividing themselves into two bands, but Thor waded in the middle of the stream, and so they dragged the net along to the sea. Loki saw that he now had only two chances of escape, — either to risk his life and swim out to sea, or to leap again over the net. He chose the latter, and made a tremendous leap over the top line of the net. Thor grasped after him and caught him, but he slipped in his hand so that Thor did not get a firm hold before he got to the tail; and that is the reason why the salmon has so slim a tail.

Now Loki was taken without truce and was brought to a cave. The gods took three rocks and set them up on edge, and bored a hole through each rock. Then they took Loki's sons, Vale and Nare or Narfe. Vale they changed into the likeness of a wolf, whereupon he tore his brother Narfe to pieces, with whose intestines the asas bound Loki over the three rocks. One stood under his shoulders, another under his loins, and the third under his hams, and the fetters became iron. Skade took a serpent and fastened up over him, so that the venom should drop from the serpent into his face. But Sigyn, his wife, stands by him, and holds a dish under the venom-drops. Whenever the dish becomes

full, she goes and pours away the venom, and meanwhile the venom drops upon Loki's face. Then he twists his body so violently that the whole earth shakes, and this you call earthquakes. There he will lie bound until Ragnarök.

PROVERBS FROM THE EDDAS

He who traveleth hath need of wisdom.

The more the drunkard swallows, the less is his wisdom, till he loses his reason.

No one ought to laugh at another until he is free from faults himself.

One's own home is the best home, though never so small.

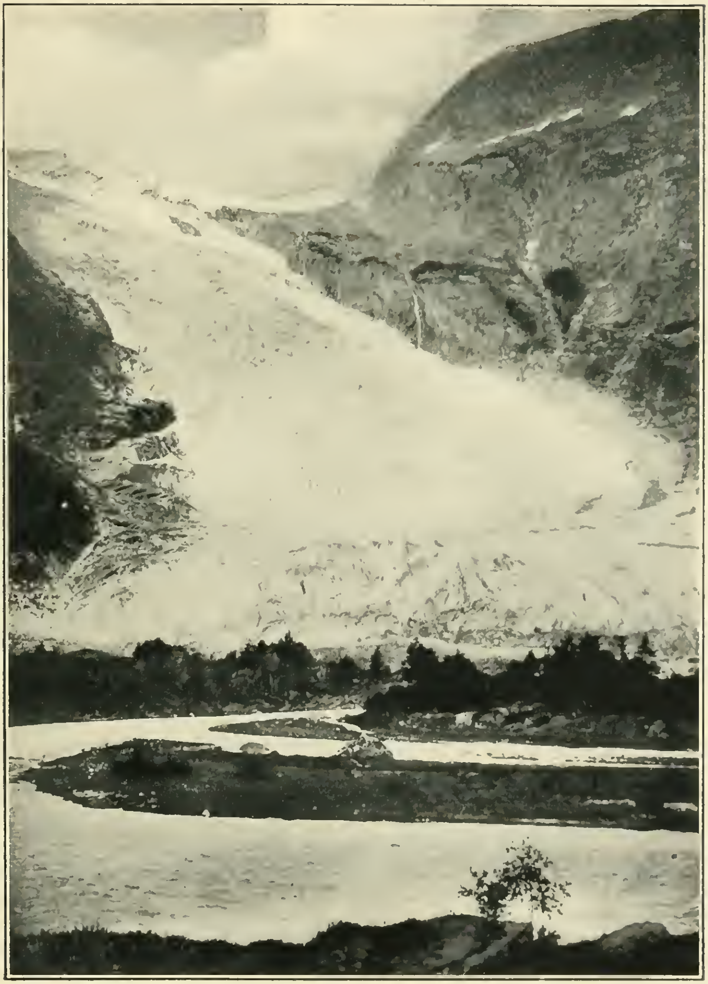
Love both your friends and your friends' friends; but do not favor the friend of your enemies.

Riches pass away like the twinkling of an eye; of all friends they are the most inconstant.

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended; praise a woman when she is buried; a sword when you have proved it; a maiden after she is married; the ice when once you have crossed it; and the liquor after it is drunk.

Trust not to the ice of one day's freezing.

Be not the first to break with your friend. Sorrow gnaws the heart of him who hath no one to advise with but himself.



II

TALES OF THE SEA-ROVERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

Our first knowledge of the history of Norway comes from the sagas, or hero-stories, handed down from one generation to another by word of mouth until the time came when they were put into writing. Far less is known than might be wished, for little that can be trusted goes back of the ninth century. The tiny kingdoms, which were scattered over the land, were then united by Harald Fairhair, and a rude feudal system was introduced. A great number of the jarls, or nobles, unwilling to submit to any authority, set out in their stout ships to conquer homes for themselves in other lands. From Archangel to Constantinople these Viking sea-rovers roamed in their dragon-prowed galleys, thirsting for battle and for plunder, until their name grew terrible throughout western Europe.

During the eleventh century Christianity was introduced by King Olaf Tryggvason (996–1000) and Olaf the Saint (1015–1030), royal missionaries who relied not on argument, but on the sword, for the conversion of their subjects. The last of these kings was driven from his throne by Canute, King of Denmark and England; but the rule of Denmark passed with the life of Canute, and for three hundred years Norwegian sovereigns wore the Norwegian crown. In the middle of the twelfth century a civil war broke out which devastated the country until the accession in 1217 of Hakon IV, an energetic monarch who restored the country's prosperity and conquered Iceland.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

[About 890]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[This story of the discovery of the North Cape was told to Alfred the Great by the old sea-captain Othere. Longfellow in his poem has followed closely the account set down by Alfred in his notebook.

The Editor.]

Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the king he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,

And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain chains,
And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-hale.
If you only sail by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas.

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep; —
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night:

Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the king listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!"

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
  Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
  Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
  Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
  His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
  In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

THE STORY OF HAKON THE GOOD

[934–961]

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[The "Heimskringla" is the history of the kings of Norway. It was written early in the thirteenth century by the Icelander Snorre Sturleson. "Thing" is an assembly or public meeting. "Bonders" are peasants or farmers.

The Editor.]

Ketil Jemte, a son of Earl Onund of Sparbo, went eastward across the mountain ridge, and with him a great multitude, who took all their farmstock and goods with them. They cleared the woods, and established large farms, and settled the country afterwards called Jemteland. Thorer Helsing, Ketil's grandson, on account of a murder, ran away from Jemteland, and fled eastward through the forest, and settled there. Many people followed; and that country, which extends eastward down to the sea-coast, was called Helsingland; and its eastern parts are inhabited by Swedes.

Now when Hakon Haarfager took possession of the whole country, many people fled before him, both people of Drontheim and of Numedal districts; and thus new settlers came to Jemteland, and some all the way to Helsingland. The Helsingland people traveled into Sweden for their merchandise, and thus became altogether subjects of that country. The Jemteland people, again, were in a manner between the two countries; and nobody cared about them, until Hakon entered into

friendly intercourse with Jemteland, and made friends of the more powerful people. Then they resorted to him, and promised him obedience and payment of taxes, and became his subjects; for they saw nothing but what was good in him, and being of Norwegian race they would rather stand under his royal authority than under the King of Sweden: and he gave them laws, and rights to their land. All the people of Helsingland did the same, — that is, all who were of Norwegian race, from the other side of the great mountain ridge.

King Hakon was a good Christian when he came to Norway; but as the whole country was heathen, with much heathenish sacrifice, and as many great people, as well as the favor of the common people, were to be conciliated, he resolved to practice his Christianity in private. But he kept Sundays, and the Friday fasts, and some token of the greatest holy days. He made a law that the festival of Yule should begin at the same time as Christian people held it, and that every man, under penalty, should brew a meal [that is, a measure of grain] of malt into ale, and therewith keep the Yule holy as long as it lasted. Before him, the beginning of Yule, or the slaughter night, was the night of midwinter, and Yule was kept for three days thereafter. It was his intent, as soon as he had set himself fast in the land, and had subjected the whole to his power, to introduce Christianity. He went to work first by enticing to Christianity the men who were dearest to him; and many, out of friendship to him, allowed themselves to be baptized, and some laid aside sacrifices. He dwelt long in the Drontheim district, for the strength of the country lay there; and when he thought that, by the support of some

powerful people there, he could set up Christianity, he sent a message to England for a bishop and other teachers; and when they arrived in Norway, Hakon made it known that he would proclaim Christianity over all the land. The people of Möre and Raumsdal referred the matter to the people of Drontheim. King Hakon then had several churches consecrated, and put priests into them; and when he came to Drontheim he summoned the bonders to a Thing, and invited them to accept Christianity. They gave an answer to the effect that they would defer the matter until the Froste Thing, at which there would be men from every district of the Drontheim country, and then they would give their determination upon this difficult matter.

Sigurd, Earl of Lade, was one of the greatest men for sacrifices, and so had Hakon his father been; and Sigurd always presided on account of the king at all the festivals of sacrifice in the Drontheim country. It was an old custom that, when there was to be sacrifice, all the bonders should come to the spot where the temple stood, and bring with them all that they required while the festival lasted. To this festival all the men brought ale with them; and all kinds of cattle, as well as horses, were slaughtered, and all the blood that came from them was called *laut*, and the vessels in which it was collected were called laut-vessels. Laut-staves were made, like sprinkling brushes, with which the whole of the altars and the temple walls, both outside and inside, were sprinkled over, and also the people were sprinkled with the blood; but the flesh was boiled into savory meat for those present. The fire was in the middle of the floor of the temple, and over it hung the kettles, and the full goblets were

handed across the fire; and he who made the feast, and was a chief, blessed the full goblets, and all the meat of the sacrifice. And first Odin's goblet was emptied for victory and power to his king; thereafter, Niord's and Freya's goblets for peace and a good season. Then it was the custom of many to empty the braga-goblet;[1] and then the guests emptied a goblet to the memory of departed friends, called the remembrance goblet. Sigurd the earl was an open-handed man, who did what was very much celebrated; namely, he made a great sacrifice festival at Lade, of which he paid all the expenses. Kormak Ogmundson sings of it in his ballad of Sigurd:

"Of cup or platter need has none
The guest who seeks the generous one, —
Sigurd the Generous, who can trace
His lineage from the giant race;
For Sigurd's hand is bounteous, free, —
The guardian of the temple he.
He loves the gods, — his liberal hand
Scatters his sword's gains o'er the land."

King Hakon came to the Froste Thing, at which a vast multitude of people were assembled. And when the Thing was seated, the king spoke to the people, and began his speech with saying, — it was his message and entreaty to the bonders and householding men, both great and small, and to the whole public in general, young and old, rich and poor, women as well as men, that they should all allow themselves to be baptized, and should believe in one God, and in Christ the son of Mary; and refrain from all sacrifices and heathen gods; and should keep holy the seventh day, and abstain from work on it, and keep a fast on the seventh day.

[1] Over which vows were made.

As soon as the king had proposed this to the bonders, great was the murmur and noise among the crowd. They complained that the king wanted to take their labor and their old faith from them, and the land could not be cultivated in that way. The laboring men and slaves thought that they could not work if they did not get meat; and they said it was the character of King Hakon and his father and all the family to be generous enough with their money, but sparing with their diet. Asbiorn of Midalhouse in the Gaulardal stood up, and answered thus to the king's proposal: —

"We bonders, King Hakon, when we elected thee to be our king, and got back our udal rights at the Thing held in Drontheim, thought we had got into heaven; but now we don't know whether we have really got back our freedom, or whether thou wishest to make vassals of us again by this extraordinary proposal — that we should abandon the ancient faith which our fathers and forefathers have held from the oldest times, in the times when the dead were burnt, as well as since that they are laid under mounds, and which, although they were braver than the people of our days, has served us as a faith to the present time. We have also held thee so dear, that we have allowed thee to rule and give law and right to all the country. And even now we bonders will unanimously hold by the law which thou givest us here in the Froste Thing, and to which we have also given our assent; and we will follow thee, and have thee for our king, as long as there is a living man among us bonders here in this Thing assembled. But thou, king, must use some moderation towards us, and only require from us such things as we can obey thee in, and as are not impos-

sible for us. If, however, thou wilt take up this matter with a high hand, and wilt try thy power and strength against us, we bonders have resolved among ourselves to part with thee, and to take to ourselves some other chief, who will so conduct himself towards us that we can freely and safely enjoy that faith that suits our own inclinations. Now, king, thou must choose one or other of these conditions before the Thing is ended."

The bonders gave loud applause to this speech, and said it expressed their will, and they would stand or fall by what had been spoken. When silence was again restored, Earl Sigurd said, "It is King Hakon's will to give way to you, the bonders, and never to separate himself from your friendship." The bonders replied, that it was their desire that the king should offer a sacrifice for peace and a good year, as his father was wont to do; and thereupon the noise and tumult ceased, and the Thing was concluded.

Earl Sigurd spoke to the king afterwards, and advised him not to refuse altogether to do as the people desired, saying there was nothing else for it but to give way to the will of the bonders; "for it is, as thou hast heard thyself, the will and earnest desire of the head-people, as well as of the multitude. Hereafter we may find a good way to manage it." And in this resolution the king and earl agreed.

The harvest thereafter, towards the winter season, there was a festival of sacrifice at Lade, and the king came to it. It had always been his custom before, when he was present at a place where there was sacrifice, to take his meals in a little house by himself, or with some few of his men; but the bonders grumbled that he did not

seat himself on his throne at these the most joyous of the meetings of the people. The earl said that the king should do so this time. The king accordingly sat upon his throne. Now when the first goblet was filled, Earl Sigurd spoke some words over it, blessed it in Odin's name, and drank to the king out of the horn; and the king then took it, and made the sign of the cross over it. Then said Kaare of Gryting, "What does the king mean by doing so? Will he not sacrifice?" Earl Sigurd replies, "The king is doing what all of you do, who trust to your power and strength. He is blessing the full goblet in the name of Thor, by making the sign of his hammer over it before he drinks it." On this there was quietness for the evening. The next day, when the people sat down to table, the bonders pressed the king strongly to eat of horse-flesh; [1] and as he would on no account do so, they wanted him to drink of the soup; and as he would not do this, they insisted he should at least taste the gravy; and on his refusal they were going to lay hands on him. Earl Sigurd came and made peace among them by asking the king to hold his mouth over the handle of the kettle, upon which the fat smoke of the boiled horse-flesh had settled itself; and the king first laid a linen cloth over the handle, and then gaped over it, and returned to the throne; but neither party was satisfied with this.

The winter thereafter the king prepared a Yule feast in Möre, and eight chiefs resolved with each other to meet at it. Four of them were from without the Drontheim district — namely, Kaare of Gryting, Asbiorn of Midalhouse, Thorberg of Varnæs, and Orm from Lyra; and from the Drontheim district, Blotolf of Olvishoug,

[1] The special sign of devotion to Odin.

Narfe of Staf in Værdal, Thrand Hake from Egge, and Thorer Skeg from Husaboe in Inderöen. These eight men bound themselves, the four first to root out Christianity in Norway, and the four others to oblige the king to offer sacrifice to the gods. The four first went in four ships southwards to Möre, and killed three priests, and burnt three churches, and then they returned. Now, when King Hakon and Earl Sigurd came to Möre with their court, the bonders assembled in great numbers; and immediately, on the first day of the feast, the bonders insisted hard with the king that he should offer sacrifice, and threatened him with violence if he refused. Earl Sigurd tried to make peace between them, and brought it so far that the king took some bits of horse-liver, and emptied all the goblets the bonders filled for him; but as soon as the feast was over, the king and the earl returned to Lade. The king was very ill pleased, and made himself ready to leave Drontheim forthwith with all his people, saying that the next time he came to Drontheim, he would come with such strength of men-at-arms that he would repay the bonders for their enmity towards him. Earl Sigurd entreated the king not to take it amiss of the bonders; adding, that it was not wise to threaten them, or to make war upon the people within the country, and especially in the Drontheim district where the strength of the land lay; but the king was so enraged that he would not listen to a word from anybody. He went out from Drontheim, and proceeded south to Möre where he remained the rest of the winter, and on to the spring season; and when summer came he assembled men, and the report was that he intended with this army to attack the Drontheim people.

[War arose, however, and instead of King Hakon's attacking the people of Drontheim, he was glad of their help to defend his kingdom. Peace therefore was made, and the enemy was driven from the land. Hakon ruled for many years, and won the hearts of his subjects. At length their enemies came upon them again, and the king was sorely wounded.]

When King Hakon came out to his ship he had his wound bound up; but the blood ran from it so much and so constantly that it could not be stopped; and when the day was drawing to an end his strength began to leave him. Then he told his men that he wanted to go northwards to his house at Alrekstad; but when he came north, as far as Hakon's Hill, they put in towards the land, for by this time the king was almost lifeless. Then he called his friends around him, and told them what he wished to be done with regard to his kingdom. He had only one child, a daughter, called Thora, and had no son. Now he told them to send a message to Eric's sons, that they should be kings over the country; but asked them to hold his friends in respect and honor. "And if fate," added he, "should prolong my life, I will, at any rate, leave the country, and go to a Christian land, and do penance for what I have done against God; but should I die in heathen land, give me any burial you think fit." Shortly afterwards Hakon expired, at the little hill on the shoreside at which he was born. So great was the sorrow over Hakon's death, that he was lamented both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again would Norway see such a king. His friends removed his body to Seaheim, in North Hordaland, and made a great mound, in which they laid the king in full armor and in

his best clothes, but with no other goods. They spoke over his grave, as heathen people are used to do, and wished him in Valhalla. Eyvind Skaldaspiller composed a poem on the death of King Hakon, and on how well he was received in Valhalla. The poem is called "Hakonarmal": —

In Odin's hall an empty place
Stands for a king of Yngve's race;
"Go, my valkyries," Odin said,
"Go forth, my angels of the dead,
Gondul and Skogul, to the plain
Drenched with the battle's bloody rain,
And to the dying Hakon tell,
Here in Valhalla he shall dwell."

At Stord, so late a lonely shore,
Was heard the battle's wild uproar;
The lightning of the flashing sword
Burned fiercely at the shore of Stord.
From leveled halberd and spear-head
Life-blood was dropping fast and red;
And the keen arrows' biting sleet
Upon the shore at Stord fast beat.

Upon the thundering cloud of shield
Flashed bright the sword-storm o'er the field;
And on the plate-mail rattled loud
The arrow-shower's rushing cloud,
In Odin's tempest-weather, there
Swift whistling through the angry air;
And the spear-torrent swept away
Ranks of brave men from light of day.

With batter'd shield, and blood-smear'd sword,
Sits one beside the shore at Stord,
With armor crushed and gashed sits he,
A grim and ghastly sight to see;
And round about in sorrow stand
The warriors of his gallant band:

Because the king of Döglin's race
In Odin's hall must fill a place.

Then up spake Gondul, standing near,
Resting upon her long ash spear, —
"Hakon! the gods' cause prospers well,
And thou in Odin's halls shalt dwell!"
The king beside the shore of Stord
The speech of the valkyrie heard,
Who sat there on her coal-black steed,
With shield on arm and helm on head.

Thoughtful said Hakon, "Tell me why,
Ruler of battles, victory
Is so dealt out on Stord's red plain?
Have we not well deserved to gain?"
"And is it not as well dealt out?"
Said Gondul. "Hearest thou not the shout?
The field is cleared — the foemen run —
The day is ours — the battle won!"

Then Skogul said, "My coal-black steed,
Home to the gods I now must speed,
To their green home, to tell the tiding
That Hakon's self is hither riding."
To Hermod and to Braga then
Said Odin, "Here, the first of men,
Brave Hakon comes, the Norsemen's king, —
Go forth, my welcome to him bring."

Fresh from the battle-field came in,
Dripping with blood, the Norsemen's king.
"Methinks," said he, "great Odin's will
Is harsh, and bodes me further ill:
Thy son from off the field to-day
From victory to snatch away!"
But Odin said, "Be thine the joy
Valhalla gives, my own brave boy!"

And Braga said, "Eight brothers here
Welcome thee to Valhalla's cheer,

To drain the cup, or fights repeat,
Where Hakon Eric's earls beat."
Quoth the stout king, "And shall my gear,
Helm, sword, and mail-coat, axe and spear,
Be still at hand? 'T is good to hold
Fast by our trusty friends of old."

Well was it seen that Hakon still
Had saved the temples from all ill;[1]
For the whole council of the gods
Welcomed the king to their abodes.
Happy the day when men are born
Like Hakon, who all base things scorn, —
Win from the brave an honored name,
And die amidst an endless fame.

Sooner shall Fenri's wolf devour
The race of man from shore to shore,
Than such a grace to kingly crown
As gallant Hakon want renown.
Life, land, friends, riches, all will fly,
And we in slavery shall sigh,
But Hakon in the blest abodes
For ever lives with the bright gods.

[1] Although a Christian, Hakon spared the heathen temples.

STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON

[King of Norway from 996 to 1000]

[The father of Olaf Tryggvason, grandson of Harald Fairhair, was an independent chief in Viken. After his murder, his wife Astrida fled to a tiny island in a lake, and there her son Olaf was born. The mother, still in danger from the murderers of her husband, took refuge in Russia with a kinsman. An outline of her son's adventurous career is given in the following pages.

In the year 1000, Olaf contended with the Danes in a furious fight at sea. When most of his thanes had been killed and he himself was sorely wounded, he sprang overboard. His foes tried to capture him, but he threw his shield over his head and sank beneath the blood-reddened waters. The story of this battle is told in the history of Sweden under the title "The Revenge of Sigrid the Haughty."

Olaf was never seen in Norway again, but his people could not believe that he was dead, and soon a story arose that he had not been killed, but had dived under the vessel and escaped. Furthermore, he had, according to legend, put upon himself the gray cloak of a pilgrim, had journeyed to Rome and the Holy Land, and had finally become a hermit, dying in the odor of sanctity after much prayer and fasting.

The Editor.]

OLAF'S YOUTHFUL ADVENTURES

BY HENRY WHEATON

After residing for nine years at the Russian court, Olaf left in the nineteenth year of his age, and cruised in the Baltic Sea as a viking. He afterwards espoused the daughter of a Vend prince, and with his father-in-law joined the final expedition of the Emperor Otho against

Denmark. He returned to his wife's country, where he remained three years, and on her death, resumed his sea-roving life. He cruised for several years on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, and on his arrival at Scilly, was converted to Christianity by a solitary monk or hermit in that remote and sequestered island. But he had probably acquired some notions of the Christian religion, as it was understood and practiced in those barbarous times, in Russia, and both the English and Norman chronicles assure us that he was solemnly baptized at London, and at Rouen in Normandy. Probably, like most of the Northern adventurers of that age, he might not be unwilling to give repeated proofs, in different countries and at different times, of his determination to renounce the errors of paganism.

The fame of the exploits of Olaf Tryggvason reached the ear of the tyrant of Norway, who heard with terror that there was a youthful hero, of the race of Harald Harfager, still surviving, who might challenge his claim to the Norwegian scepter. Hakon sent one of his subtlest agents, Thorer Klacka, to Dublin, in Ireland, where Olaf had married a Northman princess of that country, to discover and circumvent him with artful wiles. Thorer, who had before visited Ireland, both as a merchant and a sea-rover, presented himself to Olaf as one of the victims of Hakon's tyranny, and represented that his countrymen would receive, with open arms, the descendant of their ancient princes, as a deliverer from a yoke which had become insupportable.

Encouraged by these solicitations, Olaf set sail for Norway, accompanied by his pretended friend Thorer.

On their arrival in that country, they found that the greater part of the chieftains and people had actually risen in arms against Hakon. Thorer was confounded at finding what he had deceitfully represented to Olaf actually realized during his absence. He endeavored in vain to find out Hakon, who had fled before the rising storm, and sought a refuge in a distant part of the country with a woman of illustrious birth, named Thora, who provided him a hiding-place in a secret grotto, where he remained concealed from his enemies. In the mean time, Thorer returned to the ship, and advised Olaf to land, and take advantage of the disposition of the people in his favor, intending, however, to lead him into an ambush, and thus consummate his treachery by slaying the young prince. But Olaf anticipated the designs of Thorer, and caused him to be put to death before he could accomplish his intentions. There was now a general rising of the Norwegians against Hakon, who was assassinated by one of his own slaves. The bloody head of his enemy was brought to Olaf, who commanded the slave to be instantly put to death. Both their heads were then fixed up at the place of execution for common malefactors, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who expressed their hate by covering them with a shower of stones.

The people of Norway immediately elected Olaf to fill the vacant throne. He was recommended to their choice, not only by his birth, being a lineal descendant of Harald I, and what was scarcely of less importance with the Northern nations, by his manly beauty, but also by his heroic spirit, valor, and reputation for wisdom and knowledge acquired in foreign lands.

STORIES OF OLAF TRYGGVASON

HOW GYDA CHOSE OLAF FOR A HUSBAND

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

While Olaf Tryggvason lay in the Scilly Isles he heard of a seer, or fortune-teller, on the islands, who could tell beforehand things not yet done, and what he foretold many believed was really fulfilled. Olaf became curious to try this man's gift of prophecy. He therefore sent one of his men, who was the handsomest and strongest, clothed him magnificently, and bade him say he was the king; for Olaf was known in all countries as handsomer, stronger, and braver than all others, although, after he had left Russia, he retained no more of his name than that he was called Ola, and was Russian. Now when the messenger came to the fortune-teller, and gave himself out for the king, he got the answer, "Thou art not the king, but I advise thee to be faithful to thy king." And more he would not say to that man. The man returned, and told Olaf, and his desire to meet the fortune-teller was increased; and now he had no doubt of his being really a fortune-teller. Olaf repaired himself to him, and, entering into conversation, asked him if he could foresee how it would go with him with regard to his kingdom, or of any other fortune he was to have. The hermit replies in a holy spirit of prophecy, "Thou wilt become a renowned king, and do celebrated deeds. Many men wilt thou bring to faith and baptism, and both to thy own and others' good; and that thou mayst have no doubt of the truth of this answer, listen to these tokens: When thou comest to thy ships many of thy people will conspire

against thee, and then a battle will follow in which many of thy men will fall, and thou wilt be wounded almost to death, and carried upon a shield to thy ship; yet after seven days thou shalt be well of thy wounds, and immediately thou shalt let thyself be baptized."

Soon after, Olaf went down to his ships, where he met some mutineers and people who would destroy him and his men. A fight took place, and the result was what the hermit had predicted, that Olaf was wounded, and carried upon a shield to his ship, and that his wound was healed in seven days. Then Olaf perceived that the man had spoken truth, — that he was a true fortune-teller, and had the gift of prophecy. Olaf went once more to the hermit, and asked particularly how he came to have such wisdom in foreseeing things to be. The hermit replied, that the Christian's God himself let him know all that he desired; and he brought before Olaf many great proofs of the power of the Almighty. In consequence of this encouragement Olaf agreed to let himself be baptized, and he and all his followers were baptized forthwith. He remained here a long time, took the true faith, and got with him priests and other learned men.

In autumn Olaf sailed from Scilly to England, where he put into a harbor, but proceeded in a friendly way; for England was Christian, and he himself had become a Christian. At this time a summons to a Thing went through the country, that all men should come to hold a Thing. Now when the Thing was assembled, a queen called Gyda came to it, a sister of Olaf Quaran, who was king of Dublin in Ireland. She had been married to a great earl in England, and after his death

she was at the head of his dominions. In her territory there was a man called Alfin, who was a great champion and single-combat man. He had paid his addresses to her; but she gave for answer, that she herself would choose whom of the men in her dominions she would take in marriage; and on that account the Thing was assembled, that she might choose a husband. Alfin came there dressed out in his best clothes, and there were many well-dressed men at the meeting. Olaf had come there also; but had on his bad-weather clothes, and a coarse over-garment, and stood with his people apart from the rest of the crowd. Gyda went round and looked at each, to see if any appeared to her a suitable man. Now when she came to where Olaf stood she looked at him straight in the face, and asked "what sort of man he was."

He said, "I am called Olaf; and I am a stranger here."

Gyda replies, "Wilt thou have me if I choose thee?"

"I will not say no to that," answered he; and he asked what her name was, her family, and descent.

"I am called Gyda," said she; "and am daughter of the King of Ireland, and was married in this country to an earl who ruled over this territory. Since his death I have ruled over it, and many have courted me, but none to whom I would choose to be married."

She was a young and handsome woman. They afterwards talked over the matter together, and agreed, and Olaf and Gyda were betrothed.

Alfin was very ill pleased with this. It was the custom then in England, if two strove for anything, to settle the matter by single combat; and now Alfin challenges Olaf Tryggvason to fight about this business. The

time and place for the combat were settled, and that each should have twelve men with him. When they met, Olaf told his men to do exactly as they saw him do. He had a large axe; and when Alfin was going to cut at him with his sword he hewed away the sword out of his hand, and with the next blow struck down Alfin himself. He then bound him fast. It went in the same way with all Alfin's men. They were beaten down, bound, and carried to Olaf's lodging. Thereupon he ordered Alfin to quit the country, and never appear in it again; and Olaf took all his property. Olaf in this way got Gyda in marriage, and lived sometimes in England, and sometimes in Ireland.

KING OLAF ORDERS A POEM

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

As King Olaf one day was walking in the street some men met him, and he who went the foremost saluted the king. The king asked the man his name, and he called himself Halfred.

"Art thou the scald?" said the king.

"I can compose poetry," replied he.

"Wilt thou then adopt Christianity, and come into my service?" asked the king.

"If I am baptized," replied he, "it must be on one condition, — that thou thyself art my godfather; for no other will I have."

The king replied, "That I will do." And Halfred was baptized, the king holding him during the baptism.

Afterwards the king said, "Wilt thou enter into my service?"

Halfred replied, "I was formerly in Earl Hakon's court; but now I will neither enter into thine nor into any other service, unless thou promise me it shall never be my lot to be driven away from thee."

"It has been reported to me," said the king, "that thou art neither so prudent nor so obedient as to fulfill my commands."

"In that case," replied Halfred, "put me to death."

"Thou art a scald who composes difficulties," said the king; "but into my service, Halfred, thou shalt be received."

Halfred said, "If I am to be named the composer of difficulties, what dost thou give me, king, on my name-day?"

The king gave him a sword without a scabbard, and said, "Now compose me a song upon this sword, and let the word sword be in every line of the verses."

Halfred sang thus: —

"This sword of swords is my reward.
For him who knows to wield a sword,
And with his sword to serve his lord,
Yet wants a sword, his lot is hard.
I would I had my good lord's leave
For this good sword a sheath to choose:
I'm worth three swords where men swords use,
But for the sword-sheath now I grieve."

Then the king gave him the scabbard, observing that the word sword was wanting in one line of his strophe. "But there are three swords at least in two other lines," says Halfred. "So it is," replies the king. — Out of Halfred's lays we have taken the most of the true and faithful accounts that are here related about Olaf Tryggvason.

IRON-BEARD

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Olaf the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls;
Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore;
He hated the narrow town and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-
cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymir the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command
This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke:
"Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water."

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting!

STORIES OF OLAF THE SAINT

[1015–1030]

[Olaf II was King of Norway from 1015 to 1028. He was sent to sea to cruise and fight when he was only twelve years old. A wise old counselor went with him, but he himself seems really to have been in command when he was hardly more than a boy, and to have had ideas of his own even then. One of the most interesting of his schemes was his plan, which is here described, to capture London Bridge. The Danes were in power in London, and King Ethelred II apparently hired Olaf to come to his aid.

Olaf aimed at uniting his kingdom and Christianizing his people. He was overcome by Canute, and in the attempt to regain his throne he was slain, in 1030, by his own subjects. Danish rule under the son of Canute proved to be less desirable than the rebellious chiefs had expected, the good qualities of Olaf returned to their minds, and soon he was looked upon as a saint.

The Editor.]

ST. OLAF CAPTURES LONDON BRIDGE

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

It was then the case that the Danish king, Svend Forked Beard, was at that time in England with a Danish army, and had been fixed there for some time, and had seized upon King Ethelred's kingdom. The Danes had spread themselves so widely over England, that it was come so far that King Ethelred had departed from the country, and had gone south to Valland. The same au-

tumn that King Olaf came to England, it happened that King Swend died suddenly in the night in his bed; and it is said by Englishmen that Edmund the Saint killed him, in the same way that the holy Mercurius had killed the apostate Julian. When Ethelred, the King of the English, heard this in Flanders, he returned directly to England; and no sooner was he come back, than he sent an invitation to all the men who would enter into his pay, to join him in recovering the country. Then many people flocked to him; and among others, came King Olaf with a great troop of Northmen to his aid. They steered first to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet; but the Danes had a castle within. On the other side of the river is a great trading place, which is called Sudrviki. There the Danes had raised a great work, dug large ditches, and within had built a bulwark of stone, timber, and turf, where they had stationed a strong army. King Ethelred ordered a great assault; but the Danes defended themselves bravely, and King Ethelred could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, so broad that two wagons could pass each other upon it. On the bridge were raised barricades, both towers and wooden parapets, in the direction of the river, which were nearly breast high; and under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now when the attack was made the troops stood on the bridge everywhere, and defended themselves. King Ethelred was very anxious to get possession of the bridge, and he called together all the chiefs to consult how they should get the bridge broken down. Then said King Olaf he would attempt to lay his fleet alongside of it, if the other ships would do the

same. It was then determined in this council that they should lay their war forces under the bridge; and each made himself ready with ships and men.

King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely, that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars so high and stout that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them. Now when the fleet and men were ready, they rowed up along the river; but when they came near the bridge, there were cast down upon them so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables around the piles which supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now as the armed troops stood thick of men under the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, and the piles under it being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into the castle, some into Southwark. Thereafter Southwark was stormed and taken. Now when the people in the castle saw that the river Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships up into the country, they became

afraid, surrendered the tower, and took Ethelred to be their king. So says Ottar Swarte: —

"London Bridge is broken down, —
Gold is won, and bright renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hildur shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing —
Odin makes our Olaf win!"

ST. OLAF AND HIS LITTLE BROTHER

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

This winter his stepfather, Sigurd Syr, died; and King Olaf went to Ringgarike, where his mother Aasta made a great feast for him. Olaf alone bore the title of king now in Norway.

It is told that when King Olaf was on his visit to his mother Aasta, she brought out her children and showed them to him. The king took his brother Guttorm on the one knee, and his brother Halfdan on the other. The king looked at Guttorm, made a wry face, and pretended to be angry at them; at which the boys were afraid. Then Aasta brought her youngest son, called Harald, who was three years old, to him. The king made a wry face at him also; but he looked the king in the face without regarding it. The king took the boy by the hair, and plucked it; but the boy seized the king's whiskers, and gave them a tug. "Then," said the king, "thou wilt be revengeful, my friend, some day." The following day the king was walking with his mother about the farm, and they came to a play-ground, where Aasta's

sons, Guttorm and Halfdan, were amusing themselves. They were building great houses and barns in their play, and were supposing them full of cattle and sheep; and close beside them, in a clay pool, Harald was busy with chips of wood, sailing them in his sport along the edge. The king asked him what these were, and he answered, these were his ships of war. The king laughed, and said, "The time may come, friend, when thou wilt command ships."

Then the king called to him Halfdan and Guttorm; and first he asked Guttorm, —

"What wouldst thou like best to have?"

"Corn land," replied he.

"And how great wouldst thou like thy corn land to be?"

"I would have the whole ness that goes out into the lake sown with corn every summer." (On that ness there are ten farms.)

The king replied, —

"There would be a great deal of corn there."

And, turning to Halfdan, he asked, —

"And what wouldst thou like best to have?"

"Cows," he replied.

"How many wouldst thou like to have?"

"When they went to the lake to be watered I would have so many, that they stood as tight round the lake as they could stand."

"That would be a great housekeeping," said the king; "and therein ye take after your father."

Then the king says to Harald, —

"And what wouldst thou like best to have?"

"House-servants."

"And how many wouldst thou have?"

"O! so many I would like to have as would eat up my brother Halfdan's cows at a single meal."

The king laughed and said to Aasta, —

"Here, mother, thou art bringing up a king." And more is not related of them on this occasion.

HOW KING OLAF PREACHED CHRISTIANITY

BY JOHN FULFORD VICARY

In the summer of that year King Olaf sailed down to Söndmore; and, leaving his ships in the fiord, went across the fields to Lesje in Gudbrandsdalen. He arrested the chief men in Dovre and elsewhere. They had either to accept Christianity or lose their lives, and have their houses burnt. Those who were baptized were forced to give hostages for their future conduct. The result of this strong measure was that men left Norway in large numbers in preference to submitting to what they considered gross tyranny. The king then entered Lomdalen, and exclaimed when he saw its natural beauty and little farmhouses here and there, —

"What a pity such a pretty place should be laid in ashes!"

He went down the valley to a farm called Nœs, where he remained five days, and the room he occupied remained untouched for centuries.

The king sent messages to the men in the district to meet him, and accept Christianity, with the alternative that they would be visited with fire and sword. Most of them fled to the other end of the Gudbrandsdal, where they considered themselves in safety. The chief man was

Dale Gudbrand. He was a Herse, and had much influence. He sent a *budstik* round, which, in this case was a stick in the form of a bow, with a piece of cord at one end, and the other charred, to signify that they might expect to be hung and their farms burnt. The place of meeting that Gudbrand fixed upon was Hundorp, in the Gudbrandsdal. It was a place easily accessible by water as well as by land, and was well chosen for collecting men promptly. Gudbrand made a speech of forcible character to the men he had assembled.

"There has come a man called by the name of Olaf. He will give us another faith than we have now, and will break down the images of our gods, because, he says, that he has a god mightier than our gods. It is a matter of surprise that so unreasonable a man is not swallowed up by the earth, and that our gods have not broken his neck long since; but I hope that when we carry Thor out, who now stands on his pedestal in the temple, he will be to us a comforter and friend. We shall then see this Olaf and his men melt like dew before the sun."

At these words the bonders shouted, that if they got hold of Olaf they would kill him; and seven hundred men were sent under Gudbrand's son, who was then eighteen years of age, to Breiden, to fight the king. They remained there three days, and heard much of King Olaf from the men who had fled from the district which the king had visited. The king sowed priests broadcast, and journeyed towards Breiden, where he had heard the bonders had collected in large numbers to oppose him. He rested during the night, and early in the morning he placed his men in good order for receiving an attack from the bonders. He then rode forward,

and addressed them. They would not hear him, but howled like wolves, and struck their swords on their shields. The king's men advanced slowly, and threw their spears with such effect that the bonders hesitated, and then fled. A few stood their ground, and were taken prisoners; and amongst them Gudbrand's son. King Olaf remained at Breiden for a few days, and sent Gudbrand's son to his father with a message that he (the king) was not afraid to pay him a visit, and intended to do so. Gudbrand's son returned, and told his father that it was not possible to resist such a man as King Olaf. That he feared nothing, and possessed a will and courage that no one could resist.

"What do I hear?" said Gudbrand. "You have been a short way, and lost courage in that little distance."

The night after, Gudbrand dreamt that a man appeared to him of bright and shining appearance.

"Your son," said the man, "has won little honor in opposing King Olaf; but if you draw the sword against him you and your people will fall, and the wolves will drag your bodies about, and the ravens hack them."

Gudbrand was frightened at this dream, and his fright was not lessened, when, on telling his dream to another chief of the Gudbrandsdalen, Thord Isterbælg, the latter told him that he had dreamt precisely the same. A council was called of the bonders, and Gudbrand advised that, before fighting the man from the north, they had better hear what he had to say respecting his new doctrine. This appears to have been at once assented to, as Gudbrand sent his son to King Olaf with twelve men, and instructions to say that the bonders wished to discuss the

subject with him, and meanwhile that no attempt to attack the king would be made. King Olaf was pleased at this, and moved his force to meet the bonders at a place agreed upon. This was between a farm called Lid, and Hundorp. It was pouring with rain, but the king stood up and explained how Christianity had been accepted at Lesje, Vaage, and Lom; and how that the people there had taken down their heathen temples, and believed in the God that had created heaven and earth. When the king sat down, Gudbrand rose, and said that he did not understand how faith could be placed in a God that no one saw, whilst they, on the other hand, had a god they could see, and if it had not been raining so hard that they should have had their god present, when the very look of him would inspire fear. If your God is worth anything, King Olaf, let him give us a cloudy day tomorrow, with no rain, when we can discuss the matter further.

King Olaf went to his quarters, where he detained Gudbrand's son as a hostage. Before they went to bed, the king asked Gudbrand's son what the god was that his father had referred to. He replied that it was the image of the god Thor, who was tall and big, with his hammer in his hand, and supposed to be standing on a mountain ridge. The next day the king rose at daybreak. A church service was held, and after an early meal, he attended the Thing with Bishop Sigurd. The weather was cloudy without rain, as Gudbrand had suggested. The bishop wore the full dress of a Catholic cleric, and spoke at some length of the advantages of Christianity and the infinite power and goodness of God. Thord Isterbælg rose and said, —

"The old Unicorn who has just spoken has the use of his mouth. He has also a crooked staff in his hand, and a ram's horn on his head; but can his God make a sunny day to-morrow? when we will meet him and his king, and either give way or fight; and meanwhile let each man go to his quarters."

The king had amongst his Hirdmœns (men of his body-guard) a man named Kolben Kæmpe on account of the great strength of his arms; he had a broad sword belted to his waist, and carried a heavy club. The king told Kolben that he was to stand close to him the next day, and directed holes to be bored in the bonders' boats that were drawn up on land, and their horses led away so that they could not escape in case of a skirmish on the following day. As before, the king rose early, and after holding a church service he went to the Thing, and saw a number of men carrying the wooden image of the god Thor. The bonders rose and kneeled to their god, which was placed in the middle of the Thing. The king and his men sat on one side, and the bonders on the other. Dale Gudbrand rose and said, —

"Now, king, where is your God? He is not present, and neither you nor the Unicorn [the bishop] appear so cheerful to-day as you did yesterday. You see the piercing eyes of our god, you seem as if you could not open your eyes, and I advise you to abandon your stiff-neckedness and worship our god, who has the power to destroy you in a moment."

King Olaf whispered to Kolben Kæmpe, —

"Whilst I am speaking, and you see the bonders' eyes are turned away from their idol, knock it down with your club."

The king then rose and said, —

"You think we are afraid of your idol, Gudbrand, but there you are mistaken. How can we be afraid of a god who cannot do anything? He is blind and deaf, and cannot move from where he is now. You ask where our God is; look to the east and you will see a part of his works."

The bonders looked at the early sun, and as their heads were turned in that direction, Kolben Kæmpe smashed the image of the god Thor with his club. A number of lizards, snakes, and rats as large as cats, came out of the image. They had grown fat on the offerings of the heathen. The bonders ran to their boats, but they sank when put into the water on account of the holes which the king had directed to be bored in them. They then ran for their horses, but could not find them. At length they returned slowly to the Thingsted (the place of holding the Thing). King Olaf's clear voice was heard above the tumult. He pointed out the miserable idol they had worshiped, and his forcible speech altered the fortunes of the day. Gudbrand and his son were baptized, and supported the king's efforts to establish Christianity in the Gudbrandsdal.

OLAF AS A SAINT

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[King Olaf was slain by his own people at the battle of Stiklestad in 1030, in his attempt to regain his kingdom, from which he had been driven by the Danes.

The Editor.]

King Olaf fell on Wednesday, the 29th of July. It was near midday when the two armies met, and the

battle began before half-past one, and before three the king fell. The darkness continued from about half-past one to three also. Sigvat the scald speaks thus of the result of the battle: —

"The loss was great to England's foes,
When their chief fell beneath the blows
By his own thoughtless people given, —
When the king's shield in two was riven.
The people's sovereign took the field,
The people clove the sovereign's shield.
Of all the chiefs, that bloody day,
Dug only came out of the fray."

The bonders did not spoil the slain upon the field of battle, for immediately after the battle there came upon many of them who had been against the king a kind of dread as it were; yet they held by their evil inclination, for they resolved among themselves that none who had fallen with the king should receive the interment which belongs to good men, but reckoned them all robbers and outlaws. But the men who had power, and had relations on the field, cared little for this, but removed their remains to the churches, and took care of their burial.

Thorgils Halmesson and his son Grim went to the field of battle towards evening when it was dusk, took King Olaf's corpse up, and bore it to a little empty houseman's hut which stood on the other side of their farm. They had light and water with them. Then they took the clothes off the body, swathed it in a linen cloth, laid it down in the house, and concealed it under some firewood so that nobody could see it, even if people came into the hut. Thereafter they went home again to the farmhouse. A great many beggars and poor people had

followed both armies, who begged for meat; and the evening after the battle many remained there, and sought lodging round about in all the houses, great or small. It is told of a blind man who was poor, that a boy attended him and led him. They went out around the farm to seek a lodging, and came to the same empty house, of which the door was so low that they had almost to creep in. Now when the blind man had come in, he fumbled about on the floor seeking a place where he could lay himself down, He had a hat on his head, which fell down over his face when he stooped down. He felt with his hands that there was moisture on the floor, and he put up his wet hand to raise his hat, and in doing so put his fingers on his eyes. There came immediately such an itching in his eyelids, that he wiped the water with his fingers from his eyes, and went out of the hut, saying nobody could lie there it was so wet. When he came out of the hut he could distinguish his hands, and all that was near him, as far as things can be distinguished by sight in the darkness of night; and he went immediately to the farmhouse into the room, and told all the people he had got his sight again, and could see everything, although many knew he had been blind for a long time, for he had been there before going about among the houses of the neighborhood. He said he first got his sight when he was coming out of a little ruinous hut which was all wet inside. "I groped in the water," said he, "and rubbed my eyes with my wet hands." He told where the hut stood. The people who heard him wondered much at this event, and spoke among themselves of what it could be that produced it: but Thorgils the peasant and his son Grim thought they knew how this came to pass;

and as they were much afraid the king's enemies might go there and search the hut, they went and took the body out of it, and removed it to a garden, where they concealed it, and then returned to the farm, and slept there all night.

The fifth day after this, Thorer Hund came down the valley of Værdalen to Stiklestad; and many people, both chiefs and bonders, accompanied him. The field of battle was still being cleared, and people were carrying away the bodies of their friends and relations, and were giving the necessary help to such of the wounded as they wished to save; but many had died since the battle. Thorer Hund went to where the king had fallen, and searched for his body; but not finding it, he inquired if any one could tell him what had become of the corpse, but nobody could tell him where it was. Then he asked the bonder Thorgils, who said, "I was not in the battle, and knew little of what took place there; but many reports are abroad, and among others that King Olaf has been seen in the night up at Staf, and a troop of people with him; but if he fell in the battle, your men must have concealed him in some hole, or under some stone-heap." Now although Thorer Hund knew for certain that the king had fallen, many allowed themselves to believe, and to spread abroad the report, that the king had escaped from the battle, and would in a short time come again upon them with an army. Then Thorer went to his ships, and sailed down the fiord, and the bonder-army dispersed, carrying with them all the wounded men who could bear to be removed.

Thorgils Halmesson and his son Grim had King Olaf's body, and were anxious about preserving it from falling

into the hands of the king's enemies, and being ill-treated; for they heard the bonders speaking about burning it, or sinking it in the sea. The father and son had seen a clear light burning at night over the spot on the battle-field where King Olaf's body lay, and since, while they concealed it, they had always seen at night a light burning over the corpse; therefore they were afraid the king's enemies might seek the body where this signal was visible. They hastened, therefore, to take the body to a place where it would be safe. Thorgils and his son accordingly made a coffin, which they adorned as well as they could, and laid the king's body in it; and afterwards made another coffin, in which they laid stone and straw, about as much as the weight of a man, and carefully closed the coffin. As soon as the whole bonder-army had left Stiklestad, Thorgils and his son made themselves ready, got a large rowing-boat, and took with them seven or eight men, who were all Thorgil's relations or friends, and privately took the coffin with the king's body down to the boat, and set the coffin containing the stones, and placed it in the boat where all could see it; and then went down the fiord with a good opportunity of wind and weather, and arrived in the dusk of the evening at Nidaros, where they brought up at the king's pier. Then Thorgils sent some of his men up to the town to Bishop Sigurd, to say that they were come with the king's body. As soon as the bishop heard this news, he sent his men down to the pier, and they took a small rowing-boat, came alongside of Thorgil's ship, and demanded the king's body. Thorgils and his people then took the coffin which stood in view, and bore it into the boat; and the bishop's men rowed out into

the fiord, and sank the coffin in the sea. It was now quite dark. Thorgils and his people now rowed up into the river past the town, and landed at a place called Saurlid, above the town. Then they carried the king's body to an empty house standing at a distance from other houses, and watched over it for the night, while Thorgils went down to the town, where he spoke with some of the best friends of King Olaf, and asked them if they would dare take charge of the king's body; but none of them dared to do so. Then Thorgils and his men went with the body higher up the river, buried it in a sand-hill on the banks, and leveled all around it so that no one could observe that people had been at work there. They were ready with all this before break of day, when they returned to their vessel, went immediately out of the river, and proceeded on their way home to Stiklestad.

In the sand-hill where King Olaf's body had lain on the ground a beautiful spring of water came up, and many human ailments and infirmities were cured by its waters. Things were put in order around it, and the water ever since has been carefully preserved. There was first a chapel built, and an altar consecrated, where the king's body had lain; but now Christ's Church stands upon the spot. Archbishop Eystein had a high altar raised upon the spot where the king's grave had been, when he erected the great temple which now stands there; and it is the same spot on which the altar of the old Christ Church had stood. It is said that Olaf's church stands on the spot on which the empty house had stood in which King Olaf's body had been laid for the night. The place over which the holy remains of King

Olaf were carried up from the vessel is now called Olaf's Road, and is now in the middle of the town. The bishop adorned King Olaf's holy remains, and cut his nails and hair; for both grew as if he had still been alive. So says Sigvat the scald: —

"I lie not when I say the king
Seemed as alive in everything:
His nails, his yellow hair still growing,
And round his ruddy chin still flowing,
As when, to please the Russian queen,
His yellow locks adorned were seen;
Or to the blind he cured he gave
A tress, their precious sight to save."

KING MAGNUS, WHO WAS REFORMED BY A POEM

[Reigned from 1035–1047]

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN

When he [Magnus] was born, he was so small and feeble that it seemed as if he could not live many hours. It was in the middle of the night, and no one dared to wake the king. His friend, Sigvat Scald, was therefore called, and he assumed the responsibility of naming the child Magnus, after Carolus Magnus, the German emperor. A priest was then found who baptized it. When the king heard of the occurrence he was very wroth, and chided the scald. There was no one in his family named Magnus, and perhaps he even suspected that Sigvat had made a mistake in selecting the Latin surname of the emperor rather than his real name, Karl. It was under these unpropitious circumstances that the boy was born who became the heir to St. Olaf's kingdom and the love which a repentant people lavished upon his memory. He was not quite eleven years old when he was proclaimed king at the Oere-thing, but well grown and intelligent. He allowed himself, during the first years of his reign, to be guided by the counsel of Einar Thambarskelver and Kalf Arnesson; but soon gained sufficient independence of judgment to assert his own will.

It was but a short time after the proclamation of Magnus as king that Harthaknut prepared to invade Norway. Magnus, who was eager to punish the race of Knut

for their insidious plottings against his father, also made warlike preparations, apparently with the intention of invading Denmark. Whether any actual fighting took place is not known. It is not improbable that some insignificant skirmishing may have been done; but before any decisive battle was fought, the chieftains in both countries interfered and persuaded the two youthful combatants to make peace. At a meeting at the Brenn Islands, at the mouth of the Götha Elv, an agreement was made in accordance with which each made the other his heir, and successor, in case he died without issue (1038). This might, indeed, seem to be a remote contingency, but it actually came to pass four years later, when Harthaknut died and Magnus was without opposition proclaimed King of Denmark at the Viborg-thing, and received the allegiance of the people. Thus Norway and Denmark were for the first time united, and the descendants of Harald the Fairhaired were recognized by the Danish branch of Ragnar Lodbrok's race as their equals, as they already had been recognized by the branch governing Sweden.

Magnus must have been aware that it was to the sainthood of his father that he owed this recognition, and he lost no opportunity to show his reverence for his memory. He commenced the erection of a church in Nidaros, which was to bear St. Olaf's name, and made him a new sarcophagus, adorned with gold and silver and precious stones. It was natural enough that he should take pleasure in the society of those who had been nearest to his father and stood at his side at Stiklestad. But the hostility aroused by the battle and the events that led to it existed, in some measure, yet;

and one party began to fan the smouldering embers of distrust in the king's mind and incite him to vengeance against the other. In spite of the amnesty which he had in Russia given to those who had borne arms against St. Olaf, he began now to punish all the leaders in the rebellion with great harshness. It was the Tränders, particularly, who had to bear the brunt of his wrath; because it was they who had made common cause with Knut and had been foremost in driving the sainted king into exile. Kalf Arnesson was among the first to experience the changed temper of King Magnus. Jealousies had early arisen between him and Einar Thambarskelver, both of whom called the king their foster-son and prided themselves on possessing his confidence. Once, it is said, Kalf had seated himself in Einar's seat next to the king, whereupon Einar sat down upon Kalf's shoulder, saying: —

"It behooves an old bull to be stalled before the calf."

At a party at the estate Haug, in Vaerdalen, the king uttered to Einar a desire to visit the field where his father had fallen.

"I can give you no information about that," answered Einar, "as I was not present. But let Kalf ride along with you. He can give you full particulars."

"Then thou shalt accompany me, Kalf," said the king: and Kalf, though he was very reluctant, was obliged to follow.

When they reached the battle-field the king dismounted and asked to be shown the spot where his father had received his death-wound.

"He lay here," said Kalf, pointing with his spear.

"Where didst thou stand, then, Kalf?" asked Magnus.

"Here where I am now standing."

"Then thy axe could well reach him," cried the king, flushing violently.

"My axe did not reach him," Kalf replied, jumped on his horse, and rode away. He had already given orders to have his ship in readiness, loaded with all his movable goods. And as soon as he reached home he put to sea and sailed for the Orkneys. The great possessions which he left behind were confiscated by Magnus.

Thorer Hund escaped punishment by making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, from which he never returned. Haarek of Thjotta was slain with the king's consent by a private enemy, and many others were deprived of their cattle and otherwise molested. The odious laws which had been given by Sweyn Alfifasson were not repealed; and the king acted as if he regarded himself as the master of every one's goods, life, and liberty. But the Norsemen were not accustomed to endure arbitrary conduct in their kings. A general dissatisfaction spread through the country, and threatened to break out in open rebellion. In Sign the peasants were already under arms, and in Tröndelag a largely attended meeting was held at which the bitterest denunciation of the king found utterance. Happily, however, some were present who were yet kindly disposed to Magnus, and these determined to let him know how the people felt toward him. The question then arose as to who was to undertake this hazardous mission, for Magnus was hot-tempered and had, moreover, made up his mind to inflict exemplary punishment upon the

rebellious Sognings. His friends determined to let chance decide. They drew lots, and the lot fell upon Sigvat Scald, who, in a song called the "Lay of Candor," took the king earnestly to task for his inconsiderate harshness, warned him of the consequences, and reminded him of his duties to the people, who had of their own accord made him king. The song made a deep impression upon Magnus, and he was from that day a changed man. He gave up all plans of vengeance, became gentle and forgiving, and governed the land in accordance with the law. His kindness and charm of manner made him now so popular that scarcely enough could be said in his praise. The people called him Magnus the Good.

[Magnus, however, never forgot that he was king, and that it behooved him to rule his kingdom and punish its enemies. Sweyn, one of his earls, was unfaithful to him, and the king pursued him and overcame him in two naval battles. He also broke up an old nest of pirates at Jomsborg, on the German coast.]

In the spring of 1044, when Magnus was twenty years old, he returned to Norway. His fame filled the North; for so great things scarcely any king of his race had achieved at so early an age. In spite of his hot temper, he was well beloved by all his people; for with all his vehemence, he was upright, generous, and noble. A pleasant story is told of him, which throws much light upon his character.

In Magnus's guard there was a high-born Icelander, named Thorstein, son of Side-Hall. Like most of his countrymen, he was not amenable to discipline, and offended the king by going to Dublin without his per-

mission. In return for this he was outlawed; but, relying upon his friends and family connections, he returned to Norway, paying no heed to the judgment of outlawry. He brought with him some fine stud-horses, and offered them as a gift to Einar Thambarskelver, whose influence with the king was known to be great. Einar declined them; but his son Eindride, not knowing of his father's refusal, accepted them with joy. He even invited Thorstein to be his guest for the winter, and had the hardihood to bring him in his company to the king's Yule-feast. He was, however, persuaded by his father to return home with the outlaw, before the king had seen him. On the fourth day after Christmas, Einar, who was sitting at Magnus's side, ventured to put in a good word for Thorstein, to which the king answered: —

"Let us talk of something else: for I would not willingly anger thee."

Four days later Einar again mentioned the Icelander; but the king with a perfectly friendly manner dismissed the subject. Then Einar let five days pass; and once more asked that the Icelander be forgiven.

"We will not speak of that," said Magnus, with some irritation; "I do not understand how thou canst presume to protect a man who has provoked my wrath."

"That was my son Eindride's doing rather than mine," replied Einar; "but I did think that my prayer for a single man would have some weight with thee; when we in all things have done and will continue to do what will promote thy honor. . . . I, my lord, shall be in an evil plight, if you will not accept atonement

in money from my son for Thorstein, instead of fighting with him. For I cannot bring it over my heart to carry arms against you. But this will I say, that I do not perceive that you remember how I went to find you east in Russia, became your foster-father, and have since supported and strengthened your kingdom, thinking late and early of how I could advance your honor. Now I will depart from the land, and no more aid thee. But there will be those who will say that thou wilt not be the gainer by all this."

Thus spoke Einar in anger, jumped up from his seat, and went toward the door. But the king arose, hurried after him, and flung his arms about his neck.

"Come back, my dear foster-father," he cried; "never shall aught, whatever it be, have the power to break our friendship. Take the man in peace, as it may please thee."

HOW KING HARALD HARD-RULER GAVE HIS TREASURE FOR HIS LIFE

[1049]

BY HJALMAR H. BOYESEN

His [Harald's] annual summer amusement consisted, for some time, in surprising the exposed ports on the Danish coast and harrying them with savage cruelty. At last, when both sides grew tired of this aimless destruction, it was agreed that Sweyn Estridsson should meet Harald at the mouth of the Götha Elv, and that the issue of the battle should decide in regard to the latter's claim to the throne of Denmark. At the time appointed, however, Sweyn failed to make his appearance, and Harald, after having waited for him in vain, sailed southward with his fleet, ravaging the coast of Jutland, burning the great city of Heidaby (Sleswick), and carrying away a number of high-born women, besides an enormous booty. He was far from expecting to be pursued by the Danes, and, accordingly, allowed his ships to scatter on their homeward way. Head-winds and foggy weather delayed the Norsemen, and one morning when they were laying to under the island of Leso, they saw a sudden flash through the fog which caused alarm. The king was called and asked what he supposed it to be.

"The Danish fleet is upon us," he said; "that which shines is the golden dragon-heads which flash in the morning sun."

Resistance was not to be thought of, and flight seemed also hopeless. But the king's presence of mind did not desert him. He ordered the men to the oars, but the ships, which were heavy and swollen from having been long in the water, made little headway, and as the fog lifted, the Danish fleet, counting several hundred galleys, was seen bearing down upon them. Harald then commanded his men to nail bright garments and other precious things to logs and throw them overboard. The Danes, who could not resist the temptation to stop and pick them up, thereby lost time, and were rebuked by Sweyn for their folly. Again the pursuit began, and Harald was obliged to throw overboard malt, beer, and pork, in order to lighten his ships. Nevertheless, Sweyn was still gaining upon him, and Harald's own dragon-ship, which was the hindmost, was in danger of being captured. Then, in sheer desperation, he made rafts out of barrels and boards, put the Danish matrons and maidens upon them and lowered them into the sea. One after another of these rafts was sent out at intervals, and the pursuers seeing their wives and daughters stretching out their arms to them, crying to be rescued, and some even struggling in the water, could not forbear to pause and save them. Thus Harald escaped, and Sweyn cursed his ill-luck. Nevertheless, when he captured some laggards among the Norse galleys, he refused to take vengeance upon them.

During a later expedition to Denmark, Harald displayed again the same presence of mind and daring invention. He had just beaten Sweyn in the battle of Djursaa, and felt perfectly safe in entering the long and narrow Lim-Fiord for purposes of plunder. But

Sweyn, hearing that his antagonist had gone into such a trap, hastily gathered what forces he could command and laid to at Hals, where the fiord is so narrow that a few ships could easily engage a much superior number. Harald, perceiving that he was caught, gave orders to sail in through the fiord to the very end. Here a narrow isthmus separates the fiord from the North Sea. With enormous difficulty he now dragged his ships across the isthmus, and sailed gayly northward while Sweyn lay guarding the empty cage from which he had escaped.

HOW KING SIGURD SMOKED OUT THE PIRATES

[1107]

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

[In 1103 Magnus Barefoot died, and the kingdom was divided among his three sons. Four years later the second son, Sigurd, set out on a crusade. On his way he paid a friendly visit to the English King Henry I, then sailed to Spain, Italy, and the Holy Land. On the Spanish island of Formentara, one of the Balearic Islands, occurred the smoking-out of the pirates which is here described.

The Editor.]

King Sigurd then sailed eastward along the coast of Serkland,[1] and came to an island there called Formentara. There a great many heathen Moors had taken up their dwelling in a cave, and had built a strong stone wall before its mouth. It was high up to climb to the wall, so that whoever attempted to ascend was driven back with stones or missile weapons. They harried the country all round, and carried all their booty to their cave. King Sigurd landed on this island, and went to the cave; but it lay in a precipice, and there was a high winding path to the stone wall, and the precipice above projected over it. The heathens defended the stone wall, and were not afraid of the Northmen's arms; for they could throw stones, or shoot down upon the Northmen under their feet: neither did the Northmen, under

[1] Northern Africa.

such circumstances, dare to mount up. The heathens took their clothes and other valuable things, carried them out upon the wall, spread them out before the Northmen, shouted, and defied them, and upbraided them as cowards. Then Sigurd fell upon this plan. He had two ships' boats, such as we call barks, drawn up the precipice right above the mouth of the cave; and had thick ropes fastened around the stem, stern, and hull of each. In these boats as many men went as could find room, and then the boats were lowered by the ropes down in front of the mouth of the cave; and the men in the boats shot with stones and missiles into the cave, and the heathens were thus driven from the stone wall. Then Sigurd with his troops climbed up the precipice to the foot of the stone wall, which they succeeded in breaking down, so that they came into the cave. Now the heathens fled within the stone wall that was built across the cave; on which the king ordered large trees to be brought to the cave, made a great pile in the mouth of it, and set fire to the wood. When the fire and smoke got the upper hand, some of the heathens lost their lives in it; some fled; some fell by the hands of the Northmen; and part were killed, part burned; and the Northmen made the greatest booty they had got on all their expeditions. So says Halldor the scald: —

"'T was a feat of renown, —
The boat lowered down,
With a boat's crew brave,
In front of the cave;
While up the rock scaling,
And comrades up trailing,
The Norsemen gain,
And the bluemen are slain."

III

LIFE IN THE FAR NORTH

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1397, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were united by the Union of Calmar. This was pleasing to Denmark, but Norway and Sweden were by no means contented. In 1523, under the lead of Gustavus Vasa, Sweden became free; but Norway had less strength to resist and remained a province of Denmark. In the readjustment of thrones after the Napoleonic wars, the Powers demanded the union of Norway and Sweden, but with independence for Norway within her own boundaries. The determination to be entirely free grew stronger; and in 1905, Norway declared that the union with Sweden was dissolved. The Norwegian crown was bestowed upon Prince Charles, the second son of Frederick VIII of Denmark, who ascended the throne as Haakon VIII.

During the union with Denmark the literature of Norway was much influenced by the writings of that country; but during the last century she has been making a literature of her own. The works of two of her authors, Ibsen and Björnson, are known everywhere. Equally famous are the compositions of two of her musicians, Ole Bull and Edvard Grieg.

FINN BLOOD

[Nineteenth century]

BY JONAS LIE

[THE following story is included both because it illustrates the superstitious fear and dislike of the Finns, and because it was written by one of Norway's best-known novelists. It is said that to this day sailors are unwilling to sail under a Finn captain.

The Editor.]

IN Svartfiord, north of Senje, dwelt a lad called Eilert. His neighbors were seafaring Finns, and among their children was a pale little girl, remarkable for her long black hair and her large eyes. They dwelt behind the crag on the other side of the promontory, and fished for a livelihood, as also did Eilert's parents; wherefore there was no particular good will between the families, for the nearest fishing ground was but a small one, and each would have liked to row there alone.

Nevertheless, though his parents did not like it at all, and even forbade it, Eilert used to sneak regularly down to the Finns. There they had always strange tales to tell, and he heard wondrous things about the recesses of the mountains, where the original home of the Finns was, and where, in the olden time, dwelt the Finn kings, who were masters among the magicians. There, too, he heard tell of all that was beneath the sea, where the mermen and the Draug hold sway. The latter are gloomy evil powers, and many a time his

blood stood still in his veins as he sat and listened. They told him that the Draug usually showed himself on the strand in the moonlight on those spots which were covered with sea-wrack; that he had a bunch of seaweed instead of a head, but shaped so peculiarly that whoever came across him absolutely could not help gazing into his pale and horrible face. They themselves had seen him many a time, and once they had driven him, thwart by thwart, out of the boat where he had sat one morning and turned the oars upside down. When Eilert hastened homewards in the darkness round the headland, along the strand, over heaps of seaweed, he dare scarcely look around him, and many a time the sweat absolutely streamed from his forehead.

In proportion as hostility increased among the old people, they had a good deal of fault to find with one another, and Eilert heard no end of evil things spoken about the Finns at home. Now it was this, and now it was that. They did not even row like honest folk, for, after the Finnish fashion, they took high and swift strokes, as if they were womenkind, and they all talked together, and made a noise while they rowed, instead of being "silent in the boat." But what impressed Eilert most of all was the fact that, in the Finn woman's family, they practiced sorcery and idolatry, or so folks said. He also heard of something beyond all question, and that was the shame of having Finn blood in one's veins, which also was the reason why the Finns were not as good as other honest folk, so that the magistrates gave them their own distinct burial-ground in the churchyard, and their own separate "Finn-pens"

in church. Eilert had seen this with his own eyes in the church at Berg.

All this made him very angry, for he could not help liking the Finn folks down yonder, and especially little Zilla. They two were always together; she knew such a lot about the mermen. Henceforth his conscience always plagued him when he played with her; and whenever she stared at him with her large black eyes while she told him tales, he used to begin to feel a little bit afraid; for at such times he reflected that she and her people belonged to the accursed, and that was why they knew so much about such things. But, on the other hand, the thought of it made him so bitterly angry, especially on her account. She, too, was frequently taken aback by his odd behavior towards her, which she could not understand at all; and then, as was her wont, she would begin laughing at and teasing him by making him run after her, while she went and hid herself.

One day he found her sitting on a boulder by the seashore. She had in her lap an eider duck which had been shot, and could only have died quite recently, for it was still warm, and she wept bitterly over it. It was, she sobbed, the same bird which made its nest every year beneath the shelter of their outhouse — she knew it quite well, and she showed him a red-colored feather in its white breast. It had been struck dead by a single shot, and only a single red drop had come out of it; it had tried to reach its nest, but had died on its way on the strand. She wept as if her heart would break, and dried her face with her hair in impetuous Finn fashion. Eilert laughed at her as boys will, but he overdid it, and was very pale the whole time. He dared not tell

her that that very day he had taken a random shot with his father's gun from behind the headland at a bird a long way off which was swimming ashore.

One autumn Eilert's father was downright desperate. Day after day on the fishing grounds his lines caught next to nothing while he was forced to look on and see the Finn pull up one rich catch after another. He was sure, too, that he had noticed malicious gestures over in the Finn's boat. After that his whole house nourished a double bitterness against them; and when they talked it over in the evening, it was agreed, as a thing beyond all question, that Finnish sorcery had something to do with it. Against this there was only one remedy, and that was to rub corpse-mould on the lines; but one must beware of doing so, lest one should thereby offend the dead, and expose one's self to their vengeance, while the sea-folk would gain power over one at the same time.

Eilert bothered his head a good deal over all this; it almost seemed to him as if he had had a share in the deed, because he was on such a good footing with the Finn folks.

On the following Sunday both he and the Finn folks were at Berg church, and he secretly abstracted a handful of mould from one of the Finn graves, and put it in his pocket. The same evening, when they came home, he strewed the mould over his father's lines unobserved. And, oddly enough, the very next time his father cast his lines, as many fish were caught as in the good old times. But after this Eilert's anxiety became indescribable. He was especially cautious while they were working of an evening round the fireside, and it was dark in the

distant corners of the room. He sat there with a piece of steel in his pocket. To beg "forgiveness" of the dead is the only helpful means against the consequences of such deeds as his, otherwise one will be dragged off at night, by an invisible hand, to the churchyard, though one were lashed fast to the bed by a ship's hawser.

When Eilert, on the following "Preaching Sunday," went to church, he took very good care to go to the grave, and beg forgiveness of the dead.

As Eilert grew older, he got to understand that the Finn folks must, after all, be pretty much the same sort of people as his own folks at home; but, on the other hand, another thought was now uppermost in his mind, — the thought, namely, that the Finns must be of an inferior stock, with a taint of disgrace about them. Nevertheless, he could not very well do without Zilla's society, and they were very much together, as before, especially at the time of their confirmation.

But when Eilert became a man, and mixed more with the people of the parish, he began to fancy that this old companionship lowered him somewhat in the eyes of his neighbors. There was nobody who did not believe as a matter of course that there was something shameful about Finn blood, and he, therefore, always tried to avoid her in company.

The girl understood it all well enough, for latterly she took care to keep out of his way. Nevertheless, one day she came, as had been her wont from childhood, down to their house, and begged for leave to go in their boat when they rowed to church next day. There were lots of strangers present from the village, and so Eilert, lest folks should think that he and she were engaged, an-

swered mockingly, so that every one could hear him, "that church-cleansing was perhaps a very good thing for Finnish sorcery," but she must find some one else to ferry her across.

After that she never spoke to him at all, but Eilert was anything but happy in consequence.

Now, it happened one winter that Eilert was out all alone fishing for Greenland shark. A shark suddenly bit. The boat was small, and the fish was very big; but Eilert would not give in, and the end of the business was that his boat capsized.

All night long he lay on the top of it in the mist and a cruel sea. As now he sat there fainting for drowsiness, and dimly conscious that the end was not far off, and the sooner it came the better, he suddenly saw a man in seaman's clothes sitting astride the other end of the boat's bottom, and glaring savagely at him with a pair of dull reddish eyes. He was so heavy that the boat's bottom began to sink down at the end where he sat. Then he suddenly vanished, but it seemed to Eilert as if the sea-fog lifted a bit; the sea had all at once grown quite calm (at least, there was now only a gentle swell), and right in front of him lay a little low gray island, towards which the boat was slowly drifting.

The skerry was wet, as if the sea had only recently been flowing over it, and on it he saw a pale girl with such lovely eyes. She wore a green kirtle, and round her body a broad silver girdle with figures upon it, such as Finns use. Her bodice was of tar-brown skin, and beneath her stay-laces, which seemed to be of green sea-grass, was a foam-white chemise, like the feathery breast of a sea-bird.

When the boat came drifting on to the island, she came down to him and said, as if she knew him quite well, "So you're come at last, Eilert; I've been waiting for you so long!"

It seemed to Eilert as if an icy cold shudder ran through his body when he took the hand which helped him ashore; but it was only for the moment, and he forgot it instantly.

In the midst of the island there was an opening with a brazen flight of steps leading down to a splendid cabin. Whilst he stood there thinking things over a bit, he saw two dog-fish swimming close by — they were at least twelve to fourteen ells long.

As they descended, the dog-fish sank down too, each on one side of the brazen steps. Oddly enough, it looked as if the island was transparent. When the girl perceived that he was frightened, she told him that they were only two of her father's bodyguard, and shortly afterwards they disappeared. She then said that she wanted to take him to her father, who was waiting for them. She added that, if he did not find the old gentleman precisely as handsome as he might expect, he had, nevertheless, no need to be frightened, nor was he to be astonished too much at what he saw.

He now perceived that he was under water, but, for all that, there was no sign of moisture. He was on a white sandy bottom, covered with chalk-white, red, blue, and silvery-bright shells. He saw meadows of sea-grass, mountains thick with woods of bushy seaweed and sea-wrack, and the fishes darted about on every side just as the birds swarm about the rocks that sea-fowl haunt.

As they two were thus walking along together she ex-

plained many things to him. High up he saw something which looked like a black cloud with a white lining, and beneath it moved backwards and forwards a shape resembling one of the dog-fish.

"What you see there is a vessel," said she; "there's nasty weather up there now, and beneath the boat goes he who was sitting along with you on the bottom of the boat just now. If it is not wrecked, it will belong to us, and then you will not be able to speak to father to-day." As she said this there was a wild, rapacious gleam in her eyes, but it was gone again immediately.

And, in point of fact, it was no easy matter to make out the meaning of her eyes. As a rule, they were unfathomably dark with the luster of a night-billow through which the sea-fire sparkles; but, occasionally, when she laughed, they took a bright sea-green glitter, as when the sun shines deep down into the sea.

Now and again they passed by a boat or a vessel half buried in the sand, out and in of the cabin doors and windows of which fishes swam to and fro. Close by the wrecks wandered human shapes which seemed to consist of nothing but blue smoke. His conductress explained to him that these were the spirits of drowned men who had not had Christian burial — one must always beware of them, for dead ones of this sort are malignant. They always know when one of their own race is about to be wrecked, and at such times they howl the death-warning of the Draug through the wintry night.

Then they went farther on their way right across a deep, dark valley. In the rocky walls above him he saw a row of four-cornered white doors, from which a sort of glimmer, as from the northern lights, shot downwards

through the darkness. This valley stretched in a northeastwardly direction right under Denmark, she said, and inside the white doors dwelt the old Finn kings who had perished on the sea. Then she went and opened the nearest of these doors — here, down in the salt ocean, was the last of the kings, who had capsized in the very breeze that he himself had conjured forth, but could not afterwards quell. There, on a block of stone, sat a wrinkled, yellow Finn, with running eyes and a polished dark-red crown. His large head rocked backwards and forwards on his withered neck, as if it were in the swirl of an ocean current. Beside him, on the same block, sat a still more shriveled and yellow little woman, who also had a crown on, and her garments were covered with all sorts of colored stones; she was stirring up a brew with a stick. If she only had fire beneath it, the girl told Eilert, she and her husband would very soon have dominion again over the salt sea, for the thing she was stirring about was magic stuff.

In the middle of a plain, which opened right before them at a turn of the road, stood a few houses together like a little town; and, a little farther on, Eilert saw a church turned upside down, looking, with its long pointed tower, as if it were mirrored in the water. The girl explained to him that her father dwelt in these houses, and the church was one of the seven that stood in his realm, which extended all over Helgoland and Finmark. No service was held in them yet, but it would be held when the drowned bishop, who sat outside in a brown study, could only hit upon the name of the Lord that was to be served, and then all the Draugs should go to church. The bishop, she said, had been sitting and pondering the

matter over these eight hundred years, so he would no doubt very soon get to the bottom of it. A hundred years ago the bishop had advised them to send up one of the Draugs to Rödö church to find out all about it; but every time the word he wanted was mentioned, he could not catch the sound of it. In the mountain "Kunnan" King Olaf had hung a church-bell of pure gold, and it is guarded by the first priest who ever came to Nordland, who stands there in a white chasuble. On the day the priest rings the bell, Kunnan will become a big stone church, to which all Nordland, both above and below the sea, will resort. But time flies, and therefore all who come down here below are asked by the bishop if they can tell him that name.

At this Eilert felt very queer indeed, and he felt queerer still when he began reflecting and found, to his horror, that he also had forgotten that name.

While he stood there in thought, the girl looked at him anxiously. It was almost as if she wanted to help him to find it and could not.

[So it is that the strange sights and scenes continued like the weird happenings of a nightmare. After a long, long time he fancied that the long dark hair of a girl was flung about him like a curtain, and she had eyes that he remembered well. Then she smiled at him and said, "It is I, Eilert."]

With that he awoke, and saw that the sunbeams were running over the wet skerry, and the mermaid was still sitting by his side. But presently the whole thing changed before his eyes. It was the sun shining through the window-panes, on a bed in the Finn's hut, and by his side sat the Finn girl supporting his back, for they thought he was about to die. He had lain there delirious

for six weeks, ever since the Finn had rescued him after capsizing, and this was his first moment of consciousness.

After that it seemed to him that he had never heard anything so absurd and presumptuous as the twaddle that would fix a stigma of shame or contempt on Finn blood, and the same spring he and the Finn girl Zilla were betrothed, and in the autumn they were married.

There were Finns in the bridal procession, and perhaps many said a little more about that than they need have done; but every one at the wedding agreed that the fiddler, who was also a Finn, was the best fiddler in the whole parish, and the bride the prettiest girl.

HOW THE LAPLANDERS LIVE

A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN

Although Lapps are occasionally seen in charge of reindeer herds on some of the southern mountain tracts of Norway, their real home is in the Far North, not only of Norway, but also of Sweden, Finland, and Russia, and the country which they inhabit is known as Lapland.

That portion of it which belongs to Norway covers only some 3000 or 4000 square miles, while the whole of the Land of the Lapps has an area of something like 35,000 square miles. But statistics show that in Norwegian Lapland there are a great many more inhabitants than there are in Russian, Finnish, and Swedish Lapland put together; and the people, whether they be under the rule of Russia, Sweden, or Norway, are all of the same race — Asiatics and Mongols — totally unlike Europeans in appearance.

In the first place, they are dark, and what we consider ugly, though it is quite possible that in their eyes we ourselves are hideous. Then they are short — a five-foot Lapp would be almost a giant; but what they lack in stature they make up in sturdiness; for, although spare of body, probably no men in the world can do a longer day's work, or survive greater hardships. Dirty they are certainly, since they never change their clothes and seldom comb their hair; yet, for all that, they are perfectly healthy and happy.

They have gradually split up into three groups, known

as Mountain Lapps, Sea Lapps, and River Lapps, the first being nomads, or wanderers, and the other two settlers, by the sea or river, who have abandoned the original mode of life of their race.

Mountain Lapps are the most restless individuals it is possible to imagine. Winter and summer they are always on the move, and three days are seldom passed in one place. Time does not enslave them, for they do not trouble about it. Routine is nothing to them; they eat and drink when they feel inclined, and they sleep when a favorable opportunity occurs. In such matters, as well as in many others, they resemble wild animals. But in some respects they are methodical: they work by the seasons, and in their wanderings take the same lines each year. In the summer months they are down by the sea; during the remainder of the year they are on the mountains, though at Christmas-time they usually arrange to encamp somewhere in the vicinity of a church; for Christmas is a great event in the lives of the Lapps, since they profess Christianity, and if they are able to go to church at no other time of the year, they make a point of doing so at this season.

To-day these people are law-abiding and peaceable, but they are a strange mixture of good and bad. They are kind and hospitable, and of a cheerful disposition; at the same time they can be cruel, cunning, and selfish, while their love of money is no less than their love of drink — when they can obtain it.

For one thing only does the Mountain Lapp live — his herd of reindeer. They provide all his wants — food, clothing, and the wherewithal to purchase luxuries. They are his wealth; his very existence depends

on them, and in consequence, his mode of living has to be accommodated to the habits of his reindeer. Whithersoever they choose to graze, their owner has to follow; and he deems it no hardship to pitch his rough tent on the snowy wastes in winter, or even to sleep out under a rock, with the thermometer at seventy degrees below zero. It is his life; from earliest childhood he has known none other; he is content with it. And it is not only the men who pass their lives thus; for the Lapp family is to some extent a united one, and the women and children thoroughly enjoy the wild, free life, apparently suffering no ill effects from the rigors of the climate.

A Lapp baby starts life in a very queer way. Until it is able to walk it is kept in what is called a *komse*, a kind of cradle made of strips of wood covered with leather, and just large enough to take the baby. The little creature is rolled up in sheepskin and put into the cradle, which is then stuffed with moss, and the leather covering laced securely all around, so that only the baby's face is seen. To protect its head the *komse* is provided with a wooden hood, like most cradles, and there is generally a shawl, which can be thrown over the whole thing in severe weather; in fact, when the baby has been properly done up in its *komse*, it might go by parcel post without coming to much harm. It is a very excellent arrangement, because the family is incessantly moving about, and the mothers have their work to do, so cannot always be bothering about their babies. A thong of leather stretches from head to foot of the *komse*, which the mother can thus sling on her shoulder when going about, and by this thong the baby can be hung up to a tent-pole or to the branch of a tree if its

mother is busy. But as often as not the *komses* are just stuck up on end in the snow or against a rock while work is going on.

As soon as the child can walk and has finished its cradle existence, it is dressed in clothes similar to those of his or her father or mother, and looks most quaint. The life which these children lead is devoid of much amusement. From the beginning they are helping to pack up and move the tent, and to look after the reindeer; they are nothing more than little old men and women; their toys are miniatures, or models, of such things as they will have to use later in life — lassoes, snowshoes, sleighs — and their games are restricted to learning the use of the same. They are treated by their parents more or less as if they were grown up, and allowed to do much as they please. Consequently, they become self-willed, and have little respect for their elders.

After all, the mode of life of the Lapps does not differ very greatly from that of our own gipsies, though of the two the Lapps are certainly the better people. The wandering spirit is inherent in both, but a portion of each sooner or later shakes it off, and leads a more settled life. Some there are, however, who will never be anything but wanderers, so long as there remains a free country wherein they are at liberty to roam.

Let us now see the kind of place which the Mountain Lapp calls "home." It cannot be anything very elaborate or bulky, as it has to be packed up and moved about nearly every day, and it has to be carried on the backs of the reindeer in summer, or drawn by them in sleighs in the winter. So it is nothing more than a most un-

conventional form of tent, not altogether unlike the wigwam of the Red Indians, or the dwelling of many other nomadic people. A few long poles are stuck up on a circle, with their ends fastened together to form a sort of cone, and over this framework is stretched a covering of coarse woolen material. At one side there is a loose flap, forming a door, and the whole of the top part of the tent round about the ends of the poles is left open, to admit light and to allow the smoke from the fire to issue forth. The diameter of the tent is about twelve or fifteen feet, and the height in the center eight or ten feet. This is the kitchen, larder, store-room, drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom of the family — men, women, boys, girls, babies, dogs, and all.

A few branches of trees are spread on the ground, and in the middle, immediately under the opening in the roof, is the fire, which is kept alight day and night. Around it the inmates sit on the ground by day, and sleep by night. There is no furniture of any kind, and only a few cooking-pots, with some wooden bowls, and spoons of wood or of horn. Beds and blankets and such-like luxuries are also absent, so undressing, dressing, washing, and absurdities of that kind are not indulged in. When the time has come to go to sleep, those who are in the tent just roll themselves close up to the fire, and sleep quite comfortably in the clothes which they probably have not taken off for a year or two. The whole family is not likely to be in the tent at the same time; some members of it must always be looking after the reindeer, as the herd can never be left to its own devices; consequently, there is generally plenty of room.

Meals are free-and-easy affairs; there is no dinner-bell and no fixed time for eating. But food is always ready, hanging in a pot over the fire; and when any one feels inclined to eat, the hand is plunged into the pot, and a piece of meat pulled out and devoured. In addition to reindeer-meat — of which the Lapps consume a great deal — the food consists of cheese, and sometimes a kind of porridge; while for drink they have water, melted snow, reindeer milk, and, on occasions, coffee. The latter they are very fond of, but few families can afford to drink it often; so also with spirits, which, however, they only manage to obtain in the towns.

Thus live the Mountain Lapps year in and year out. To-day a family is in one place, to-morrow a dozen miles away; now and again other families are met with, and receive hospitality; but for the most part the family and its herd keep to themselves, since to do otherwise might lead to difficulties about grazing. The rain floods their tent; the snow buries it; the wind blows it down; yet they survive, and glory in their free life.

The Sea Lapps, though much more numerous than their brethren of the mountains, are not so interesting. They live by the coast in huts built of wood or of sods, and obtain a livelihood by fishing. The River Lapps, on the other hand, are both herdsmen and fishermen. Residing in small settlements on the banks of the rivers, they keep reindeer as well as a few cows and sheep, and they do a little in the way of farming the land round the settlement. Many of them are even intellectual, and the advantages of having their children properly educated in the schools are gradually becoming appreciated.

THE MUSIC OF OLE BULL

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[THE scene of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," from which the following poem is taken, was the Red Horse Inn in Sudbury, Massachusetts. Here he placed in imagination a group of his friends. The musician is Ole Bull, the Norwegian violinist; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi; the student, Henry Ware Wales; the poet, T. W. Parsons; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell. The assembling of these at the Inn is not altogether fancy, for the last three were accustomed to spend the summer at this hostelry.

The Editor.]

LAST the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but song;
Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances whirled;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
Its headlong waters from the height;

And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumor of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast;
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivaled name, —
"Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,

The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!
The music ceased; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

SWEDEN

I

STORIES OF VIKING LIFE AND ADVENTURE

HISTORICAL NOTE

The vikings, or Scandinavian and Danish pirates, first came down upon the eastern and southern coasts of England toward the end of the eighth century. In less than a hundred years, they had a firm footing there, and in 1014 the Dane Canute became ruler of the land, which did not pass into Saxon hands again until 1042. Charlemagne was able to hold back the Norsemen from his domains, but early in the tenth century they got possession of the greater part of the valley of the Loire. The Vikings plundered the coasts of Spain, Africa, and the Balearic Isles, dashed into the Tyrrhenian Sea, and even ventured as far as Greece. They voyaged to the islands north of Scotland and Ireland, and settled not only in these, but also in Iceland. From Iceland they went to Greenland, and later to Vinland.

The Swedish vikings attacked the eastern shores of the Baltic Sea, and seem to have made their way inland as far as Novgorod. They were driven back, but were soon invited to return and rule the land. A century later, they were sweeping down the Black Sea and threatening Constantinople with their thousand boats of warriors. Before this they had entered the Caspian Sea and had found their way to Persia.

Toward the end of the fourteenth century, King Waldemar Atterdag of Denmark died, and the Danes elected his little grandson Olaf to be their king. His mother, Margaret, Waldemar's daughter, acted as his guardian and ruled in his place. Then Margaret's husband, who was King of Norway, died; the child Olaf was now entitled to a second crown, and his mother became governor of Norway as well as Denmark. But there was trouble in Sweden. The nobles were enraged at their king, and they came to the conclusion that their best course was to offer the crown to this powerful Margaret, who had Norway and Denmark to support her. Albert, the deposed sovereign, led a German army against her, but was completely routed. Through Margaret's influence, the Union of Calmar was formed, in 1397, between Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

THE HALL OF THE EARLY CHIEFS

BY HENRY MORLEY

The hall is long and wide, say 200 feet by 40, with a high roof and curved gables. There is at each extremity an entrance in the middle of the wall, protected by a porch, that is continued at its farther end to form cellar and pantry. We pass into the hall, a spacious nave with narrow side aisles. Pillars, dividing aisles from nave, support the central roof. The nave is the great hall itself, and down the middle of its floor run the stone hearths, upon which blaze great timber fires. At the upper end is the raised seat of the chief, at a cross-bench, where his wife, who fills the cups of the guests, and his familiar thanes, or those whom he distinguishes, sit with him. On each side of the long hearth there runs a line of tables, flanked with benches and stools, at which sit the people who are the chief's "hearth-sharers." At the lower end, in the space corresponding to the dais, is a table for the drinking-cups. Between the rows of pillars and the outer walls, spaces are parted off within the narrow aisles for the sleeping-benches of the warriors. In some of the spaces are the gilded vats of liquor into which the pails of the cup-bearers are dipped. If women sleep in the hall, the recesses of the pillars behind the vats are kept sacred to them, and there are in the aisles, if the hall be the chief's dwelling, distinct enclosures for the occupation of the family. The sleeping space behind the pillars might, perhaps, be parted from the hall by paneling and tapestry.

HOW THE SWEDES ELECTED THEIR KING

BY NEANDER N. CRONHOLM

THE manner in which the Swedes in olden time elected their king was as follows: The Upper Swedes met at Mora Stone, near Upsala. This was an open space, whereon were placed thirteen stones, twelve in a circle and one in the center. The law-men sat on the ring of stones and the king, when elected, on the center one. After the bonders at the Als-harjar Thing had signified the man of their choice, then did the law-man of Upland adjudge him king if he was properly elected. The old law says, "The Swedes have a right to elect their king, and also to depose him." The most competent man became king. The king's son was often selected to succeed him because such men were competent, having been trained from childhood for their high office.

The ceremony was characteristic. After election the king was placed on a shield resting on the shoulders of stout warriors, who marched around and showed him to the people. These proceedings signified, first, that he was elevated by the people to this high office, and secondly, that he could hold it only so long as he was supported by the people.

It was an old custom that after the election a herald should blow a blast on the horn or trumpet and then proclaim: "Now is A. B. elected King of the Svear and Gotar. He and none other." Many of these old customs have come down to the present day.

HOW THE SWEDES LEARNED OF CHRISTIANITY

[850]

BY S. BARING-GOULD

[REGARDLESS of the reputation of the Northmen for ferocity, the monk Anskar went among them to preach Christianity. For some time his work seemed to come to nothing; but at length one Herigar, counselor of the Swedish king, became a Christian, and through his influence Ardgar, one of Anskar's assistants whom he had sent to Sweden, was allowed to preach as much as he chose.

The Editor.]

THAT chief [Herigar] was no half-hearted believer, and openly confronted the malice of the pagan party. On one occasion, as they were boasting of the power of their gods, and of the many blessings they had received by remaining faithful to their worship, he bade them put the matter to an open and decisive proof. "If there be so much doubt," said he, "concerning the superior might of our respective gods, let us see whose power is greatest, whether that of the many whom ye call gods, or that of my one omnipotent Lord, Jesus Christ. Lo! the season of rain is at hand. Do ye call upon the names of your gods, that the rain may be restrained from falling upon you, and I will call upon the name of my Lord, Jesus Christ, that no drop may fall upon me; and the god that answereth our prayers, let him be God."

The heathen party agreed, and repairing to a neigh-

boring field, took their seats in great numbers on one side, while Herigar, attended only by a little child, sat on the other. In a few moments the rain descended in torrents, drenched the heathens to the skin, and swept away their tents; while on Herigar and the little child no drop fell, and even the ground around them remained dry. "Ye see," he cried, "which is the true God; bid me not, then, desert the faith I have adopted, but rather lay aside your errors, and come to a knowledge of the truth."

On another occasion the town of Birka was attacked by a piratical expedition of Danes and Swedes, under the command of a king of Sweden who had been expelled from his realm. The place was closely invested, and there seemed to be no prospect of a successful defense. In their alarm, the townspeople offered numerous sacrifices to their gods, and when all other means failed, collected such treasures as they possessed, together with a hundred pounds of silver, and succeeded in coming to terms with the hostile chiefs. But their followers, not satisfied with the amount, prepared to storm the town. Again the gods were consulted, the altars raised, the victims offered, but with results equally unpromising. Herigar now interposed, rebuked the people for their obstinate adherence to the worship of gods that could not give aid in trouble, and when they bade him suggest some device, and promised to follow his counsel, he urged them to make a solemn vow of obedience to the Lord of the Christians, assuring them that, if they turned to Him, He, at any rate, would not fail them in the hour of danger. The people took his advice, went forth to an open plain, and there solemnly vowed to

keep a fast in honor of the God of the Christians, if He would rescue them from their enemies.

Help came in an unexpected fashion. The Swedish king, while the army was clamoring for the signal to attack, suggested that the gods should be consulted by lot, whether it was their will that Birka should be destroyed. "There are many great and powerful deities there," said he; "there also formerly a church was built, and even now the worship of the great Christ is observed by many, and He is more powerful than any other god. We ought, then, to inquire first whether it is the divine will that we attack the place." Accordingly the lots were cast, and it was discovered that the auspices were not favorable for the assault; and thus Birka was spared. The arrival, therefore, of Ardgar was well timed, and he was not only welcomed by Herigar, but the Christians were strengthened in their adherence to the faith by his coming.

[A little later Anskar himself, who had now been made an archbishop, set out for Sweden.]

The time of his landing was unfortunate. The heathen party had been roused by the native priests, and a crusade was proclaimed against the strange doctrines. Suborning a man who pretended to have received a message from the native deities, the priest announced it to be the will of heaven that, if the people wished for new gods, they should admit into their company the late King Eric, and allow divine honors to be paid to him. This wrought up the feelings of the populace to such a pitch, that the retinue of the archbishop pronounced it absolute madness to persevere in his undertaking.

But Anskar was not thus to be thwarted. He invited Olaf to a feast, set before him the presents sent by the King of Jutland, and announced the object of his visit. Olaf, on his part, was not indisposed to make the concessions he desired, but as former missionaries had been expelled from the country, he suggested that it would be well to submit the affair, once for all, to the solemn decision of the sacred lots, and consult in an open council the feelings of the people. Anskar agreed, and a day was fixed for deciding the question.

First, the counsel of the chiefs was formally asked, and their opinion requested. They craved the casting of the sacred lots. The lots were accordingly cast, and the result was declared to be favorable to the admission of the archbishop and his retinue. Then the general assembly of the people of Birka was convened, and at the command of the king a herald proclaimed aloud the purport of the archbishop's visit. This was the signal for a great tumult, in the midst of which an aged chief arose, and thus addressed the assembly: —

"Hear me, O king and people. The God whom we are invited to worship is not unknown to us, nor the aid He can render to those that put their trust in Him. Many of us have already proved this by experience, and have felt His assistance in many perils, and especially in the sea. Why, then, reject what we know to be useful and necessary for us? Not long ago some of us went to Doerstadt, and believing that this new religion could profit us much, willingly professed ourselves its disciples. Now the voyage thither is beset with dangers, and pirates abound on every shore. Why, then, reject a religion thus brought to our very doors? Why not permit the serv-

ants of God, whose protecting aid we have already experienced, to abide amongst us? Listen to my counsel, then, O king and people, and reject not what is plainly for our advantage. We see our own deities failing us, and unable to aid us in time of danger. Surely it is a good thing to obtain the favor of a God who always can and will aid those that call upon Him."

His words found favor with the people, and it was unanimously resolved that the archbishop should be permitted to take up his abode in the country, and should not be hindered in disseminating the Christian faith.

HOW RAGNAR LODBROG WON A WIFE AND A NICKNAME

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

[Ragnar Lodbrog was a half-legendary viking. According to tradition he invaded England in the eighth or ninth century.

The Editor.]

Herodd, the King of the Swedes, happening to go and hunt in the woods, brought home some snakes, found by his escort, for his daughter to rear. She speedily obeyed the instructions of her father, and endured to rear a race of adders with her maiden hands. Moreover, she took care that they should daily have a whole ox-carcase to gorge upon, not knowing that she was privately feeding and keeping up a public nuisance. The vipers grew up, and scorched the country-side with their pestilential breath. Whereupon the king, repenting of his sluggishness, proclaimed that whosoever removed the pest should have his daughter. Many warriors were attracted by courage as much as by desire; but all idly and perilously wasted their pains.

Ragnar, learning from men who traveled to and fro how the matter stood, asked his nurse for a woolen mantle, and for some thigh-pieces that were very hairy, with which he could repel the snake-bites. He thought that he ought to use a dress stuffed with hair to protect himself, and also took one that was not unwieldy, that he might move nimbly. And when he had landed in

Sweden, he deliberately plunged his body in water, while there was a frost falling, and, wetting his dress, to make it the less penetrable, he let the cold freeze it. Thus attired, he took leave of his companions, exhorted them to remain loyal to Fridleif, and went on to the palace alone.

When he saw it, he tied his sword to his side, and lashed a spear to his right hand with a thong. As he went on, an enormous snake glided up and met him. Another, equally huge, crawled up, following in the trail of the first. They strove now to buffet the young man with the coils of their tails, and now to spit and belch their venom stubbornly upon him. Meantime the courtiers, betaking themselves to safer hiding, watched the struggle from afar like affrighted little girls. The king was stricken with equal fear, and fled, with a few followers, to a narrow shelter. But Ragnar, trusting in the hardness of his frozen dress, foiled the poisonous assaults not only with his arms, but with his attire, and, single-handed, in unweariable combat, stood up against the two gaping creatures, who stubbornly poured forth their venom upon him. For their teeth he repelled with his shield, their poison with his dress. At last he cast his spear, and drove it against the bodies of the brutes, who were attacking him hard. He pierced both their hearts, and his battle ended in victory.

The king scanned his dress closely, and saw that he was rough and hairy; but above all, he laughed at the shaggy lower portion of his garb, and chiefly the uncouth aspect of his breeches; so that he gave him in jest the nickname of Lodbrog.[1] Also he invited him to feast with his

[1] Shaggy-Breech, the epithet for a hawk.

friends, to refresh him after his labors. Ragnar said that he would first go back to the witnesses whom he had left behind. He set out and brought them back, splendidly attired for the coming feast. At last, when the banquet was over, he received the prize that was appointed for the victory. By her he begot two nobly-gifted sons, Radbard and Dunwat.

THE DEFEAT OF THE JOMSBURG VIKINGS

[983]

BY NEANDER N. CRONHOLM

[Some of the most daring of the vikings formed a little community of men near the mouth of the Oder and named it Jomsburg. The leader of this wild and fearless band was Styrbjorn Starke. He was a nephew of King Eric of Sweden; and when only twelve years old, he had demanded of the king a share in the kingdom. The people had voted against him, but his uncle gave him a great fleet, that he might go forth on marauding expeditions. In 983, with the promised support of Harald Blue Tooth of Denmark, he swept up the Baltic and into Lake Malaren.

The Editor.]

Eric the Victorious, who at this time was reigning in Upsala, was a great and renowned king. Skoglar Toste, a freeholder and celebrated viking in West Gothland, had a daughter named Sigrid, much famed for her beauty, but very proud and haughty. King Eric chose her for his queen, and gained much support in the country from her relations, particularly from Torgny the Wise, who was judge in Upland. When King Eric heard that Styrbjorn with his great fleet had entered Lake Malaren, he sent out a summons throughout the kingdom for all the men at arms to meet in Upsala. He then blocked the entrance of Flot Sound so that Styrbjorn could not sail out of the lake toward Upsala. As soon as the latter had arrived, he made his men go on shore and burned all his ships, to the end that his supporters might

fight with more courage, having no hopes of safety by flight. Scarcely was this done, when Harald Blue Tooth ordered his men on board his ships, put out to sea, and sailed home to Denmark, leaving Styrbjorn in the trap. This proceeding he and his men were obliged to witness from the shore, having no means of preventing or punishing Harald's treachery. He, however, did not lose courage, but made his men cut a broad road through the forest to the great plain of Fyrisvall, near Upsala. On this plain he marshaled his army, having many brave chiefs in it, amongst others his uncle, Jarl Ulf, and Bjorn Bredviking, an Icelander. Eric the Victorious marshaled his men on the other side and Torgny the Judge was his chief man, both in word and deed.

The battle was violent and long. Torgny had caused chariots to be made with lances projecting in front and sickles and scythes fastened on either side, which were drawn by condemned criminals into the enemies' ranks, and caused great havoc; but Styrbjorn had such superior numbers, that in spite of this he was able to make a stout resistance; and so they fought the whole day without either being able to gain the victory. During the night many people from the neighborhood joined Eric, so that his army was not less than on the first day. But the Jomsvikings were such brave men that they kept up the fight the whole of the second day, and at its conclusion no one could yet determine who would be victorious.

The chiefs offered sacrifices during the night to propitiate the gods. Styrbjorn sacrificed to Thor, and it was said that a red-bearded man, who was thought to be Thor, showed himself to Styrbjorn announcing his defeat.

Eric, on his side, went up to the temple in Upsala and sacrificed to Odin, promising himself to the god at the expiration of ten years, if he would only this time grant him the victory. It is said that a one-eyed man in a blue cloak, with a wide hat on his head, then showed himself to Eric, and gave him a lance which he should hurl against Styrbjorn's troops, saying, "Ye now all belong to Odin," and this man was thought to have been Odin himself.

The third day a much severer conflict ensued, numerous reinforcements as before having joined King Eric from the neighborhood on the preceding night. But a universal panic presently overtook Styrbjorn's men; they fancied the air was full of light arrows hovering over their heads, which blinded and confused them, and were thought to be sent by Odin. A sand-hill in the neighborhood also slid down upon them, causing much confusion. When Styrbjorn at last saw that all was tending to his fall and defeat, in anguish and despair he stuck his banner fast into the ground, and shouted with a terrible voice to the remainder of his troops, that it was better to die with glory than to fly with shame. He then cast himself wildly amongst his enemy, and so fell, pierced with many wounds. The greater part of his men followed him, and few fled or surrendered themselves prisoners. When the battle was done, King Eric mounted on one of the mounds and promised a great reward to him who could sing a Drapa on this battle. On this, Torwald Hjalteson, an Icelander, presented himself, and sang for the king and the army a glorious song of victory, and received as a reward two precious gold chains; and yet this Torwald neither before nor after-

wards ever concerned himself with poetry. After this, Eric's son, who was only two years old, was carried before the troops and was proclaimed and received homage as his father's successor and sovereign of the whole kingdom. As he was, on account of his tender age, on this occasion carried in arms, he was called Olaf Skotkonung, or Olaf Lapking.

Styrbjorn left a son called Torkil Sprakalagg, whose son was named Ulf and was the father of Sven Ulfson, from whom a whole line of Danish Kings descend. This battle took place in the year 983 A.D., and from it King Eric received the surname, "The Victorious."

SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

[About 988-1000]

THE WOOERS OF SIGRID

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

SIGRID was a woman of the greatest understanding, and too [very] clever in many things. In the morning there was also the most excellent entertainment; but then it went on as usual when people have drunk too much, that next day they take care not to exceed. The queen was very gay, and she and the king talked of many things with each other; among other things she valued her property, and the dominions she had in Sweden, as nothing less than his kingdom and property in Norway. With that observation the king was nowise pleased; and he found no pleasure in anything after that, but made himself ready for his journey in an ill humor. On the other hand, the queen was remarkably gay, and made him many presents, and followed him out to the road.

Now Harald returned about harvest to Norway, and was at home all winter; but was very silent, and cast down. In summer he went once more to the Baltic with his ships, and steered to Sweden. He sent a message to Queen Sigrid that he wished to have a meeting with her, and she rode down to meet him. They talked together, and he soon brought out the proposal that she should marry him. She replied that this was foolish talk for him, who was so well married already that he might

think himself well off. Harald says, "Aasta is a good and clever woman; but she is not so well-born as I am."

They exchanged but few words more before the queen rode away. King Harald was always dull in apprehension, and prepared himself again to ride up the country to meet Queen Sigrid. Many of his people dissuaded him; but nevertheless he set off with a great attendance, and came to the house in which the queen dwelt. The same evening came another king, called Visavald, from Russia, likewise to pay his addresses to Queen Sigrid. Lodging was given to both the kings, and to all their people, in a great old room of an outbuilding, and all the furniture was of the same character; but there was no want of drink in the evening, and that so strong that all were drunk, and the watch, both inside and outside, fell fast asleep. Then Queen Sigrid ordered an attack on them in the night, both with fire and sword. The house was burnt, with all who were in it, and those who slipped out were put to the sword. Sigrid said that she would make these small kings tired of coming to court her. She was afterwards called Sigrid the Haughty.

QUEEN SIGRID AND THE RING

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[Queen Sigrid in Sweden, who had for surname the Haughty, sat in her mansion, and during the same winter messengers went between King Olaf and Sigrid to propose his courtship to her, and she had no objection; and the matter was fully and fast resolved upon. Thereupon King Olaf sent to Queen Sigrid the great gold ring he had taken from the temple door of Lade, which was considered a distinguished ornament.

The meeting for concluding the business was appointed to be in spring on the frontier, at the Gotha River.

Now the ring which King Olaf had sent Queen Sigrid was highly prized by all men; yet the queen's goldsmiths, two brothers, who took the ring in their hands, and weighed it, spoke quietly to each other about it, and in a manner that made the queen call them to her, and ask what they smiled at. But they would not say a word, and she commanded them to say what it was they had discovered. Then they said the ring is false. Upon this she ordered the ring to be broken in pieces, and it was found to be copper inside. Then the queen was enraged, and said that Olaf would deceive her in more ways than this one.

Early in spring King Olaf went eastwards to Konghelle to the meeting with Queen Sigrid; and when they met, the business was considered about which the winter before they had held communication, namely, their marriage; and the business seemed likely to be concluded. But when Olaf insisted that Sigrid should let herself be baptized, she answered thus: "I must not part from the faith which I have held, and my forefathers before me; and, on the other hand, I shall make no objection to your believing in the god that pleases you best." Then King Olaf was enraged, and answered in a passion, "Why should I care to have thee, an old faded woman, and a heathen jade?" and therewith struck her in the face with his glove which he held in his hand, rose up, and they parted. Sigrid said, "This may some day be thy death." The king set off to Viken, the queen to Sweden. — From *the Heimskringla.*]

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh, speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows,
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said, —
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

THE REVENGE OF SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

FROM THE HEIMSKRINGLA

The Danish king, Svend Forked Beard, was married to Sigrid the Haughty. Sigrid was King Olaf Tryggvason's greatest enemy; the cause of which, as before said, was that King Olaf had broken off with her, and had struck her in the face. She urged King Svend much to give battle to King Olaf Tryggvason; saying that he had reason enough, as Olaf had married his sister Thyri without his leave, "and that your predecessors would not have submitted to." Such persuasions Sigrid had often in her mouth; and at last she brought it so far that Svend resolved firmly on doing so.

Early in spring King Svend sent messengers eastward into Sweden, to his brother-in-law Olaf, the Swedish king, and to Earl Eric; and informed them that King Olaf of Norway was levying men for an expedition, and intended in summer to go to Vendland. To this news the Danish king added an invitation to the Swedish king and Earl Eric to meet King Svend with an army, so that all together they might make an attack on King Olaf Tryggvason.

The Swedish king and Earl Eric were ready enough for this, and immediately assembled a great fleet and an army through all Sweden, with which they sailed southwards to Denmark, and arrived there before King

Olaf Tryggvason had sailed to the eastward. Haldor the Unchristian tells of this in his lay on Earl Eric: —

"The king-subduer raised a host
Of warriors on the Swedish coast.
The brave went southwards to the fight,
Who love the sword-storm's gleaming light;
The brave, who fill the wild wolf's mouth,
Followed bold Eric to the south;
The brave, who sport in blood — each one
With the bold earl to sea is gone."

The Swedish king and Earl Eric sailed to meet the Danish king, and they had all when together an immense force.

At the same time that Earl Svend sent a message to Sweden for an army, he sent Earl Sigvald to Vendland to spy out King Olaf Tryggvason's proceedings, and to bring it about by cunning devices that King Svend and King Olaf should fall in with each other. So Sigvald sets out to go to Vendland. First, he came to Jomsburg, and then he sought out King Olaf Tryggvason. There was much friendship in their conversation, and the earl got himself into great favor with the king. Astrid, the earl's wife, King Burislaf's daughter, was a great friend of King Olaf Tryggvason, particularly on account of the connection which had been between them when Olaf was married to her sister Geira.

Earl Sigvald was a prudent, ready-minded man; and as he had got a voice in King Olaf's council, he put him off much from sailing homewards, finding various reasons for delay. Olaf's people were in the highest degree dissatisfied with this; for the men were anxious to get home, and they lay ready to sail, waiting only for a wind. At last Earl Sigvald got a secret message from

Denmark that the Swedish king's army was arrived from the east, and that Earl Eric's was also ready; and that all these chiefs had resolved to sail eastwards to Vendland, and wait for King Olaf at an island which is called Svald. They also desired the earl to contrive matters so that they should meet King Olaf there.

There came first a flying report to Vendland that the Danish king, Svend, had fitted out an army; and it was soon whispered that he intended to attack King Olaf. But Earl Sigvald says to King Olaf, "It never can be King Svend's intention to venture with the Danish force alone to give battle to thee with such a powerful army, but if thou hast any suspicion that evil is on foot, I will follow thee with my force [at that time it was considered a great matter to have Jomsburg vikings with an army], and I will give thee eleven manned ships."

The king accepted this offer; and as the light breeze of wind that came was favorable, he ordered the ships to get under weigh, and the war-horns to sound the departure. The sails were hoisted; and all the small vessels, sailing fastest, got out to sea before the others. The earl, who sailed nearest to the king's ship, called to those on board to tell the king to sail in his keel-tracks: "For I know where the water is deepest between the islands and in the sounds, and these large ships require the deepest." Then the earl sailed first with his eleven ships, and the king followed with his large ships, also eleven in number; but the whole of the rest of the fleet sailed out to sea. Now when Earl Sigvald came sailing close under the island Svald, a skiff rowed out to inform the earl that the Danish king's

army was lying in the harbor before them. Then the earl ordered the sails of his vessels to be struck, and they rowed in under the island. Haldor the Unchristian says: —

"From out the south bold Tryggve's son
With one-and-seventy ships came on,
To dye his sword in bloody fight,
Against the Danish foeman's might.
But the false earl the king betrayed;
And treacherous Sigvald, it is said,
Deserted from King Olaf's fleet,
And basely fled, the Danes to meet."

It is said here that King Olaf and Earl Sigvald had seventy sail of vessels and one more, when they sailed from the south.

The Danish king Svend, the Swedish king Olaf, and Earl Eric were there with all their forces. The weather being fine, and clear sunshine, all these chiefs, with a great suite, went out on the isle to see the vessels sailing out at sea, and many of them crowded together; and they saw among them one large and glancing ship. The two kings said, "That is a large and very beautiful vessel: that will be the Long Serpent."

Earl Eric replied, —

"That is not the Long Serpent." And he was right; for it was a ship belonging to Endric of Grimsar.

Soon after they saw another vessel coming sailing along much larger than the first; then says King Svend, —

"Olaf Tryggvason must be afraid, for he does not venture to sail with the figure-head of the dragon upon his ship."

Says Earl Eric, —

"That is not the king's ship yet; for I know that ship by the colored stripes of cloth in her sail. That is Erling Skialgsson. Let him sail; for it is better for us that this ship is away from Olaf's fleet, so well equipped as she is."

Soon after they saw and knew Earl Sigvald's ships, which turned in and laid themselves under the island. Then they saw three ships coming along under sail, and one of them very large. King Svend ordered his men to go to their ships, "for there comes the Long Serpent."

Earl Eric says, —

"Many other great and stately vessels have they besides the Long Serpent. Let us wait a little."

Then said many, —

"Earl Eric will not fight and avenge his father; and it is a shame that it should be told that we lay here with so great a force, and allowed King Olaf to sail out to sea before our eyes."

But when they had spoken thus for a short time, they saw four ships come sailing along, of which one had a large dragon-head richly gilt. Then King Svend stood up, and said, —

"That dragon shall carry me this evening high, for I shall steer it."

Then said many, —

"The Serpent is indeed a wonderfully large and beautiful vessel, and it shows a great mind to have built such a ship."

Earl Eric said so loud that several persons heard him,

"If King Olaf had no other vessels but only that one, King Svend would never take it from him with the Danish force alone."

Thereafter all the people rushed on board their ships, took down the tents, and in all haste made ready for battle.

While the chiefs were speaking among themselves, as above related, they saw three very large ships coming sailing along, and at last after them a fourth, and that was the Long Serpent. Of the large ships which had gone before, and which they had taken for the Long Serpent, the first was the Crane; the one after that was the Short Serpent; and when they really saw the Long Serpent all knew, and nobody had a word to say against it, that it must be Olaf Tryggvason who was sailing in such a vessel; and they went to their ships to arm for the fight.

An agreement had been concluded among the chiefs, King Svend, King Olaf the Swede, and Earl Eric, that they should divide Norway among them in three parts, in case they succeeded against Olaf Tryggvason; but that he of the chiefs who should first board the Serpent should have her and all the booty found in her, and each should have the ships he cleared for himself. Earl Eric had a large ship of war which he used upon his viking expeditions; and there was an iron beard or comb above on both sides of the stem, and below it a thick iron plate as broad as the combs, which went down quite to the gunwale.

When Earl Sigvald with his vessels rowed in under the island, Thorkel Dyrdil of the Crane, and the other ship commanders who sailed with him, saw that he turned his ships towards the isle, and thereupon let fall the sails, and rowed after him, calling out, and asking why he sailed that way. The earl answered, that he was

waiting for King Olaf, as he feared there were enemies in the way. They lay upon their oars until Thorkel Nefia came up with the Short Serpent and the three ships which followed him. When they told them the same, they too struck sail, and let the ships drive, waiting for King Olaf. But when the king sailed in towards the isle, the whole enemies' fleet came rowing within them out to the Sound. When they saw this, they begged the king to hold on his way, and not risk battle with so great a force. The king replied, high on the quarterdeck where he stood, "Strike the sails; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life, but flight I shall never take." It was done as the king commanded. Halfred tells of it thus: —

"And far and wide the saying bold
Of the brave warrior shall be told.
The king, in many a fray well tried,
To his brave champions round him cried,
'My men shall never learn from me
From the dark weapon-cloud to flee.'
Nor were the brave words spoken then
Forgotten by his faithful men."

King Olaf ordered the war-horns to sound for all his ships to close up to each other. The king's ship lay in the middle of the line, and on one side lay the Short Serpent, and on the other the Crane; and as they made fast the stems together, the Long Serpent's stem and the Short Serpent's were fast together; but when the king saw it he called out to his men, and ordered them to lay the larger ship more in advance, so that its stern should not lie so far behind in the fleet.

Then says Ulf the Red, —

"If the Long Serpent is to lie as much more ahead of the other ships as she is longer than they, we shall have hard work of it here on the forecastle."

The king replies, —

"I did not think I had a forecastle man afraid as well as red."[1]

Says Ulf, —

"Defend thou the quarterdeck as I shall the forecastle."

The king had a bow in his hands, and laid an arrow on the string, and aimed at Ulf.

Ulf said, —

"Shoot another way, king, where it is more needful: my work is thy gain."

King Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarterdeck, high over the others. He had a gilt shield, and a helmet inlaid with gold; over his armor he had a short red coat, and was easy to be distinguished from other men. When King Olaf saw that the scattered forces of the enemy gathered themselves together under the banners of their ships, he asked, —

"Who is the chief of the force right opposite to us?"

He was answered that it was King Svend with the Danish army.

The king replies, —

"We are not afraid of these soft Danes, for there is no bravery in them; but who are the troops on the right of the Danes?"

He was answered that it was King Olaf with the Swedish forces.

"Better it were," says King Olaf, "for these Swedes

[1] Ragan oc Raudan.

to be sitting at home killing their sacrifices, than to be venturing under our weapons from the Long Serpent. But who owns the large ships on the larboard side of the Danes?"

"That is Earl Eric Hakonson," say they.

The king replies, —

"He, methinks, has good reason for meeting us; and we may expect the sharpest conflict with these men, for they are Norsemen like ourselves."

The kings now laid out their oars, and prepared to attack. King Svend laid his ship against the Long Serpent. Outside of him Olaf the Swede laid himself, and set his ship's stem against the outermost ship of King Olaf's line; and on the other side lay Earl Eric. Then a hard combat began. Earl Sigvald held back with the oars on his ships, and did not join the fray. So says Scald Thorsteinson, who at that time was with Earl Eric: —

"I followed Sigvald in my youth,
And gallant Eric; and in truth,
Tho' now I am growing stiff and old,
In the spear-song I once was bold.
Where arrows whistled on the shore
Of Swalder fiord my shield I bore,
And stood amidst the loudest clash
When swords on shields made fearful crash."

And Halfred also sings thus: —

"In truth, I think the gallant king,
Midst such a foeman's gathering,
Would be the better of some score
Of his tight Drontheim lads, or more;
For many a chief has run away,
And left our brave king in the fray,
Two great kings' power to withstand,
And one great earl's, with his small band.

The king who dares such mighty deed
A hero for his scald would need."

This battle was one of the severest told of, and many were the people slain. The forecastle men of the Long Serpent, the Short Serpent, and the Crane, threw grapplings and stem chains into King Svend's ship, and used their weapons well against the people standing below them, for they cleared the decks of all the ships they could lay fast hold of; and King Svend, and all the men who escaped, fled to other vessels, and laid themselves out of bow-shot. It went with this force just as King Olaf Tryggvason had foreseen. Then King Olaf the Swede laid himself in their place; but when he came near the great ships it went with him as with them, for he lost many men and some ships, and was obliged to get away. But Earl Eric laid the Iron Beard side by side with the outermost of King Olaf's ships, thinned it of men, cut the cables, and let it drive. Then he lay alongside of the next, and fought until he had cleared it of men also. Now all the people who were in the smaller ships began to run into the larger, and the earl cut them loose as fast as he cleared them of men. The Danes and Swedes laid themselves now out of shooting distance all around Olaf's ship; but Earl Eric lay always close alongside of the ships, and used his swords and battle-axes, and as fast as people fell in his vessel others, Danes and Swedes, came in their place. So says Haldor: —

"Sharp was the clang of shield and sword,
And shrill the song of spears on board,
And whistling arrows thickly flew
Against the Serpent's gallant crew.
And still fresh foemen, it is said,
Earl Eric to her long side led;

Whole armies of his Danes and Swedes,
Wielding on high their blue sword-blades."

Then the fight became most severe, and many people fell. But at last it came to this, that all King Olaf Tryggvason's ships were cleared of men except the Long Serpent, on board of which all who could still carry their arms were gathered. Then Iron Beard lay side by side with the Serpent, and the fight went on with battle-axe and sword. So says Haldor: —

"Hard pressed on every side by foes,
The Serpent reels beneath the blows;
Crash go the shields around the bow.
Breast-plates and breasts pierced thro' and thro'!
In the sword-storm the Holm beside,
The Iron Beard lay alongside
The king's Long Serpent of the sea —
Fate gave the earl the victory."

Earl Eric was in the forehold of his ship, where a cover of shields had been set up. In the fight, both hewing weapons, sword, and axe, and the thrust of spears had been used; and all that could be used as weapon for casting was cast. Some used bows, some threw spears with the hand. So many weapons were cast into the Serpent, and so thick flew spears and arrows, that the shields could scarcely receive them; for on all sides the Serpent was surrounded by war-ships. Then King Olaf's men became so mad with rage, that they ran on board of the enemies' ships, to get at the people with stroke of sword and kill them; but many did not lay themselves so near the Serpent, in order to escape the close encounter with battle-axe or sword; and thus the most of Olaf's men went overboard and sank under their weapons, thinking they were fighting on plain ground. So says Halfred: —

"The daring lads shrink not from death, —
O'erboard they leap, and sink beneath
The Serpent's keel: all armed they leap,
And down they sink five fathoms deep.
The foe was daunted at their cheers:
The king, who still the Serpent steers,
In such a strait — beset with foes —
Wanted but some more lads like those."

Einar Tambarskelver, one of the sharpest of bow-shooters, stood by the mast, and shot with his bow. Einar shot an arrow at Earl Eric, which hit the tiller-end just above the earl's head so hard that it entered the wood up to the arrow-shaft. The earl looked that way, and asked if they knew who had shot; and at the same moment another arrow flew between his hand and his side, and into the stuffing of the chief's stool, so that the barb stood far out on the other side. Then said the earl to a man called Fin, — but some say he was of Finn (Laplander) race, and was a superior archer, — "Shoot that tall man by the mast." Fin shot; and the arrow hit the middle of Einar's bow just at the moment that Einar was drawing it, and the bow was split in two parts.

"What is that," cried King Olaf, "that broke with such a noise?"

"Norway, king, from thy hands," cried Einar.

"*No!* not quite so much as that," says the king; "take my bow, and shoot," flinging the bow to him.

Einar took the bow, and drew it over the head of the arrow. "Too weak, too weak," said he, "for the bow of a mighty king!" and throwing the bow aside, he took sword and shield, and fought valiantly.

The king stood on the gangways of the Long Serpent, and shot the greater part of the day; sometimes with the

bow, sometimes with the spear, and always throwing two spears at once. He looked down over the ship's side, and saw that his men struck briskly with their swords, and yet wounded but seldom. Then he called aloud, "Why do ye strike so gently that ye seldom cut?" One among the people answered, "The swords are blunt and full of notches." Then the king went down into the forehold, opened the chest under the throne, and took out many sharp swords, which he handed to his men; but as he stretched down his right hand with them, some observed that blood was running down under his steel glove, but no one knew where he was wounded.

Desperate was the defense in the Serpent, and there was the heaviest destruction of men done by the forecastle crew, and those of the forehold, for in both places the men were chosen men, and the ship was highest; but in the middle of the ship the people were thinned. Now when Earl Eric saw there were but few people remaining beside the ship's mast, he determined to board; and he entered the Serpent with four others. Then came Hyrning, the king's brother-in-law, and some others against him, and there was the most severe combat; and at last the earl was forced to leap back on board the Iron Beard again, and some who had accompanied him were killed, and others wounded. Thord Kolbeinsson alludes to this: —

"On Odin's deck, all wet with blood,
The helm-adornéd hero stood;
And gallant Hyrning honor gained,
Clearing all round with sword deep stained.
The high Fielde peaks shall fall,
Ere men forget this to recall."

Now the fight became hot indeed, and many men

fell on board the Serpent; and the men on board of her began to be thinned off, and the defense to be weaker. The earl resolved to board the Serpent again, and again he met with a warm reception. When the forecastle men of the Serpent saw what he was doing, they went aft and made a desperate fight; but so many men of the Serpent had fallen, that the ship's sides were in many places quite bare of defenders; and the earl's men poured in all around into the vessel, and all the men who were still able to defend the ship crowded aft to the king, and arrayed themselves for his defense. So says Haldor the Unchristian: —

"Eric cheers on his men, —
'On to the charge again!'
The gallant few
Of Olaf's crew
Must refuge take
On the quarterdeck.
Around the king
They stand in ring;
Their shields inclose
The king from foes,
And the few who still remain
Fight madly, but in vain.
Eric cheers on his men —
'On to the charge again!'"

Kolbiorn the marshal, who had on clothes and arms like the king's, and was a remarkably stout and handsome man, went up to the king on the quarterdeck. The battle was still going on fiercely even in the forehold. But as many of the earl's men had now got into the Serpent as could find room, and his ships lay all round her, and few were the people left in the Serpent for defense against so great a force; and in a short time most of the

Serpent's men fell, brave and stout though they were. King Olaf and Kolbiorn the marshal both sprang overboard, each on his own side of the ship; but the earl's men had laid out boats around the Serpent, and killed those who leaped overboard. Now when the king had sprung overboard, they tried to seize him with their hands, and bring him to Earl Eric; but King Olaf threw his shield over his head, and sank beneath the waters. Kolbiorn held his shield behind him to protect himself from the spears cast at him from the ships which lay round the Serpent, and he fell so upon his shield that it came under him, so that he could not sink so quickly. He was thus taken, and brought into a boat, and they supposed he was the king. He was brought before the earl; and when the earl saw it was Kolbiorn, and not the king, he gave him his life. At the same moment all of King Olaf's men who were in life sprang overboard from the Serpent; and Thorkel Nefia, the king's brother, was the last of all the men who sprang overboard. It is thus told concerning the king by Halfred: —

"The Serpent and the Crane
Lay wrecks upon the main.
On his sword he cast a glance, —
With it he saw no chance.
To his marshal, who of yore
Many a war-chance had come o'er,
He spoke a word — then drew in breath,
And sprang to his deep-sea death."

Earl Sigvald, as before related, came from Vendland, in company with King Olaf, with ten ships; but the eleventh ship was manned with the men of Astrid, the king's daughter, the wife of Earl Sigvald. Now when King Olaf sprang overboard, the whole army raised a

shout of victory; and then Earl Sigvald and his men put their oars in the water and rowed towards the battle. Haldor the Unchristian tells of it thus: —

"Then first the Vendland vessels came
Into the fight with little fame;
The fight still lingered on the wave,
Tho' hope was gone with Olaf brave.
War, like a full-fed ravenous beast,
Still oped her grim jaws for the feast.
The few who stood now quickly fled,
When the shout told — 'Olaf is dead!'"

But the Vendland cutter, in which Astrid's men were, rowed back to Vendland; and the report went immediately abroad, and was told by many, that King Olaf had cast off his coat of mail under water, and had swam, diving under the long-ships, until he came to the Vendland cutter, and that Astrid's men had conveyed him to Vendland: and many tales have been made since about the adventures of Olaf the king. Halfred speaks thus about it: —

"Does Olaf live? or is he dead?
Has he the hungry ravens fed?
I scarcely know what I should say,
For many tell the tale each way.
This I can say, nor fear to lie,
That he was wounded grievously, —
So wounded in this bloody strife,
He scarce could come away with life."

But however this may have been, King Olaf Tryggvason never came back again to his kingdom of Norway.

II

TALES FROM SWEDISH HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

Sweden was restless under the Union of Calmar, and in 1520, the Danish King, Christian II, invaded the country. The Swedes, under Gustavus Vasa, rose against him, and freed themselves from Denmark. Gustavus was elected king, and established the Vasa line of rulers. During the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus became the leader of the Protestant forces, but was slain at the battle of Lützen. He was succeeded by his daughter Christina, who finally resigned the throne and left the country.

During the seventeenth century, one war was hardly concluded before it was followed by another. In 1679, Charles XII came to the throne, and by his extraordinary military genius made Sweden for a time one of the great powers of Europe. His overreaching ambition at length proved his ruin. After draining the country of fighting-men and of money to carry on his interminable wars, he was killed in 1710 during an invasion of Norway. His sister succeeded him; but the real sovereignty lay in the hands of the nobles, and their dissensions were constant. In 1810, the Swedish Riksdag (Parliament) chose Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's marshals, as the heir to the throne, and in 1818 he became King of Sweden.

In the settlement of the complications that came about through the Napoleonic wars, Denmark was required to yield Norway to Sweden. Norway was never content under the union, and in 1905 she forced Sweden to renounce all authority over her, much to the sorrow of the aged king, Oscar II, a descendant of Bernadotte. Two years later, King Oscar died, and was succeeded by his son, Gustavus Adolphus V.

THE BLOOD-BATH OF STOCKHOLM

[1520]

BY WILLIAM WIDGERY THOMAS, JR.

To a Swede, the whole province of Dalecarlia is sacred soil; for this was the scene of the wanderings, adventures, and hair-breadth escapes of the great Gustavus Vasa. Here he first induced his countrymen to rise and throw off the Danish yoke, and here he gained his first victories.

The brilliant career of Gustavus was preceded by the bloodiest drama in Swedish history. Late in the autumn of 1520, Christian II, the Dane, was crowned King of Sweden in the church of St. Nikolaus, at Stockholm. The coronation was followed by festivities of more than usual brilliancy. For three days there were feasting and rejoicing, without interruption, at the palace, and tournaments were ridden by brave knights in the presence of the fair dames of the court. King Christian himself was in especial good humor; he struck hands with many of the guests, embraced, and kissed them.

On the fourth day, when the festivities were at their height, many of the first nobles of the kingdom, together with the chief burghers of Stockholm and some of the most distinguished prelates of the church, were suddenly summoned into the great hall of the palace. Here, to their utter astonishment, a charge of heresy was raised against them, and, on this flimsy pretext, the

nobles and burghers were thrown into the dungeons of the tower, and the clergy imprisoned in a room by themselves.

The next morning, Thursday, November 8, the trumpeters made proclamation throughout the city, that no one, on pain of death, should go out of his house till the signal was given. Soldiers were drawn up along all the streets. Cannon were hauled into position around the palace, and their muzzles pointed down the principal avenues.

At noon, the gates of the palace were thrown open, and there marched forth a sorrowful procession — the best men of Sweden, surrounded by soldiers and executioners. First came the bishops, Vincentius and Mathias, clad in the ceremonial robes of the church; next, senators in their regalia of office, followed by the mayors and council and chief citizens of Stockholm. They were conducted to the great market place hard by. Here the soldiers formed a hollow square around the doomed men. A forest of steel spears and halberds glistened above the closed ranks of the troops. Then a Danish councilor calls upon the populace not to be alarmed at what was about to take place, since these prisoners had sinned against the church.

At this, Bishop Vincentius raised his voice and cried out: "This is not true. I demand a legal trial. The king is a traitor to the Swedes, and God will punish him."

Many others began to speak in the same way, and some prayed piteously that they might at least be permitted to receive the last sacrament; but all in vain. Their voices were drowned in the clamor of the mercenaries. King Christian, who, it is said, saw all that was

taking place, from a window of the council-house, now gave orders that the execution should begin.

Bishop Mathias was first led forth. As he knelt with hands pressed together and uplifted as in prayer, his own brother and his chancellor sprang forward to take a last farewell; but, at that very moment, the headsman swung his broadsword, the bishop's head fell and rolled on the ground toward his friends, while his blood spurted from the headless trunk.

Next, Bishop Vincentius was beheaded, and then the blows of the executioner's sword fell thick and fast upon the necks of the kneeling victims. Twelve senators and nobles were thus murdered, three mayors, and fourteen of the council of Stockholm, and then, in rapid succession, many of the most respected citizens. One of the by-standers, bursting into tears at the horrid spectacle, was instantly seized, his head cut off, and his body cast upon the great pile of dead. Some citizens were seized at their homes, dragged by the soldiery to the market, and executed.

Eighty-two of the first men of the kingdom, the flower of Swedish nobility and of the burgher class, were thus slain on that black Thursday, the 8th of November, 1520.

This is the darkest day the beautiful capital of Sweden ever saw. Its streets ran red with the blood of its most loved citizens, and, to this hour, no Swede can speak without emotion of "Stockholm's blood-bath."

That night the houses of the murdered men were plundered, and their wives and daughters insulted. During the following days, these horrible murders were continued. Some burghers were hung, or suffered a

more cruel death in their houses. The heads of the slain were transfixed upon poles — except the head of Bishop Mathias, which was laid between his feet. The bodies were left in the market place, and torn by dogs.

On Saturday, the corpses were carried out of the city. An old engraving represents them being hauled away upon low one-horse sleds — the decapitated trunks being thrown on helter-skelter, and the heads piled in barrels, one of which stands on the fore part of each sled. A great funeral-pyre was erected on the rocky height to the south of the city, where now Katarina Kyrka raises its lofty dome, and here, as the victims had been executed on a charge of heresy, their bodies were burned. Furthermore, the corpses of the patriot leaders, Sten Sture and his son, were dragged from their graves and thrown upon the burning pile.

Many noble Swedish ladies were carried to Copenhagen and thrown into the dungeons of the Blue Tower, a melancholy prison-house, where numbers sickened and died; among them, the mother and sisters of Gustavus Vasa. The king soon dispatched emissaries into the country, by whom the blood-bath was continued. Even the learned Hemming Gadd, now eighty years of age, was not spared.

In December, Christian returned to Denmark, and his way thither across Sweden was stained with blood. At Linköping, he celebrated Christmas by breaking upon the wheel two of Sture's trusty servants. In Jönköping, he beheaded Lindorm Ribbing and his two little boys, eight and six years of age. The elder son was first decapitated. When the younger saw the flowing blood dye his brother's clothes, he said to the

headsman: "Dear man, don't let my shirt get all bloody like brother's, for mother will whip me if you do." This childish prattle touched the heart of even the grim headsman. Flinging away his sword, he cried: "Sooner shall my own shirt be stained with blood than I make bloody yours, my boy." But the barbarous king beckoned to a more hardened butcher, who first cut off the head of the lad and then that of the executioner who had showed mercy.

At Mydala cloister, on Candlemas Day, the abbot and monks were torn from the altar, where they were administering the sacrament, and, after being well beaten, were bound and cast into the lake. The monks sank at once, but the abbot, having burst his bonds, was able to keep on the surface; whereupon, a long spear was thrust into his back, and he was pressed under water till he drowned.

Some six hundred of the best men in Sweden were thus murdered before the bath of blood came to an end. Little wonder that Christian is always called "the tyrant" by the Swedes.

No sane man acts without some object in view. Christian's object could not have been simply, or chiefly, the exercise of devilish cruelty, notwithstanding the fiendish ingenuity with which he went about this business. His real purpose was, undoubtedly, to cripple, and, if possible, annihilate the patriotic party in Sweden.

With this party he had been forced to go to war for the Swedish crown, and in this war he had been humiliated, since, with all his forces, by land and sea, he was unable to take Stockholm, within whose walls that

brave and noble woman, Christina, widow of Sten Sture, made a most gallant and successful defense.

By deceit and lying promises, Christian at last induced the brave defenders to open the gates of Stockholm and receive him as king. To his coronation were purposely invited the chief patriots of Sweden. The charge of heresy against them was trumped up as the most convenient pretext, and the blood-bath arranged, that the king might, at one blow, get rid of his chief opponents in the land, and, by the manner of their taking off, intimidate all others from raising hand or voice against his power in Sweden.

But this very blood-bath cost Christian his Swedish crown.

GUSTAVUS VASA, THE SAVIOR OF SWEDEN

[1520]

BY WILLIAM WIDGERY THOMAS, JR.

AMONG the noblemen who were beheaded, on that bloody November day, was one Erik Johansson. He surely was a man stout of heart; for, even as he knelt with the executioner behind him, a messenger came offering him pardon; but brave Erik replied: "My comrades are honorable gentlemen; I will, in God's name, die the death with them." The next moment, his head fell upon the paving of the market place.

Erik's son, Gustavus, had also been summoned to attend the coronation, and complete amnesty was promised him; but, wiser than his father, he stayed away. The news of the blood-bath soon reached Gustavus in his hiding-place at the castle of Gripsholm, and he instantly crossed the Mälar Lake and fled to the remote province of Dalecarlia.

There is no more romantic chapter in Swedish history than that which recounts the adventures of Gustavus in the Dales. Everywhere throughout the province, you come upon traces of this patriot leader.

Disguising himself in a homespun suit of "vadmal," chopping his hair squarely off, so that it hung at even length all around his head after the manner of the district, donning a round hat, and throwing a narrow Swedish axe over his shoulder, young Gustavus started forth, one bleak November morning in the year of grace

1520, on his perilous mission. He was but twenty-four years of age; yet, for more than two years, he had been a prisoner or a fugitive. Now he was an outlaw; a price was set upon his head, and Danish spies and informers were following like bloodhounds on his track.

On the southern shore of Lake Runn is still standing the barn of Rankhyttan, its walls built of massive logs roughly squared by the axe. In this barn, Gustavus worked for goodman Arendt Persson, threshing grain, till a servant-maid discovered the corner of a gold-embroidered collar sticking out above his homespun coat. Youth is not always an advantage, and, perhaps, if Gustavus had been older, the girl would not have been sufficiently interested to make the discovery that betrayed him. So Gustavus must continue his wanderings.

On the western shore of the lake is a long, low peasant's house, built of hewn timber, with overhanging second story and low roof. You can see the house plainly from the car window, as you speed by, standing on a promontory, surrounded by a grove of birches. This is the cottage of Ornas. Here Gustavus had taken refuge, and here the brave woman, Barbro Stigsdotter, in the darkness of night, let our hero down with a towel, from a window in the loft, to the snow-covered ground outside, whence a trusty servant, standing ready with horse and sleigh, drove him to a place of safety. And when, in the early dawn, her treacherous husband returned with a Danish bailiff and a *posse* of twenty men, he found his bird had flown. The chronicler sagely adds: "It is said that Arendt Persson never forgave his wife this deed;" and, really, there seems to be no good reason why he should.

At Isala, on the banks of a river tributary to Lake Runn, the noble outlaw took refuge in the hut of Sven Elfsson, the woods-ranger, and just as he was warming himself before the oven in which the busy house-wife was baking bread, the Danish spies burst into the room. They began to cast suspicious glances at Gustavus, notwithstanding his homespun suit, whereat the good woman struck him smartly over the shoulders with her bread-spade, crying out: "What are you standing here and gaping at? Have you never seen folks before? Out with you into the barn!" Never could the spies suppose that peasant woman could treat a noble youth like this, so they went their way.

Soon the Danes seemed to have completely encompassed Gustavus in their toils. So Sven, the ranger, bedded him into a load of straw and drove him farther into the forests. Quickly they were surrounded by a bailiff's *posse*.

"What have you in that straw?"

"Nothing."

"We'll see."

So the soldiers ran the straw through and through with their spears, but they discovered nothing, and Sven drove on.

Now the soldiers came hastening after him again. Drops of blood dyed the December snow all along his route. One of the spears had wounded Gustavus in the leg; but this the quick peasant had seen before the bailiff's gang, and, drawing out his sheath-knife, had cut his horse's leg close down to the hoof. So this accounted for the blood on the snow, and Sven drove on again in peace.

And so after many wanderings, being hidden at one time under a fallen pine in the forest and at another on a wooded height in the midst of a vast swamp, our fugitive at last made his way to Lake Siljan — "the eye of Dalarne" — and reached Mora village. Here he was concealed, just outside the little town, in the cottage of Tomte Matts Larsson, and here he was saved once again from his pursuers; this time, by the ready wit of goodwife Margit.

At noon, of a Christmas holiday, when the wintry sun shone low and the north wind blew, the good people of the Dales came pouring forth from Mora church after service, as was their wont.

But now the noble figure of young Gustavus suddenly appears upon a snow-covered mound by the roadside. Here he spoke to his countrymen, here he recited their wrongs, and here he begged them to rise up like men and free their country. When he spoke of the blood-bath and his father's death, he shed tears.

But the people were tired of feuds and strife; they wished to live in peace, so they entreated Gustavus to leave them and seek only to save his own life. These sturdy peasants were Gustavus's last hope. Wherever he had wandered before in Småland and Östergötland, he had consoled himself, amid all reverses, with the thought that here, in the heart of Dalarne, among its brave and liberty-loving people, he could recruit the nucleus of an army to save his Fatherland. Hither he had made his way with incredible toil and suffering, hunted like a wild beast, and at the risk of his life. Now they, too, had failed him.

In despair, he fastened his long Swedish snow-skates

to his feet, and disappeared in the forest. Day after day, he toiled on through the wilderness, up the valley of Östradalelf, sad and dejected. But he must hurry on, for a double price had been set on his head, and the hirelings of Denmark were in hot pursuit. Wearily he forces his way north through the vast forest, and at last sees the majestic mountains of the Norwegian fjeld rise before him. For his poor, oppressed, down-trodden native land, he had now no hope, and, outlaw and exile, he will seek an asylum among the eternal hills of Norway.

But hark! He hears a sound behind him. Turning, he sees two swift skid-runners speeding along his track. Were they Danish minions come to drag him back to an ignominious death, when safety was in sight? Hear! they speak! "Come back, Gustavus!" they cry. "We Dalecarlians have repented. We will fight like men for Fatherland. Come back and lead us."

Should he return? The fate of Sweden, aye, the outcome of the Thirty Years' War, the fate of Europe, the salvation of the Protestant faith, all hung upon the decision of that fair-haired, full-bearded young Swede as he stood leaning on his staff on that winter's day amid the snow in the northern forest.

Yes, he returns, joyfully. With his two friends, he hurries back down the valley to Mora. Here the peasants of the East and West Dales chose him "lord and chieftain over Dalarne and the whole realm of Sweden." Sixteen stalwart lads were at once placed around him as a bodyguard, and soon two hundred men enrolled themselves under his command. Gustavus himself was everywhere, encouraging the people and gaining re-

cruits, and the old men observed that whenever he spoke the north wind blew, and this they had of old, for a sign that God would give success.

Early in February, Gustavus had four hundred peasants enrolled under his banner. With this little force, he appears suddenly at Kopparberg, takes prisoner the royal bailiff of the mines, seizes the money that had been paid in rents and taxes, and possesses himself of the goods and wares of the Danish and German merchants. He divides the money and goods among his followers, and disappears as swiftly as he came. In this first expedition, Gustavus showed the instincts of a successful commander. He struck for "the sinews of war," and dealt them out to his men with ungrudging hand.

But he soon returns with an army of fifteen hundred. It was Sunday. He speaks to the people from outside the church, even as he had done at Mora. His words were convincing, his little army potent. The miners of Kopparberg swear him fealty and take the oath of allegiance. Gustavus now leaves his growing army in charge of his lieutenant, Peder Svensson, and travels to the neighboring provinces of Helsingland and Gestrikland to arouse the populace.

But the news of the revolution in Dalarne had reached Stockholm, and the leaders of the Danish party marched forth with an army of six thousand to quell the insurrection. Svensson met them, with five thousand men of the Dales, at Brunbäck's Ferry, on the Dal River, near the southern border of the province.

The leaders of the royal party were surprised at the

numbers of the insurgents and at their strength, for the Dalesmen shot arrows clear across the broad river into the Danish camp. "How can so large a force be supplied with provisions from this wild country?" asked one of the Danish commanders; and, when some Swedish gentlemen told him that the Dalecarlians were content to drink water, and, in case of need, could eat bread made from the bark of trees, he sagely remarked: "A people who eat wood and drink water, the devil himself can not subdue, much less any other."

So the Danish force began to break camp for a retreat. But, in the mean while, Svensson had secretly crossed Dal River by a ferry six miles lower down-stream, and fell upon the Danish army in the act of evacuating its position. The Dalecarlians were armed only with bows and arrows, axes and clubs; but so fierce was their onset, and so terribly did they use these home-made arms, that they drove a part of the enemy into the river, where they drowned, and put the rest to utter rout, following their flying and shattered columns far down into Vestmanland.

"So," says the old song, "we drove the Danes out of Sweden."

There were yet two years more of fighting and sieges, but Gustavus marched on with his patriot army from victory to victory. On June 6, 1523, he was unanimously elected King of Sweden by the Riksdag; then Stockholm surrendered, and, on midsummer's eve, June 23, 1523, King Gustavus Vasa, then but twenty-seven years of age, made his triumphal entry into his capital. He rode a horse richly caparisoned, and was surrounded by knights and young nobles, all mounted

and wearing brilliant armor, and was followed by a vast multitude of the populace.

The procession rode first to the cathedral, where Gustavus, kneeling before the high altar, returned thanks to Almighty God, who had so miraculously led him on, and given him and his people the might to complete the deliverance of their country.

So was Sweden freed forever from the Danish yoke; so was founded the great Vasa line of kings.

THE MARRIAGE OF GUSTAVUS VASA

[1523]

BY WILHELM JENSEN

Much sorrow and woe had been poured out over Sweden by the hand of Christian of Denmark; great joy and consolation had come through Gustav Erikson [Gustavus Vasa]. While the earth had completed its course around the sun; and now autumn was come again.

Warm, sunny, northern autumn. Beneath the blue sky, the golden balls upon the cathedral spires of Upsala shone far into the distance; they gleamed above the wild green forest, past rocks and brushwood, past the golden-brown tops of the beeches upon the royal mounds at Old Upsala, even to the shining, tranquil sea. Heaven and earth seemed steeped in blue and golden light; and joy shone from the blue eyes of the men, women, and maidens in Upsala. For half a league beyond the city, the broad highway was lined with eager crowds; from Westermannland and Södermannland they came; from the Svea-land, and, farther still, from the icy lakes of Norrland and Norrbotten.

Expectantly all eyes gazed southward, for from thence he was to come, — he whose name none need mention who spoke of his deeds, — no longer now the "Lord and Captain of Sweden," but its king, Gustavus Vasa. For a week past, the Diet had been assembled at

Strengnäs, and two days ago it had chosen Gustavus Vasa King of Sweden.

And now he appeared. His eyes wore a gentler look than his new subjects had ever seen there. The warmth, the brightness, the sunny joyousness of the autumn day lay upon him. In regal attire, his ermine cloak sweeping the flanks of the horse that bore him so proudly, he rode beside the milk-white palfrey of Karine Stenbock, the royal bride of Sweden. She, too, bowed graciously to right and left. She wore no ermine cloak, but the jubilant throng was enraptured with her beauty, — with her golden hair, that streamed from under the circlet on her brow, falling in streams of brightness over her neck and shoulders.

Suddenly the smile vanished from Karine's lips, and a thoughtful, strangely serious expression took its place. She lifted her hand; something was fluttering toward her through the tranquil air, — a white butterfly, with red spots upon his wings. Fearlessly he rested upon her hand, as upon the edge of a flower, and spread his wings. The women in the crowd saw it, and hailed the happy omen: the royal butterfly had come down from the mountains to greet Sweden's queen.

Why does Sweden's queen gaze upon the white butterfly so absently, so lost in dreams, that she fails to see the people's joy at the peaceful omen? Is her ear listening westward, through the still air? Does she hear, faintly in the distance, the roaring of the Trollhätta? No; it is too far, — she hears only the rustling in the beech-tops on Odin's Hill. They, too, send their greeting to Karine's mute eyes; gently their branches sway against the sky.

Karine started; the drums beat a flourish; they were entering Upsala.

The burgomaster of the city, surrounded by its senators and dignitaries, welcomed the King of Sweden in a solemn oration, to which the latter listened with exemplary patience, although he breathed more freely when the speech reached its end. The procession moved on, its destination known to all. The streets through which it passed were converted into a forest, the ground covered with a carpet of rushes and pine boughs. Now the cathedral, in its gigantic proportions, rose before them; under the portal the Archbishop of Upsala, in full canonicals, and surrounded by his clergy, awaited them. In spite of his trailing ermine, the young king sprang lightly from his horse, and lifted Karine from hers. Both bowed before the archbishop, who lifted his hands in blessing, and, preceding them, walked toward the altar. The interior of the church was not ornamented. Its marvelous beauty and purity of form, the Gothic pillars, tall and slender, like clustering sheaves, rose to a dizzy height, sustaining the noble arch that hung above the central nave. Through the tinted windows streamed a tender, mellowed light, mingling strangely with the light of innumerable candles, that surrounded the altar and gleamed upon its gold-embroidered cloth. The immediate retinue of the royal pair filled a large portion of the vast space. Behind them thronged the multitude, pouring into the church, or climbing recklessly to the high windows, hoping to catch, at least from the outside, a glimpse of what was going on within. There "King Gösta" and Karine Stenbock were to be married by the Primate of Sweden.

Just as the solemn ceremony was about to begin, a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd. He whispered some words to the king, who, with a short excuse, followed the messenger and disappeared. The people gazed after him in astonishment, as he left his beautiful bride standing between her father and her blind mother; and an excited hum of voices ran through the church. But in a few moments the king reappeared. With beaming face, he approached the archbishop and said, —

"Permit me, most reverend lord, to speak before you in this holy place. It will not be profaned by my words, for, like yours, they come from God."

He rapidly ascended the altar-steps, and spoke in a voice that rang loud and clear through the vast cathedral arches, —

"Heaven sends two greetings to the people of Sweden. Stockholm is ours! This morning, at sunrise, the Danish commander surrendered the keys!"

Like one great cry of joy, it burst from a thousand lips. The last, longed-for end was reached, — Sweden was free! The stormy rejoicings of the multitude were not to be restrained. Each embraced and kissed his neighbor. From a thousand voices the cry surged upward and echoed back from the arched roof.

"Long live King Gustavus! Sweden is free!"

"And so it will continue," Gustavus Vasa's voice rang out above the tumult, "for I have another message to deliver to the people of Sweden. The ambassador whom I sent to the Emperor Charles V has returned. The emperor renounces the cause of his brother-in-law, Christian of Denmark, and offers to Sweden his friend-

ship and recognition. The Danish people have risen against the king, and put him under the ban."

Karine's eyes shone with a new light when the king clasped her hand, and leading her to the altar, whispered, —

"And thus the second condition is fulfilled, Karine, before you become mine, — Sweden is free."

She did not look into his face as she answered, "Yes; all the conditions are fulfilled, — Sweden is free —"

"And you are its queen."

A quiver ran through the young girl's frame, — a feeling at once of pride and awe. Firmly she stepped upon the velvet carpet.

"In the name of Almighty God, I greet you, Gustavus, King of Sweden, whom the Nobles and Commons of the land have chosen as their king. Generations of kings have come and gone. Upon this spot, the priests of another faith placed the crown upon the brow of the Ynglings, who deemed themselves the Sons of Odin, the mighty; but they fell, like the leaves in autumn, and their memory has passed away. Here the proud Folkungs received the crown from the hands of holy men, and were anointed with holy oil from Rome; but, like the foam of the sea, their traces have vanished. Many came after them, with great names and proud hearts, from near and from far; they were anointed, and crowned, — but where is their record? It is not the drop of oil from human hands that makes small things great, and exalts the lowly; it is the Spirit of the living God, which must uphold the mightiest among men, lest their memory perish from among the righteous. — Thus I greet you, Gustavus Vasa, in the ancient city of kings;

and I joyfully lift up my hands to the great King over us all, and give Him thanks."

Thus began the venerable bishop of Upsala. Solemnly and powerfully his words rolled over the thousands of bowed heads. As the wind stirs the sails of a ship, so they stirred the heart of each Swedish hearer, who heard in them the promise of a great and glorious future. Most deeply of all, they moved Karine Stenbock, who looked up with admiration to the majestic figure at her side; to the man she heard praised as an instrument of heaven; whom his people worshiped; and who had chosen her, from among all others, to help him to complete his work, — after the struggle for peace, after the victory by the sword, to establish the supremacy of right and liberty. Yes; proud and happy at last, Karine looked upon the ermine that fell from the shoulders of her royal bridegroom. It seemed as though she heard from above a rustling like that of the beech-tops on Odin's Hill: "To help others, and to serve a worthy end."

How far otherwise than she had imagined, events had shaped themselves! How far more perfectly would a queen succeed in realizing those high endeavors which the sunbeams above the slumbering world had revealed to her soul! And this duty was her choice, — her proud and willing choice.

And proudly, joyfully, Karine's eyes, during the archbishop's sermon, looked on high and at the listening crowd that thronged about the altar.

. . . .

"The Almighty God bless you and keep you, King and Queen of Sweden. May He rule your hearts for your own happiness, and for the welfare of your coun-

try! May He lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace!"

Like a plain citizen, Gustavus Vasa bent down and kissed his wife.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS AT LÜTZEN

[1632]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[During the Thirty Years' War, in Germany, the Protestants had long hoped that Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, would become their leader; but he felt that he must first care for the needs of his country. At length, however, the time came when he saw that his own land was in danger. Then he led his army into Germany, and there he was joined by the allied forces of the Protestant princes. At Lützen he met the troops of the Austrian Emperor under Wallenstein. On the outcome of this battle depended the fate of Protestant Germany.

The Editor.]

At last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and, clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armor), rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the foreboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same mo-

ment Lützen was seen in flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for firearms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retired beyond the trenches; and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won.

In the mean time the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impet-

uous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice was brought the king, that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the windmills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitering the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An imperial *gefreyter* [corporal], remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he; "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "The king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing — follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him unob-

served out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded toward the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his Majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse pierced by several more shots; and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amid the plundering hands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

The mournful tidings soon ran through the Swedish army; but, instead of destroying the courage of those brave troops, it but excited it into a new, a wild, a consuming flame. Life had lessened in value, now that the most sacred life of all was gone; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the anointed head was not spared. With the fury of lions the Upland, Småland, Finland, East and West Gothland regiments rushed a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, already making but feeble resistance to General Horn, was now entirely beaten from the field. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew. The left wing quickly formed again, and vigorously pressed the right of the imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had maintained

so murderous a fire upon the Swedes, was captured and turned against the enemy. The center, also, of the Swedish infantry, commanded by the duke and Knyphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and retook the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled fury upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's center; their resistance became gradually less, and chance conspired with Swedish valor to complete the defeat. The imperial powder-wagons took fire, and, with a tremendous explosion, grenades and bombs filled the air.

The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage began to fail them. Their left wing was already beaten, their right wavering, and their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; another moment would decide the fate of the day, when Pappenheim appeared on the field, with his cuirassiers and dragoons; all the advantages already gained were lost, and the battle was to be fought anew.

The order which recalled that general to Lützen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still plundering the town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity, which the urgency of the order and Pappenheim's impatience required. Without waiting for it, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount; and at their head he galloped at full speed for Lützen, to share in the battle. He arrived in time to witness the flight of the imperial right wing, which Gustavus Horn was driving from the field, and to

be at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the flying troops, and led them once more against the enemy. Carried away by his wild bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, who he supposed was at the head of this wing, he burst furiously upon the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by victory, and inferior in numbers, were, after a noble resistance, overpowered by this fresh body of enemies. Pappenheim's unexpected appearance revived the drooping courage of the imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland quickly availed himself of the favorable moment to re-form his line. The closely serried battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again driven across the trenches; and the battery, which had been twice lost, again rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all that distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead on the field, covering the ground almost in the same excellent order which, when alive, they maintained with such unyielding courage. The same fate befell another regiment of Blues, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the imperial cavalry, and cut down after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him and he himself was pierced with six musket balls; yet he would not leave the field, until he was carried along in the general rout of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, encouraging the valiant with praise, and the wavering by his fearful glance. Around and close by him his men were falling thick, and his own mantle was perforated

by several shots. But avenging destiny this day protected that breast, for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not allowed to terminate his guilty career.

Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of Austria and the Church. An ardent desire to encounter the king in person, carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought his noble opponent was most surely to be met. Gustavus had also expressed a wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile wishes remained ungratified; death first brought together these two great heroes. Two musket-balls pierced the breast of Pappenheim; and his men forcibly carried him from the field. While they were conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached him that he whom he had sought lay dead upon the plain. When the truth of the report was confirmed to him, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a last gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I lie without hope of life, but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With Pappenheim, the good fortune of the imperialists departed. The cavalry of the left wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, no sooner missed their victorious leader, than they gave up everything for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in spiritless despair. The right wing fell into the same confusion, with the exception of a few regiments, which the bravery of their colonels Gotz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swed-

ish infantry, with prompt determination, profited by the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in the front line, they formed both lines into one, and with it made the final and decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the battery. The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in these precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength; no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased when no one could any longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory, quitted the field.

The artillery on both sides, as the horses could not be found, remained all night upon the field, at once the reward and the evidence of victory to him who should hold it. Wallenstein, in his haste to leave Leipzig and Saxony, forgot to remove his part. Not long after the battle was ended, Pappenheim's infantry, who had been unable to follow the rapid movements of their general, and who amounted to six regiments, marched on the field, but the work was done. A few hours earlier, so considerable a reinforcement would perhaps have decided the day in favor of the imperialists; and, even now, by remaining on the field, they might have saved

the duke's artillery, and made a prize of that of the Swedes. But they had received no orders to act; and, uncertain as to the issue of the battle, they retired to Leipzig, where they hoped to join the main body.

The Duke of Friedland had retreated thither, and was followed on the morrow by the scattered remains of his army, without artillery, without colors, and almost without arms. The Duke of Weimar, it appears, after the toils of this bloody day, allowed the Swedish army some repose, between Lützen and Weissenfels, near enough to the field of battle to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to recover it. Of the two armies, more than nine thousand men lay dead; a still greater number were wounded, and among the imperialists, scarcely a man escaped from the field uninjured. The entire plain from Lützen to the Canal was strewed with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the Abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History says nothing of prisoners; a further proof of the animosity of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter.

. . . .

But it was a dear conquest, a dearer triumph! It was not till the fury of the conquest was over, that the full weight of the loss sustained was felt, and the shout of triumph died away into a silent, gloomy despair. He who had led them to the charge, returned not with them; there he lies upon the field which he had won, mingled with the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long and almost fruitless search, the corpse of the

king was discovered, not far from the great stone, which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lützen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swedes. Covered with blood and wounds, so as scarcely to be recognized, trampled beneath the horses' hoofs, stripped by the rude hands of plunderers of its ornaments and clothes, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of his soldiers and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute had been paid to revenge, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; but now affection assumed its rights, and tears of grief must flow for the man. The universal sorrow absorbs all individual woes. The generals, still stupefied by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and no one trusted himself enough to contemplate the full extent of their loss.

THE BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

BY MICHAEL ALTENBURG

FEAR not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
    Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
    Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs,
    Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
    To save us and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
    Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
    Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great captain, now thine arm make bare;
    Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
    World without end! Amen.

THE CROSSING OF THE LITTLE BELT

[1658]

BY Z. TOPELIUS

[IN 1658, Sweden was at war with Denmark. The Swedish king, Charles X, had captured a fortress on that point of Denmark which is separated from the island of Funen by the Little Belt.

Count Bertelsköld has been blamed by the king, and to prove that good fortune still attends him, he has declared that he will ride over the Little Belt, though the ice has broken up and the channel is still open.

The Editor.]

"COUNT, you speak boldly. How will you prove your presumption of good fortune?"

"By riding first over the ice of the Belt."

The king smiled and turned to Wrangel. "That man is of the stock with which to thrash the Jutlanders. I need such men."

"Foolhardy fellow!" muttered Wrangel.

"Well, Count Bertelsköld," continued the king, "I will believe you, if to-morrow you ride across the Belt and before night bring me a prisoner from Funen."

"It shall be done, Your Majesty," answered Bertelsköld, in short and measured tones, and undisturbed by Wrangel's sarcastic smile; for nobody was ignorant of the fact that the ice of the eastern part of Little Belt had broken up, and the bay near Middelfart consequently rendered impassable. But the king's mind was turned so longingly in that direction that everything

which flattered his hopes was seized upon with the greatest eagerness. Perhaps there was also a certain similarity of temperament which moved him to listen to Bertelsköld's boldness with secret pleasure; at least it is certain that he himself, like this spoiled favorite of fortune, was fond of venturing everything on a single card, to win or lose.

The review was ended; the king rode away, and the troops separated to their quarters, to warm their stiffened limbs. The barracks could not contain all at once; fires were kindled in the fields, and the canteen went its rounds amongst the soldiers who for the time could find no roof to cover their heads. Other soldiers came flocking thither. Finally they took possession of the church. War and the cold season respected nothing. The soldiers were seen lying with their bottles in the aisles of the church and around the altar, and wild and ribald songs sounded within the walls which lately echoed to the tones of sacred hymns.

Charles Gustavus had his headquarters in the parsonage, from the windows of which he had an open view over the coast and the ice beyond. From time to time the king interrupted his deliberations with his officers, went impatiently to the window, and looked at the darkening surroundings, where it was still possible to distinguish in the distance the blue open channel near the shore of Funen. The thermometer had not yet been invented. But the cloudy sky and the appearance of the snow sufficiently indicated to him that the thaw still continued to mock his expectations.

Suddenly the king broke off a conversation with Dahlberg, and sent for Bertelsköld. "Count," said he

gruffly, "tell me frankly and without fear: are you in league with the devil? Do not be afraid; I will give you absolution."

"I do not understand Your Majesty."

"I wish to learn from you the art of riding across the open sea to Middelfart."

"Nothing is easier. Will Your Majesty be pleased to cast a glance through the window?"

The king looked out. The sky, lately covered with clouds, had quickly cleared, and everything betokened a severe cold — which indeed came the same night. Charles Gustavus clapped Bertelsköld lightly upon the shoulder.

"Count," said he, "the news is worth a parish in Finland, if you accomplish what you have undertaken."

"It shall be done, Your Majesty."

When, on the following morning, the sun rose over the leafless beeches of Funen, the entire Little Belt glittered with the luster of new ice. The Swedes flocked to the shore, to persuade themselves of the power of the winter night to build bridges, and of the favor of fortune in building them at just the right moment. The king was in a good humor. All the three crowns of the North seemed to him to glitter in the horizon.

The cold continued to be extremely severe. Already, in the morning, the ice was strong enough to bear footmen. Toward night, Bertelsköld began his bold attempt. He laid aside his heavy armor, and put on a light jacket. Instead of the large brown horse he generally rode, he chose a small and lean but sinewy runner of the Öland breed. Two attendants, on skates, followed him, each

pushing a sledge before him. Then the expedition set off, in view of almost the entire Swedish army.

At first, where the ice was stronger, Bertelsköld rode very slowly in order not to fatigue his small Ölander. But the nearer he approached to the more dangerous part of the Belt — the channel — the more he increased his speed, so that the attendants, on their light skates, had hard work to keep up with him. Nearer and nearer drew the snow-covered coast of Funen; the ice cracked and bent under the horse's feet; again and again a hoof struck through the clear thin ice, spattering the water high into the air. But the audacious soldier dashed onward, with quickened speed. A moment more, and Bertelsköld stood safe on Funen, and at the same instant his horse fell, never to rise again.

The sun went down, frosty and yellow, behind the coast of Schleswig, and the early winter twilight began to darken. Time was precious.

Bertelsköld had landed near a village, south of Middelfart. A crowd of Danes, men, women, and children, had collected upon the beach, curious to know what the adventurous rider had to tell. Probably they considered him a messenger from the Swedish king. No one divined the real cause of this unusual visit.

Bertelsköld looked behind him; the attendants with the sledges were still a good distance away. He approached the crowd, inquiring here and there for the road to Odense, letting them understand that he was sent to make peace. The news filled all with joy. They crowded innocently around the stranger near the ice. Just then, according to previous orders, one of the attendants arrived, left his sledge and an extra pair of

skates which he had carried with him, and immediately started on his return.

Bertelsköld inquired if it were possible to reach Middelfart across the ice; meanwhile fastening on the skates. The peasants, in their joy, offered to lend him a horse in place of the one that had fallen. Everything seemed friendly and well. Then Bertelsköld suddenly seized a boy of five years around the waist, threw him into the sledge, pushed it out before him on the ice, and hastened on his light skates with the speed of the wind, away with his booty. It was all done in a moment.

The peasants, amazed and benumbed, scarcely believed their own eyes, before they heard the shrieks of the boy, already far out on the ice. A woman rushed forward, she was the mother of the captured boy; she tore her hair, and was the first to leap after them on the ice; she slipped, fell, rose again, fell once more, rose for the second time, and leaped after the robber till she sank down fainting. Some young men followed her example. In vain; the robber was already out of sight in the increasing twilight, and it was impossible to overtake him. With rage and curses at the faithlessness of the Swedes, the pursuers returned with the unhappy mother.

Meanwhile Bertelsköld, with the boy in the sledge, reached the opposite shore in safety. The rays of the rising moon had favored his perilous journey. On the Swedish side he was already given up as lost. Darker grew the twilight, and darker grew the king. He repented his foolhardiness; he needed so urgently every brave arm; and what was most important of all, the whole army would foresee its own fate in Bertelsköld's,

whether success or defeat, if the proposed expedition were attempted.

But Bertelsköld came.

"I have ridden across the Belt, Your Majesty, although I have returned on my skates. Here is my living witness from Funen."

And the captured boy was brought forward, with his nose red from the cold, and munching a piece of wheat bread which had been given him to stop his crying.

The king unfastened from his neck a gold chain, to which was attached a medallion, set with jewels, and containing the portrait of Queen Christina.

"General," said he, "take this as a souvenir of your exploit. Hereafter you shall wear the escutcheon of Funen in your coat-of-arms. And hereafter," the king added, with proud confidence, "we will visit our brother Frederick in Copenhagen." . . .

The morning of the 29th of January dawned. The cold was more severe than ever. At daybreak the whole army was at the shore ready for the start. The ice had been tested, and found strong. Yet the cautious Dahlberg did not trust it fully. On the places which were most dangerous by reason of the current, he had spread straw, poured upon it water, which immediately froze, and laid down planks. The ever memorable expedition, sung a hundred years later, by Gyllenborg, was begun.

The cavalry and the cannon started first, from Heilse, over the small isle of Brandsö, toward a bay on the coast of Funen, south of Iversnæs. Then came the right wing, under Wrangel and Tott; next the left wing, under the king and Berends. The infantry marched north of the other forces. It was a strange march over the wide blue

ice, silent, earnest, as if crossing an open grave. When they approached the channel, the troops dismounted and led their horses by the reins, a little apart from each other. But once past this dangerous spot, they threw themselves into their saddles and rushed with loud cheers against the enemy waiting on the coast.

About four thousand Danish soldiers, fifteen hundred peasants at work sawing the ice, and several thousand spectators, stood upon the coast of Funen, praying fervently that the Swedish army might sink, like Pharaoh of old, into the depths of the sea. But the Swedes came safely over, with their superior force. A sharp attack of the mail-clad horsemen, and the disheartened Danish soldiers were overwhelmed and many of them taken prisoners.

Charles Gustavus, who followed, saw the contest, but not the sudden victory of his men.

"Follow me!" he exclaimed, and with his wing made a détour to the right, in order to land at another point and attack the Danes in the rear. The whole wing rushed thither.

"Take care, Bertelsköld!" cried Dahlberg, to the general, who, with his left arm in a sling, hurried by, galloping at the head of his troops; "go slowly! separate your men; you are riding too close together."

But Bertelsköld was conscious only of the distant coast and of new exploits there under the eyes of the king. With closed ranks, the two foremost squadrons dashed forward over the channel, when quickly the frail bridge cracked, burst with a terrible report, and the proud on-rushing squadron sank. So suddenly, so unexpectedly, amidst their cheers, came their destruction,

that horses and men were seen only for a moment struggling with the rising waves, before they were all carried away by the current and disappeared in the depths. Both squadrons were lost beyond rescue; the carriages of the king and the French ambassador, with their horses, shared the fate of the horsemen.

Charles Gustavus saw his men perish before his eyes, and he could not help them. The crown of Denmark beckoned again, the king looked away from the open blue grave, made his détour, and reached land in safety, with the rest of his wing. Here the battle was already ended; Funen was conquered; Zeeland trembled, and King Frederick sent messenger after messenger to ask for peace, for the old kingdom of Denmark tottered under his feet.

But the Swedish lion accomplished his leap. Dahlberg strove zealously therefor; though Wrangel, and the traitor Corfitz Ulfeld, at that time cowardly, were eager to oppose it. After some uncertainty, the king resolved to adopt Dahlberg's boldly laid plans. The 6th of February, before daybreak, the cavalry moved forward from Svendborg, over the island Taasinge to Langeland. "It was a sad and gloomy march," says Fryxell; "by the tramping of horses, the snow on the ice was melted, so that the way resembled an open stream. Through this the soldiers were obliged to wade in water almost a foot deep, fearing every moment to feel the frail ice break under their feet; some lost their way bewildered, and disappeared in the depths."

But resistless as an avalanche, the force swept on, from Langeland to Laaland, from Laaland to Falster, from Falster to Zeeland. The faithless sea betrayed its

own children, the lovely Danish islands, and carried, like another Ulfeld, the enemy willingly on its back. The 12th of February, 1658, the Swedish army landed on the coast of Zeeland, near Vordingborg. The heroic achievement was ready to be engraven forever in the memories of the centuries; the peace at Roskilde was its result, Shonen, Halland, and Blekinge its most precious gain.

HOW THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" DEFENDED HIMSELF AT BENDER

[1713]

BY FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

[When Charles XII was in his fifteenth year, he became by the death of his father King of Sweden. He showed little interest in the affairs of the nation, and when he went to meetings of his council, he sat with his legs crossed on the table, and was evidently dreaming of everything except the question in hand. He was willing to study and to carry on all sorts of out-of-door amusements, but he gave little promise of kingly qualities; and when it was known that Peter the Great of Russia, Augustus II of Poland, and Frederick IV of Denmark were preparing to attack Sweden, the councilors were in despair. Suddenly, this boy of eighteen started to his feet. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have made up my mind. I intend to attack the first who declares war against me, and when I have conquered him, I hope to strike terror into the rest." From that day he became a soldier, was ready to endure any hardships, and showed himself to have the qualities of a great commander. He promptly invaded Denmark and defeated the Russians at Narva, but was defeated by Peter the Great at Pultowa, and barely escaped into Turkey. There he tried his best to induce the Turks to attack Russia. When this proved impossible, he concluded that they meant to give him up to his enemies. He refused to obey the sultan's command to leave the country, and set to work to fortify his house. Even Charles could hardly have expected this defense to succeed, and he was taken prisoner, but in 1714 this unwilling and unwelcome guest made his escape.

The Editor.]

Charles, quite convinced that the khan and the pasha intended to hand him over to his enemies, ordered M. Funk, his envoy at the Ottoman Court, to lay his complaints against them before the sultan and to ask for one thousand purses more. His great generosity, and his indifference to money, hindered him from seeing the baseness of this proposal. He only did it to get a refusal so that then he might have a fresh pretext for failing to depart; but a man must be reduced to great straits when he has recourse to such tricks. Savari, his interpreter, a crafty and enterprising character, carried the letter to Adrianople in spite of the grand vizier's care to have the roads guarded. Funk was forced to go and deliver this dangerous message, and all the answer he got was imprisonment.

Thoroughly angry, the sultan called an extraordinary divan and made a speech at it himself. His speech, according to the translation then made of it, was as follows: —

"I hardly knew the King of Sweden, but from his defeat at Pultowa and the request he made to me to grant him sanctuary in my empire. I am under no obligation to him; nor have I any reason either to love or fear him; yet, thinking only of the hospitality of a Mussulman and my own generosity, which sheds the dew of its favor on small and great alike, I received and aided him, his ministers, officers and soldiers, in every respect, and for three years and a half have continually loaded him with presents.

"I have granted him a considerable guard to take him to his own country. He has asked for one thousand purses to defray expenses, though I am paying them all,

and instead of one thousand, I have granted him twelve hundred. After getting these from the seraskier of Bender he wants one thousand more, and refuses to go under the pretext that the guard is too small, whereas it is too large to pass through the country of a friend and ally. I ask you, then, is it any breach of the laws of hospitality to send this prince away, and whether foreign princes would have any ground for accusing me of cruelty and injustice if I used force to make him go?"

All the divan answered that the sultan might lawfully do as he said.

The mufti declared that Mussulmans are not bound to offer hospitality to infidels, much less to the ungrateful, and he granted his festa, a kind of mandate, which generally accompanies the sultan's important orders. These festas are revered as oracles, though the persons who issue them are as much the sultan's slaves as any others.

The order and the festa were taken to Bender by the master of the horse and the first usher. The pasha of Bender received the order at the khan's, whence he went at once to the Varnitsa to ask if the king would go away in a friendly way, or would force him to carry out the sultan's orders.

Charles XII, not being used to this threatening language, could not command his temper. "Obey your master if you dare," he said, "and begone." The pasha in indignation set off at a gallop, an unusual thing with a Turk. On the return journey he met M. Fabricius, and called out to him without stopping, "The king won't listen to reason; you'll see strange doings presently." The same day he cut off the king's supplies and

removed the guard of Janizaries. He also sent to the Poles and Cossacks to let them know that if they wanted to get any provisions they must leave the King of Sweden's camp and come and put themselves under the protection of the Porte at Bender.

They all obeyed and left the king, with only the officers of his household and three hundred Swedes, to cope with two thousand Tartars and six thousand Turks. There was now no more provision in the camp for man or beast. The king at once gave orders that the twenty fine Arabian horses they had given him should be shot, saying, "I will have neither their food nor their horses." This made a great feast for the Tartars, who, as every one knows, think that horse-flesh is delicious. In the mean time the Turks and Tartars invested the little camp on all sides.

The king, with no signs of panic, appointed his three hundred Swedes to make regular fortifications, and worked at them himself. His chancellor, treasurer, secretaries, valets, and all his servants lent a hand to the work. Some barricaded the windows, others took the bars behind the doors and placed them like buttresses.

When the house was well barricaded, and the king had reviewed his pretenses at fortifications, he began to play chess unconcernedly with his favorite Grothusen, as if everything had been perfectly safe and secure. It happened very luckily that Fabricius, the envoy of Holstein, did not lodge at Varnitsa, but at a small village between Varnitsa and Bender, where Mr. Jeffreys, the English envoy to the King of Sweden, lived also. These two ministers, seeing that the storm was about to break, undertook to mediate between the Turks and the king.

The khan, and especially the pasha of Bender, who had no intention of hurting the monarch, were glad of the offers of their services. They had two conferences together at Bender, at which the usher of the seraglio, and the grand master of the horse, who had brought the order from the sultan, were present.

M. Fabricius owned to them that the Swedish king had good reason to believe that they intended to give him up to his enemies in Poland. The khan, the pasha, and the rest, swore on their heads, calling God to witness, that they detested the thought of such a horrible piece of treachery, and would shed the last drop of their blood rather than show the least lack of respect to the king in Poland.

They added that they had the Russian and Polish ambassadors in their power, and that their lives should answer for the least affront offered to the King of Sweden. In a word, they complained bitterly of the outrageous suspicions which the king was harboring about people who had received and treated him so well. And though oaths are often the language of treachery, M. Fabricius allowed himself to be persuaded by these barbarians. He thought he saw that air of truth in their protests which falsehood imitates but lamely; he knew that there was a secret correspondence between the Tartar khan and Augustus, but he remained convinced that the object of this negotiation was only to force Charles to retire from the territories of the sultan.

But whether Fabricius was mistaken or not he assured them that he would represent to the king the unreasonableness of his jealousies. "But do you intend to force him to go?" he added. "Yes," answered the pasha,

"such are our master's orders." Then he desired them to consider again whether that order was to spill the blood of a crowned head. "Yes," answered the khan with warmth, "if that head disobeys the sultan in his own dominions."

In the mean time everything was ready for the assault, and Charles's death seemed inevitable; but as the sultan's command was not positively to kill him in case of resistance, the pasha prevailed on the khan to send a messenger that moment to Adrianople, to receive His Highness's final orders.

Mr. Jeffreys and M. Fabricius, having got this respite, hurried to acquaint the king with it. They hastened like bearers of good news, and were received very coldly; he called them forward, meddling mediators, and still insisted that the sultan's order and the mufti's festa were forged, because they had sent for fresh orders to the Porte. The English minister withdrew, resolving to trouble himself no further with the affairs of so obstinate a prince. M. Fabricius, a favorite of the king, and more accustomed to his whims than the English minister, stayed with him, to exhort him not to risk so valuable a life on so futile an occasion.

The only reply the king made was to show him his fortifications and to beg him to mediate so far as to obtain provisions for him. Leave was easily obtained from the Turks to let provisions pass into the king's camp till the couriers should return from Adrianople. The khan himself had forbidden the Tartars to make any attempt on the Swedes till a new order came; so that Charles went out of his camp sometimes with forty horse, and rode through the midst of the Tartar troops, who respect-

fully left him a free passage; he even marched right up to their lines, and they did not resist, but opened to him.

At last the sultan's order arrived with command to put to the sword all the Swedes who made the least resistance, and not to spare the king's life; the pasha had the civility to show the order to M. Fabricius, that he might make a last effort with Charles. Fabricius went at once to tell him his bad news. "Have you seen the order you refer to?" said the king. "I have," replied Fabricius. "Tell them," said the king, "from me that this order is a second forgery of theirs, and that I will not go." Fabricius fell at his feet in a transport of rage, and scolded him for his obstinacy. "Go back to your Turks," said the king, smiling at him; "if they attack me, I know how to defend myself."

The king's chaplains also fell on their knees before him, beseeching him not to expose the wretched remnant over from Pultowa, and above all, his own sacred person, to death; adding, besides, that resistance in this case was a most unwarrantable deed, and that it was a violation of the laws of hospitality to resolve to stay against their will with strangers who had so long and generously supported him. The king, who had showed no resentment with Fabricius, became angry on this occasion, and told his priests that he employed them to pray for him, and not to give him advice.

General Hoord and General Dardoff, who had always been against venturing a battle which in the result must prove fatal, showed the king their breasts, covered with wounds received in his service, and assured him that they were ready to die for him, and begged him that it might be on a more worthy occasion.

"I know," said the king,— "by my wounds and yours that we have fought valiantly together. You have hitherto done your duty; do it again now."

The only thing remaining was to obey; they were all ashamed not to seek death with their king. He prepared for the assault, secretly gloating over the pleasure and honor of resisting with three hundred Swedes the efforts of a whole army. He gave every man his place; his chancellor, Mullern, his secretary, Empreus, and the clerks were to defend the chancery house; Baron Fief, at the head of the officers of the kitchen, was to defend another post; the grooms of the stables and the cooks had another place to guard, for with him every man was a soldier. He rode from his fortifications to his house, promising rewards to every one, creating officers, and declaring that he would make his humblest servant captain if he behaved with valor in the engagement.

It was not long before they saw the Turks and Tartars advancing to attack the little fortress with ten cannon and two mortars. The horse-tails waved in the air, the clarions brayed, and cries of "Allah, Allah," were heard on all sides. Baron Grothusen remarked that they were not abusing the king as they shouted, but only calling him "demirbash," i.e., iron-head; so he resolved to go alone and unarmed out of the fort. He advanced to the line of the Janizaries, who had almost all of them received money from him. "What, my friends," he said in their own language, "have you come to massacre three hundred defenseless Swedes? You brave Janizaries, who have pardoned one hundred thousand Russians, when they cried Amman [pardon] to you, have you forgotten the kindness you have received at our hands?

And would you assassinate the King of Sweden whom you loved so much, and who has been so generous to you? My friends, he asks only three days, and the sultan's orders are not so strict as they would make you believe."

These words had an effect which Grothusen himself had not expected; the Janizaries swore on their beards that they would not attack the king, and would give him the three days that he demanded. In vain was the signal given for assault. The Janizaries, far from obeying, threatened to turn their arms against their leaders if three days were not granted to the King of Sweden. They came to the pasha of Bender's tent in a band, crying that the sultan's orders were forged. To this sedition the pasha could oppose nothing but patience.

He pretended to be pleased with the generous resolve of the Janizaries, and ordered them to retreat to Bender. The khan of Tartary, who was a passionate man, would have made the assault at once with his own troops; but the pasha, who would not allow the Tartars alone to have the honor of taking the king while he might perhaps be punished for the disobedience of his Janizaries, persuaded the khan to wait till next day.

The pasha, returning to Bender, assembled all the officers of the Janizaries, and the older soldiers; he read them and showed them the positive command of the sultan, and the mandate of the mufti. Sixty of the oldest of them, with venerable gray beards, who had received innumerable presents from the king, proposed to go to him in person, and entreat him to put himself into their hands, and permit them to serve him as guards.

The pasha consented; for there was no stone he would

leave unturned rather than be forced to kill the king. So these sixty old soldiers went next morning to Varnitsa, having nothing in their hands but long white staves, their only weapon when they intend not to fight; for the Turks consider it a barbarous custom of the Christians to wear swords in time of peace, and to go armed to the churches or the houses of friends.

They addressed themselves to Baron Grothusen and Chancellor Mullern; they told them that they had come with the intention of serving as faithful guards to the king, and that if he pleased they would conduct him to Adrianople, where he might speak to the sultan in person. While they were making the proposal the king read the letters that had come from Constantinople and that Fabricius, who could not see him again, had sent to him privately by a Janizary. These letters were from Count Poniatowski, who could neither serve him at Bender nor at Adrianople, having been detained at Constantinople by the czar's order, from the time of the imprudent demand of one thousand purses. He told the king that the sultan's order to seize his royal person was only too true, that the sultan was, indeed, imposed upon by his ministers; but that the more he was imposed upon in the matter the more he would be obeyed, that he must submit to the times and yield to necessity, and that he took the liberty of advising him to attempt all that was possible in the way of negotiation with the ministers, not to be inflexible in a case where the gentlest methods would prevail, and to trust to time and diplomacy the healing of an evil which rough handling would aggravate beyond the hope of recovery.

But neither the proposal of the old Janizaries nor

Poniatowski's letters could in the least convince the king that it was possible for him to give way without injuring his honor; he would rather die by the hands of the Turks than be in any sense their prisoner. He dismissed the Janizaries without seeing them, sending them word that if they did not hurry he would shave their beards for them, which in the East is considered the most provoking affront that can be offered.

The old soldiers, in a rage, returned home, crying, "Down with this iron-head. Since he is resolved to die, let him." They gave the pasha an account of their mission, and told their comrades at Bender of the strange reception they had met with. Then all swore to obey the orders of the pasha without delay, and they were now as eager for the assault as they had been adverse to it the day before. The word was given at once; they marched up to the intrenchments, the Tartars were already waiting for them, and the ten cannon began to play. The Janizaries on one side and the Tartars on the other, forced this little camp in an instant. Twenty Swedes had scarcely time to draw their swords, the three hundred were surrounded and taken prisoners without resistance. The king was then on horseback between his house and his camp, with Generals Hoord, Dardoff, and Sparre; seeing that all his soldiers had suffered themselves to be taken before his eyes, he said with *sang-froid* to those three officers, "Let us go and defend the house. We'll fight," he added with a smile, "*pro aris et focis.*"

With them he immediately galloped up to the house, where he had placed about forty servants as sentinels, and which they had fortified as best they could.

These generals, though they were accustomed to the

obstinate courage of their master, could not but be surprised that in cold blood and with a jest he should propose that they should defend themselves against ten cannon and a whole army; they followed him with twenty guards and domestics.

But when they were at the door, they found it besieged by Janizaries. Besides, nearly two hundred Turks and Tartars had already got in at a window, and had seized all the rooms, except a great hall, whither the king's servants had withdrawn. Luckily this hall was near the door at which the king intended entering with his twenty men. He threw himself from his horse, pistol and sword in hand, and his followers did the same.

The Janizaries fell on him from all sides, encouraged by the pasha's promise of eight gold ducats to any who did but touch his coat, in case they could not take him. He wounded and killed all that came near him. A Janizary, whom he had wounded, stuck his musket in the king's face; and if the arm of a Turk had not jostled him in the crowd, the king would have been killed. The ball grazed his nose, and took off a piece of his ear, and then broke the arm of General Hoord, whose fate it was always to be wounded at his master's side.

The king stuck his sword into the Janizary's breast, and at the same time his servants, who were shut up in the hall, opened the door to him. He and his little troop slipped in as swiftly as an arrow; they closed the door at once, and barricaded it with all they could find. Behold Charles shut up in this hall with all his attendants, about threescore men, officers, secretaries, valets, and servants of all kinds!

The Janizaries and the Tartars pillaged the rest of

the house and filled the rooms. "Come," said the king, "let us go and drive out these barbarians." Then, putting himself at the head of his men, he, with his own hands, opened the door of the hall, which opened into his bedroom, went in and fired on his plunderers.

The Turks, laden with booty, terrified at the sudden appearance of the king whom they had reverenced, threw down their arms and jumped out of the window or fled to the cellars. The king, taking advantage of their confusion, and his own men being animated with this piece of success, pursued the Turks from room to room, killed or wounded those who had not made their escape, and in a quarter of an hour cleared the house of the enemy.

In the heat of the combat the king saw two Janizaries who had hidden themselves under his bed. He thrust one through, but the other asked pardon, saying "Amman." "I grant you your life," said the king, "on condition that you go and give the pasha a faithful account of what you have seen." The Turk readily promised to do as he was told, and was then allowed to leap out of the window like the others.

The Swedes were at last masters of the house again, and shut and barricaded the windows. They did not lack arms, for a room on the ground floor, full of muskets and powder, had escaped the tumultuous search of the Janizaries. This they turned to good account, firing close on the Turks through the window, and killing two hundred of them in less than a quarter of an hour.

The cannon played against the house, but as the stones were very soft they only made holes in the wall, but demolished nothing.

The khan of Tartary and the pasha, who wanted to take the king alive, ashamed at losing time and men, and employing a whole army against sixty persons, thought it expedient to fire the house in order to force the king to surrender; they had arrows twisted with lighted matches shot on to the roof and against the door and windows; by this means the whole house was soon in flames; the roof, all in flames, was about to fall on the Swedes. The king quietly gave orders for extinguishing the fire, and finding a small barrel full of liquor he took hold of it himself, and with the help of two Swedes, threw it on the place where the fire was most violent. Then he found that it was full of brandy. The fire burned more furiously than ever, the king's room was burned, and the great hall, where the Swedes were then, was filled with terrible smoke mingled with tongues of flame, that came in through the doors of the next rooms. Half the roof fell in, and the other had fallen outside the house, cracking among the flames.

A guard called Walberg ventured, when things had got to this pass, to say that they must surrender. "What a strange man this is," said the king, "to imagine that it is not more glorious to be burned than to be taken prisoner." Another guard, called Rosen, remarked that the chancery house, which was only fifty paces away, had a stone roof, and was fire-proof; that they might well sally out, gain that house, and there stand on the defensive.

"A true Swede," cried the king; then he embraced him and made him a colonel on the spot. "Come on, my friends," he said, "take all the powder and ball you can carry, and let us gain chancery, sword in hand."

The Turks, who were all this while round the house, were struck with fear and admiration at seeing that the Swedes were staying inside in spite of the flames. But they were much more astonished when they saw them open the doors, and the king and his men fall on them desperately. Charles and his leading officer were armed with sword and pistol. Every one fired two pistols at a time at the instant that the door opened, and in a flash throwing away their pistols, and drawing their swords, they drove back the Turks fifty paces; but the next moment the little band was surrounded.

The king, booted according to custom, got his spurs entangled and fell. At once one-and-twenty Janizaries fell on him, disarmed him, and took him away to the quarters of the pasha, some holding his arms and others his legs, as a sick man is carried for fear of incommoding him.

As soon as the king saw himself in their hands, the violence of his rage and the fury which so long and desperate a fight had naturally inspired, gave way to gentleness and calm; not one impatient word escaped him, not one frown was to be seen. He smiled at the Janizaries, and they carried him, crying "Allah," with mingled indignation and respect. His officers were taken at the same time, and stripped by the Turks and Tartars. This strange adventure happened on the 12th of February, 1713. It had extraordinary consequences.

The pasha of Bender waited in state in his tent, with a certain Marco for interpreter, expecting the king. He received him with great respect, and asked him to rest on a sofa; but the king disregarded his civilities and continued standing.

"Blessed be the Almighty," said the pasha, "that Your Majesty is safe. I am grieved that you have forced me to execute the sultan's orders." The king, on the other hand, was only vexed that his three hundred men had allowed themselves to be taken in their intrenchments, and said, "Ah! if they had fought like men, we should have held out these ten days." "Alas," said the pasha, "what a pity that so much courage should be misapplied." Then the king was taken on a fine horse with magnificent trappings to Bender. All the Swedes were either killed or taken prisoners. The king's equipage, furniture and papers, and the most needful of his clothes were pillaged or burned; on the roads the Swedish officers, almost naked and chained in pairs, followed the horses of the Tartars and Janizaries. The chancellor and the general officers were in the same condition, becoming slaves to those of the soldiers to whose share they fell.

The Pasha Ishmael, having brought the king to his seraglio at Bender, gave him his own room, where he was served in state, but not without a guard of Janizaries at the room door. They prepared a bed for him, but he threw himself down on a sofa in his boots, and fell fast asleep. An officer in waiting near by put a cap on his head; the king threw it off directly he awaked, and the Turk was amazed to see a king sleeping on a sofa in his boots and bareheaded. In the morning Ishmael brought Fabricius to the king, and when he saw his prince's clothes all rent, his boots, his hands, and his whole person covered with blood and dust, his eyebrows scorched, yet even in this state smiling, he threw himself on his knees unable to speak; but, soon reassured by the natu-

ral and gentle manner of the king, he resumed his ordinary familiarity, and they began to make sport of the battle.

"They tell me," said Fabricius, "that Your Majesty killed no fewer than twenty Janizaries." "No, no," said the king, "you know a story always grows in the telling." In the midst of the conversation the Pasha brought to the king his favorite Grothusen and Colonel Ribbins, whom he had generously ransomed at his own expense. Fabricius undertook to ransom all the other prisoners.

Jeffreys, the English ambassador, helped him with money, and La Mottraye, the French noble who had come to Bender from curiosity to see him, and who has written some account of these matters, gave all he had. These strangers, assisted by the czar's advice and money, redeemed all the officers and their clothes from the Tartars and Turks.

Next morning they took the king in a chariot decked with scarlet to Adrianople, and his treasurer Grothusen was with him; the Chancellor Mullern and some officers followed in another carriage. Many others were on horseback, and could not restrain tears at the sight of the king's chariot. The pasha commanded the escort. Fabricius remarked that it was a shame that the king had no sword. "God forbid," said the pasha; "he would soon be at our throats if he had a sword."

THE NOBEL PRIZE

BY VANCE THOMPSON

[THE most familiar names of persons to whom Nobel prizes have been awarded since 1905 are William Marconi in physics, Madame Curie in chemistry, Rudyard Kipling, Selma Lagerlöf, Maurice Maeterlinck, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Thomas Hardy in literature; and Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root for the promotion of international peace.

The Editor.]

As you go from San Remo toward Taggia and the golf-links, you pass the big white villa where Alfred Nobel died in December, 1896. The greater part of his life had been spent in inventing explosives and perfecting methods of manifold death. His genius has made it possible to sink a fleet of battleships and obliterate half an army corps in one thoroughgoing moment. In his old age he thought of these things. Then, too, he fell under the influence of a very extraordinary woman, the Baroness von Suttner. In books and public lectures she has long preached the sane doctrines of peace, and it was her novel, "Lay Down Your Arms," which inspired the czar to summon the first peace congress at The Hague.

"Try and convince me," Nobel wrote her once, "of the justice of your cause, and I will furnish the means of action — that is to say, the funds."

In time the Baroness von Suttner succeeded; and when Nobel died, he left his huge red fortune to the cause of peace and the advancement of science. It was

in its way a grim, philanthropic paradox. The income of his eight millions and more is divided into five equal parts and awarded yearly in prizes to those who have done most to "benefit humanity." The five prizes are for discoveries in physics, chemistry, and medicine; for distinguished work in imaginative literature; and, lastly, for advancing the cause of peace among the nations. The average value of a Nobel prize is forty thousand dollars.

It is worth while looking for a moment into the life of this strange old man. The race of money-getters is always interesting. Of English origin, he was born in Stockholm in 1833. His father constructed the first practical torpedoes, and dabbled for years in explosives. Working together, father and son finally perfected nitroglycerin. The successful experiment was made in their factory in Heleneborg. It resulted in a terrible explosion which killed one of the sons and completely paralyzed the old father. Yet this very catastrophe was a successful demonstration of the value of the new explosive. It spelled out success and fortune. Success came, and the fortune, having blood at the root of it, grew into millions.

Alfred Nobel went to Paris to secure financial backing for the invention. He told the French bankers that he had "an oil that could blow up the globe." The bankers thought their interests lay in leaving the globe just about as it was, but Napoleon III, being less conservative, provided the necessary funds. A few years later the new explosive, in German hands, blew him off his throne. The fluid nitroglycerin was ultimately developed into dynamite. When Alfred Nobel had carried his invention

to the perfect end he went to New York. His luggage consisted of a few trunks of dynamite. He used to say that not a hotel would take him in, and that the New Yorkers shunned him as though he had brought the pest in his pocket. So he went to San Francisco, where the first American plant for the manufacture of "giant powder" was established. Once before he had been in the United States. As a boy he had worked in the shops of John Ericsson, to whom the world owes the modern battleship. His last achievement was the creation of ballastine, the first smokeless powder. Two inventions he left unfinished. One was the preparation of artificial silk; the other — and this was anxiously awaited in all the industrial world — was the production of artificial rubber.

He was a grim old man. During his last illness he bought a sphygmograph, and recorded the variations of his pulse.

"I don't know whether I have a heart in the figurative sense of the word," he said, "but physiologically I have a heart, and it is a mighty bad one."

There was a sentimental side to this old millionaire, whose life was spent in collaborating with violent death. In his youth he loved a young girl, but she died or married some one else. All his days he mourned her, writing endless poems to her memory. In addition to these love-verses he left a Swedish play, "Nemesis." Withal he had theories. One of them was welcomed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. "Experience has taught me," he said, "that no happiness goes with inherited fortunes. They serve merely to deaden the faculties. A man should leave to his heirs enough to start them in life,

and no more. Work is not only the law of life but the source of happiness." A more questionable theory was that his explosives and formidable destroyers really made for peace, since they rendered war so deadly that humanity would be forced to declare against it. Ericsson, when he built the Monitor, said much the same thing. It was his dream so to perfect the art of war that men would not dare to break the peace. Of course it is possible that these two great inventors were right; but if you go to the bottom of their thought you will discover that it rests upon the assumption that at some fixed point human courage will fail — that the machine will beat the man. There is nothing in history to buttress up this contention; nor in one's knowledge of human nature. Men have never hesitated to go up against any kind of weapon. Bludgeons and poisoned arrows, or steel cartridges and cordite — it has never mattered much. I do not think the cause of peace will gain much by changing weapons; you will have to change the breed of men. And you will have to find — what has never yet been found — the freezing-point of human courage.

It was not until five years after his death that the Nobel Institute was finally established in Stockholm, and the first prizes awarded. This was in 1901. The bestowal of the peace prize had been intrusted to a committee elected by the Norwegian Parliament, the most notable member of which was Björnstjerne Björnson. According to the will, no one may apply directly for the prize; he must be proposed by a statesman, by a professor of law and political science, or by some member

of the International Peace Commission. The first peace prize was divided between Jean Henry Dunant of Geneva, and Frederick Passy of Paris, two white-haired apostles of peace. To Monsieur Dunant, more than to any one else, is due the creation of the Red Cross Society. It was at the bloody battle of Solferino in 1859 that he first realized how little the doctors and nurses could do unless they were given the freedom of the battle-field. Within four years he had spread his ideas so far that he was able to convoke in Geneva an international congress, and at the second congress, in 1864, sixteen nations were officially represented. The cross of Geneva was adopted as the sign of this new neutrality which covered the physicians, their aids, and their ambulances. In this work Dunant spent all his fortune. By the time the Red Cross was established all the world over, his last penny was gone; then for years he wandered precariously over Europe — writing, and teaching languages in Paris, London, Stuttgart — until in his old age Nobel's twenty thousand dollars lifted him from poverty. Now he lives at ease in a little Swiss town in the canton of Appenzell. He is seventy-four years of age, and very feeble.

Frederick Passy, who was honored with him, has written and lectured for the last fifty years in France on economic questions. He is one of the few free-traders in that old protected land. His first notable effort in the cause of peace was in 1867, when France and Prussia were at swords' points over the Luxembourg question. He founded the first French peace society, and so stirred up public opinion that no responsible statesman dared declare for war. His League of Peace failed to pre-

vent the great Franco-Prussian War of 1870, but it has not been without influence in later days. Lastly he was one of the creators of the Interparliamentary Union for International Arbitration — the peace propagandists love pompous phrases — which met first in 1889. Probably no one has done more than he to base the dreams of the peace lovers on sound methods of international discussion and concession.

The prize was again divided in 1902. Two Swiss peace propagandists were honored. Elie Ducommun is secretary of the Permanent and International Bureau of Peace of Berne, which serves as a sort of clearing-house for the various peace associations in Europe and America. He is a journalist, and in prose and verse has preached the white crusade. Dr. Charles Albert Gobat is director of the Central Bureau of the Interparliamentary Union at Berne. He holds the threads of all the legislative efforts for peace in the parliaments of the world. Before taking up the work he gave himself to teaching and politics.

None of these men was widely known outside his own little circle of pacific friends. Nor had the world heard much of William Randal Cremer, the old English radical, who was given the prize in 1903. In London he edits the "Arbitrator," and was for a number of years a member of Parliament, sitting for one of the divisions of Shoreditch. With Frederick Passy he founded the society for interparliamentary efforts toward arbitration, and has been for years the secretary. He was brought most prominently to the front by his agitation in favor of a treaty of arbitration between England and the United States. Twice he visited Washington, presenting

memorials, signed by members of Parliament, to the President and to Congress.

The prize of 1904 rewarded the anonymous peace work of the Institute of International Law, of Ghent, in Belgium; and finally, in September, 1905, with strict justice the forty thousand dollars was given to the enthusiastic Bohemian baroness who converted Alfred Nobel to the grandeur of peace. Madame Bertha von Suttner was thirty-seven years old when she wrote her first book. In its way it was as epoch-marking a novel as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Since it appeared in 1884, "Lay Down Your Arms" has made more friends for peace than all the polysyllabic societies of Europe.

The history of modern science might be written without going outside the names of the winners of the Nobel prizes for beneficent discoveries in physics, chemistry, and medicine. Roentgen was first with the rays that bear his name; then Lorentz of Leyden and Peter Zeeman of Amsterdam for their researches into the effects of magnetism on the phenomena of radiation; then Becquerel and Monsieur and Madame Curie. There was a just order in this distribution of awards. Becquerel had worked for many years on phosphorescence, and to him and his father was due the discovery of uranium, which came after the Roentgen rays, out of which proceeded radium.

A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the famous discovery of Madame Curie and her husband. The properties of radium are not yet wholly known. Of all substances it is the most costly. If all that has been produced in the world were brought to-

gether, it would lie on the point of a knife-blade. Nothing is so endowed with radio-activity. Without apparent diminution it continues to emit light, heat, and various other rays. Of course the most interesting question is as to the source of this continuous output. The theory that Madame Curie holds to-day is that radium is an unstable chemical element which does decompose in giving out heat, but with extreme slowness. In fact she has recently found that where radium is present there is constantly being formed a little quantity of helium gas. So, in reality, what one sees is the first example of the transformation of a chemical element. Neither Lord Rayleigh's discovery of argon, nor the discoveries of Professor Lenard of Kiel, the later prize-winners, has such an air of magic as Madame Curie's radium. A Pole by birth, she came to Paris long ago. It was while studying in the schools that she met Professor Curie and married him. He was a quiet, dreamy man who came little before the public. How much he had to do with the discovery of radium no one will ever know. His recent untimely death left his wife to carry on the experiments alone.

The works for which the chemists were rewarded interest chiefly their fellow-chemists. Van 't Hoff's laws of chemical dynamics, Fischer's work on sugars, that of Arrhenius on electrolysis, and that of Sir William Ramsay on the gaseous elements of the air, lack dramatic interest. Of more human significance are the discoveries in the domain of medical science. The first Nobel prize was rightly awarded to Professor von Behring of Marburg for his discoveries in serum therapeutics and its especial use in diphtheria. He placed in the

hands of physicians a mighty weapon for combating disease and death. Since he received the Nobel prize in 1901 he has gone far toward perfecting a cure for tuberculosis.

"A little while must elapse," he said the other day, "before I can give it to the public in a practical way. When the next tuberculosis congress is held in Washington in 1908, I hope to demonstrate that at last the battle against human phthisis is in the way of being won."

Professor Koch was the first to discover the tuberculosis bacillus,—it was for this the Nobel Prize of 1905 was awarded him; but if the cure of consumption be indeed found, it is thanks to the serum of Von Behring. Of almost equal benefit to humanity was Ronald Ross's discovery of the parasite of malaria. Of course he merely completed the labor of scores of illustrious men who had worked on the subject since first the Jesuit missionaries found out the specific properties of quinine. Virchow, Pasteur, and Koch were his immediate forerunners. What the young English scientist made clear was the precise manner in which the malarial infection reaches the human blood. Physicians had long recognized a vague connection between malarial fever and stagnant water. It was assumed even that the disease was due to miasmata exhaled from marshes and poisonous soil.

This theory has been thrown to the dust-bin of science since Ronald Ross proved that the responsible author of malaria is the wicked little spotted-winged mosquito. The Ross method was applied in Havana by Assistant Surgeon-General Gorgas, of the United States Army. In the first year of his mosquito work, he practically

blotted out yellow fever; there were only five cases — and the second year there were none.

It was Nobel's wish that the literary prize should be awarded to the authors whose writings were of an "idealistic tendency." What he had in mind may be gathered from the fact that Shelley was his favorite poet. The honor went first to Sully-Prudhomme, who is one of the most delicate poets of the last generation. Sweet and grave and calm, his poetry differs from almost all the hectic verse of modern days. Its quiet beauty was worthy the award. The second year Mommsen's "Roman History" was chosen, though its idealism is perhaps disputable. In the succeeding years, however, the Swedish committee showed a clearly defined policy to reward those writers who had done most to keep alive the fine feelings of race, of country, of patriotism. Doubtless from an idealistic viewpoint, they are quite right; but in honoring patriotism they are bringing into eminence one of the most indefatigable enemies of peace. The preservation of race, of national traditions, is a stumbling-block in the way of that internationalism of good-feeling toward which the peace propagandists are jogging. The patriot is always a fighting man. Björnson was given the prize in 1903; and he is not so much an author as a flag — the symbol of that young Norway which has finally got itself free of its gentler Swedish sister. And Björnson, with his rather narrow Puritanism, his intellectual energy, his vanity — like that of a child — is a fair type of young Norway. You remember his famous remark, "There are two men of genius in Europe: I and Ibsen — admitting, that is,

that Ibsen is a man of genius." Certainly no man of our day has left a broader mark upon the intellectual life of his own land; as author, orator, statesman he has done more than any one man to make Norway what it is.

The laureates of 1904 were Echegaray and Mistral. The great Spanish dramatist is known in the United States by one play only, I think, — "El Gran Galeato," which was produced at the end of the last century by one of the short-lived "free theaters"; but in Spain he is ranked with the masters of the drama and especially that drama which is essentially Spanish. Oddly enough, he spent a good part of his life as a teacher of mathematics. He wrote on geometry, tunnel-building, and sewers; he was forty when he wrote his first play. Frederic Mistral, who received the other half of the prize, is a strange, old poet, whose fame has gone half around the world, though he writes in a dialect that is dying out even in his native Provence. Few Frenchmen can read "Mireille," save in translation. Yet for a little while, at least, Mistral has saved his native land from the business-like equality that is sweeping away all that is picturesque in Europe. He lives, as he has always lived, in the village of Maillane, near Avignon. It was there, in the old square house, that I saw him shortly after he had received his twenty thousand dollars. A soldierly old man, with gray mustaches and an imperial, he sat in his huge study — the many windows open on the garden; and beyond the far line of the Alps — and talked of the Provençal renaissence to which he has given his life. On one occasion the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, said to him: "All the languages which are not of the first order — like English and German and French — are in danger

of dying out, just as your native Provençal. So in defending your own historic language you are defending a crowd of little languages, the Finnish, the Portuguese, the Swedish, the Dutch, the Spanish, and the Norwegian, all of which are menaced by the great commercial languages."

Doubtless that is why the Swedes were glad to recompense his work. The greater part of his prize money has been expended in the restoration of the ancient palace of Arles, where he hopes to install a Provençal museum. Not without a little pride in the universality of American interests, I may state that Mistral's readers in the United States have already subscribed ten thousand dollars to help him in carrying out his work. President Roosevelt was one of the subscribers, and Mistral showed me a copy of "Mireille" which he was about to send to the White House.

Mistral will not, I fear, bring back the Arles of old, but he is doing all that can be done to preserve for his countrymen the heritage of art, literature, and legend left by the mighty ancestors.

In Sienkiewicz, too, the Swedish Academy honored racial and national patriotism. It was not so much to the author of "Quo Vadis" that they gave the prize of 1905 as it was to the Polish patriot whose work has kept alive the Polish ideal. It is not very well known that Henryk Sienkiewicz is a practical worker in the cause of Polish freedom, and more than once has felt the snaffle of the law. The author of "Quo Vadis" passed through Berlin some months ago on his way to Stockholm to receive the forty-thousand-dollar prize in person. He traveled in state, with a retinue of secretaries and transla-

tors; for it is a part of literary history that "Quo Vadis," in book and play, has proved as profitable as the ownership of a mine on the Rand.

You have had a word with the various men honored by the Nobel Institute; and what do you think, now, of the use to which the red fortune has been put? Wreaths have been laid upon the white heads of the stanchest old lovers of peace. Men already famous in the scientific world have been guerdoned with helpful money. Poets who have sung the old racial songs have been lifted into momentary notoriety; writers who saw a duty in patriotism have been commended in a fine financial way. But is the great white cause to which Alfred Nobel left his millions any further advanced? In Europe alone there are sixteen millions of men under arms. The fighting tonnage of the seas is over four thousand millions. The annual military budgets of the great powers tower up into the billions of money. That is one side of the picture. And in the other you have a dozen amiable old Swedish gentlemen sitting in the library — or on the balcony — of the Nobelstiftelsen in the Norrlandsgatan of Stockholm, dividing the two hundred thousand dollars a year among the five men of "idealistic tendencies" who have worked themselves into fame of some sort. There seems to be an inequality between the two forces. It is like fighting a city fire with a gilt-tipped bottle of rose-water.

DENMARK

I

TALES OF THE DARK AGES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Danes like to dream that their history goes back to one Dan, who is fancied to have reigned in their land more than one thousand years before Christ, and that the name Denmark signifies the marches of the followers of Dan. Unfortunately, the proof is lacking for any such chapter in their history; and for many centuries after Christ, the most that is known of the land and its people comes from the old sagas, or hero stories, wherein fact and fiction are poetically mingled.

Denmark was governed by a number of chiefs, but about the year 900, one Gorm the Old is said to have subdued so many of these "little kings" that he may fairly be called the first ruler of the land. There are stories of wild voyages over stormy seas to the south and the west, of the invasion of England, and of increasing power in that country until, in the eleventh century, Svend of the Forked Beard, and after him his son Canute, or Knut, became its rulers. It was during the reign of Canute that Denmark was converted to Christianity.

Never did a land undergo more abrupt changes than Denmark. In Canute's time, the Danes ruled Norway; after his death Norway for a time ruled Denmark. In the reign of Waldemar II (1202–1241) Holstein, Pomerania, and other provinces north of the Elbe were under Danish control; but Waldemar was captured by his enemies, and to free himself was obliged to renounce his conquests. His death was followed by a century of anarchy and civil wars. In 1340, Waldemar III came to the throne and by his vigorous policy restored the ancient boundaries of his kingdom. The greatest struggle of Waldemar III was with the Hansa, or Hanseatic League of German cities, which was determined that commerce should be free in the north of Europe. On the other hand, Denmark controlled the entrance to the Baltic Sea, and was equally determined that merchant vessels should pay toll to her. After varying fortune, Waldemar was at last forced to grant the demands of the Hansa.

THE GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[THE scene of "Hamlet" is laid at Elsinore, and the ghost appears on the platform of the castle of Kronberg. "Hamlet's Grave" and "Ophelia's Brook" are shown at Marienlyst, "having been invented for anxious inquirers by the complaisant inhabitants."

The Editor.]

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath relieved you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 't is but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 't will not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story
What we have two nights seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one, —

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!
Ber. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he th' ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

[While Horatio and Marcellus are discussing the Ghost and fearing lest its appearance forebodes some disaster to the state, it suddenly appears again.]

Hor. But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
[*Reënter* Ghost.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [*Cock crows.*
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
(Which happily foreknowing may avoid,)
Oh, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Hor. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

[Thus it is that they tell the story to Hamlet.]

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar.
Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar.
Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar.
Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar.
Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzly, — no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I 'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I 'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

[When night has come, Hamlet goes out on the platform, and in a few minutes the Ghost appears.]

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father: royal Dane, oh, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[Ghost *beckons* HAMLET.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I 'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.

[The Ghost then reveals the story that Hamlet has already half suspected, namely, that his uncle, who has just married his mother, is guilty of his father's death. Upon Hamlet is laid the burden of revenge.]

THE SLAYING OF THE MONSTER GRENDEL

RETOLD BY FLORENCE HOLBROOK

(From "Beowulf," an ancient epic poem of Denmark)

[Hrothgar, the aged King of Denmark, built a lordly hall where he and his warriors might enjoy music and feasting together after their hard-fought battles. They would have been very happy had it not been for the horrible demon Grendel, who night after night stalked up through the mist and darkness and dragged away many of the thanes to be devoured by the fiend. By and by the story of the terrible slaughter came to the ears of the young hero Beowulf, who dwelt in Sweden, and he set out for Denmark to fight the monster and free the aged king and his men from terror. He is welcomed by Hrothgar, and is left in charge of the hall.

The Editor.]

Beowulf then spoke to his men: "I do not think myself less in warlike strength than Grendel; so I will not use the sword or shield, but we two shall fight to-night without weapons, and the Lord shall give the glory to whom glory belongs."

Around him lay the warriors, little thinking they would ever see their homes across the sea again, for so many before that night had been slain by the cruel Grendel. At last they slept, all but one. The mighty Beowulf, in angry mood, awaited the battle meeting.

Now truly it is shown that mighty God rules the race of men. Over the moor came the shadow-walker stalking. He strode under the clouds until he saw the golden hall of men. This was not the first time he had come to

the hall of Hrothgar. On the door he rushed. He opened the mansion's mouth and trod on the floor. When he saw the men sleeping on the benches he laughed, thinking how he would take life from the body of every one there.

The shadowy form came nearer and nearer. At last he stretched out his great hand to take Beowulf, but with all his strength the brave warrior seized the arm of the monster. Then did the heart of Grendel fill with fear. Fearful was his mind, but not for that could he escape the sooner.

Then stood Beowulf upright and firmly grasped Grendel. Very angry were both. The wonder was that the great hall did not fall to the ground. But it was fast within and without with iron bands, and naught but fire could destroy it. Then the noise grew greater. The Danes who had heard it were terrified; never had such horrid noise filled the air, for Beowulf, the strength of men, held Grendel fast. Not for anything would he let the dreadful one escape that day.

The warriors sought to help their leader, but he would not use any weapon. With his hands, with his bare hands, he held fast the fearful foe. On the shoulder of Grendel was a horrid wound, and Beowulf tore the arm from the body. Well knew the monster then that his life's end had come.

Glad was Beowulf that his strength had aided the Danes, had cleaned the great hall, and had healed the deep sorrow which had been theirs for so many years.

There was in the morning many a warrior in the gift hall. From far and near over distant ways they came to behold the wonder, the arm of Grendel the joy-killer.

Away to the dark water, his home, had he gone with his death-wound.

All the warriors rode in gladness to the great hall. There was told the bravery of Beowulf. No other was so great, so worthy of honor, as he. Hrothgar, also, they praised as a good king and famous in war.

All the Danes and the Goths were happy that the terror of the land had been destroyed. Care was removed from their hearts. They were filled with joy and turned to games and plays. Some let their beautiful horses run in contest over the fair roads. Some who knew the famous stories of heroes told them to eager listeners. Laughter, song, and merry voices were heard once more in the hall. Soon one of the singers began a song in honor of this new deed, the victory of Beowulf.

Then over the meadow came the great king with many knights famed for their brave deeds. With them also walked the fair queen and a company of maidens.

When Hrothgar entered the gold-crowned hall and saw the great hand and arm of Grendel, he said: "Now let us give to the Almighty thanks! Wonder after wonder can God work. This one brave warrior has, through the Lord's might, performed a deed which the Danes could not. Happy is the mother of such a son! Now, Beowulf, as a dear son will I hold you in my heart. Nothing shall you want which I have power to give you. You have done a deed which will make your glory live through every age."

Then replied Beowulf: "With great good will we fought the fight. I seized the enemy quickly with hard hands and hoped to lay him on his deathbed. But I have

his hand and arm, and he will surely die, for pain has him in its deadly grip."

Hrothgar now gave the order that the hall should be adorned for the feast of joy. Men and women worked to make all clean and whole. Beautiful banners, a wonder to all who beheld them, decked the walls.

When all was ready, the king himself came to the feast in honor of Beowulf. Never had a larger or a nobler company sat in the gift hall. Merry at heart were they all, and they had a merry feast.

Then Hrothgar gave to Beowulf a golden banner in reward of victory; a sword, a cup, and a helmet he gave, four beautiful and wonderful gifts. These were most precious gifts, of which Beowulf need not be ashamed.

Then Hrothgar, the shield of warriors, had eight warlike steeds brought into the hall as gifts to Beowulf. On one of the horses was the war-seat the king himself used when going to battle. So with steeds and treasures did the king of the Danes reward the brave prince.

To every man with the hero did the king give a precious gift. Then the song of praise was heard. "The wise God rules all, therefore is understanding everywhere best; wise forethought is best."

When the song was ended, the queen took the mead-cup to the king, saying: "Accept this cup, my beloved lord; be thou happy, gold-friend of men, and to the Goths speak with kind words as one should do. Be cheerful to thy guests and mindful of gifts. The bright hall is made safe; be happy with thy sons and friends."

Then the gracious queen said to Beowulf: "Receive as a gift this collar, dear prince. Thou hast done that which men will praise throughout all time. Be noble and

happy! Be brave and gentle in deeds. Here in this hall is every man to each other true and to his lord faithful. The thanes unite to praise thee!"

Then the queen went to her seat, and all the court united in praise of Beowulf, who had driven Grendel from the great hall.

After the merry feast, all left the hall except a few warriors who slept rejoicing, thinking all their warfare was over.

But Grendel's mother did not close her eyes in sleep. When her son came home with his deathblow, great was the sorrow and anger in her heart. She would punish the Danes and the Goths for her son's death. In the middle of the night she crept to the hall where the Danes were sleeping, free from all fear. One she seized, — a brave man and dear to the king. Then rose a great cry in the hall when Grendel's mother saw her son's well-known hand and arm. She seized it and bore it away to the dark lake, together with the body of the warrior.

Soon Hrothgar was told of the great sorrow, and he grieved at the death of his friend, the brave warrior whom Grendel's mother had taken away.

When Beowulf came to the hall, Hrothgar cried out: "Speak not to me of rest or joy! Sorrow has come again. My friend best in war and peace is dead! The dread monster has killed him. Two shadows on the moor have my men seen; one, Grendel, is the figure of a man, and the other is like a woman. They dwell in the secret land where the wolf howls and the winds sweep; where the flood flows under the earth. About a mile away is this lake over which the dark trees bend. Every night can fire be seen over this waste of water. No one knows how

deep the lake is. The noisy winds raise the black waves until the air grows gloomy and the heavens shed tears. You know not this dreadful place. If you dare seek it and come back from the strife, I will give you money and treasures of gold."

Then the brave Beowulf replied: "Better is it for every one to avenge his friend than that he greatly mourn. Each of us must await the end of his life. Let them who can, work high deeds of honor. Let us go quickly to seek Grendel's mother. I promise you she shall not escape; no, not in the sea nor the bosom of the earth, not into the mountain-wood nor in the ocean's ground."

Then was the heart of the old king glad to hear the brave words. Horses were brought out and troops of men set forth towards the home of the dreadful shadows. The road was narrow and dark, an unknown way. Soon they saw the mountain-trees leaning over the rock, a joyless wood. The water below was dark and gloomy. Many strange creatures could be seen moving in the deep pool.

Now Beowulf clad himself in his war-gear. The coat of rings was about his breast so that no gripe could injure his life. On his head he wore a bright helmet wrought with strength so that no battle-axe could break it. Then a prince of Hrothgar gave him a famous sword named Hrunting. This was one of the old treasures. Never in battle had it failed those who dared to go in ways of terror. This was not the first time that it had done brave deeds.

Then said Beowulf: "Now, O king, I am ready for my journey. Bear in mind what you have said, — if I for

your need should lose my life, that you would be to me as a father. If, then, war takes me off, be a friend to my comrades. Send to Hygelac the treasures you have given to me, so that he may know that I found a good king in you. Now with the good sword Hrunting will I seek out the foe."

With these words Beowulf leaped into the sea.

All that day he sank into the waves before he beheld the ground bed of the sea. Then he saw the fierce creature who for a hundred years had held the floods. Eager she seized him and bore him to her dwelling. Many a sea-monster broke through his warlike coat. At last the warrior found himself in a great room where the waters did not enter. Then a fierce light did shine brightly upon him, and by its gleam he saw the sea-wolf. With a loud cry he struck her with his good broad sword, but it would not bite or injure her. This was the first time its power had failed. Beowulf remembered his former deeds of bravery and threw down his useless sword to use the strength of his hands alone. He seized the sea-creature and made her bow to the earth, but fiercely she grasped the brave warrior and overthrew him so that he was about to perish.

Him she would have slain, but his good coat withstood her sword. The Ruler of the Skies was his friend, for he saw on the wall a great sword so heavy that other men could not use it. This sword Beowulf seized gladly. Angrily he struck the sea-wolf, and the sword passed through her neck. Down on the ground she sank. The warrior rejoiced in his work. He looked through the great dwelling and saw Grendel lying lifeless. With a strong blow Beowulf cut off the head of the monster,

but the hot blood melted the sword and nothing was left but the hilt. The blade melted away as ice melts when the Father, who has power over the seasons, unbinds the bands of the frost.

The men at the shore, watching, saw the water all colored with blood, and feared their great leader was dead. The king and noble Danes spoke of the brave hero with praise and sorrow. When noon came, they went back to the great hall sadly, thinking Beowulf the daring had been killed by the fearful monster.

But the Goths stayed by the shore, though little hoping to see their dear lord again. But soon the water cleared and they saw their brave leader swimming toward them with the head of Grendel and the hilt of the great sword. Then they went toward him, thanking God. The stout band of thanes rejoiced that their lord had returned. Forth they went on the well-known road, rejoicing. Four of the strong men bore the heavy head of Grendel. Beowulf proudly led his fourteen brave men. The prince of the thanes entered the great hall, with glory crowned, to greet Hrothgar. The warriors bore the great head of Grendel into the hall before the king and his men.

"Behold, O king!" said Beowulf, "the head of the sea-monster! I hardly with life came from the battle under the water. Had not God helped me, I had not conquered. The good sword Hrunting could not harm my foe, but the Ruler of men guided me to see on the wall an old strong sword, and with it I slew her. Then I cut off the head of the monster Grendel. In his hot blood was the good sword melted, and I brought only the hilt away. I now promise thee that in Heorot all may sleep

safe from harm, for I have slain thy foes, Grendel and his mother, and have given peace to thy land and people."

Then did Beowulf give the sword-hilt to Hrothgar. The good king said: "Thy glory is exalted, friend Beowulf, over every nation. Long shalt thou be a comfort to thy people and a help to the warriors. Now is the flower of thy might. Long may it be before thy strength depart in fire's clutch, or rage of flood, or arrow's flight, or age or blindness take thee. Go now to thy seat at the feast as a guest of honor."

Then Beowulf went to the seat of honor in great joy, and all were merry. The helm of night grew dark; the warriors left their seats. They greeted Beowulf and wished him well to rest. In the gold-roofed hall well slept the prince until the black raven saw the coming of the bright sun. At the first light the Goths hastened to the good ship, eager to be gone to their homes.

When all were ready, Beowulf said: "O king, we seafarers wish to seek our homes. Here have we been kindly treated. If there is more that I can do, O lord of men, I shall always be ready. If when far away I hear that foes surround thee, I shall come to help thee with many warriors. Well I know that my king, Hygelac, will send me to thy aid."

Then Hrothgar spoke: "Into thy mind has the wise Lord sent these kind words. Never have I heard wiser words from one so young. Thou art strong and wise, and I think that if death should take Hygelac, the people would wish thee for their king. So well hast thou borne thyself that there shall be peace between the Danes and Goths, and many a gift shall I send to thee over the great sea."

Then Hrothgar gave to Beowulf rich gifts and bade him seek his home in safety. The good king wept when he said good-bye, for he loved the noble youth and was sad to have him go away over the deep sea.

HOW KING RORIK REGAINED THE TRIBUTE

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

[When Prince Rorik first came to the throne, the subject tribes, Kurlanders, Swedes, and Slavs, thought it a favorable time to refuse to pay their regular tribute. They planned a rebellion, brought together their forces, and made ready to attack the young ruler.

The Editor.]

Now among them [the Slavs] there was a man of remarkable stature, a wizard by calling. He, when he beheld the squadrons of the Danes, said: "Suffer a private combat to forestall a public slaughter, so that the danger of many may be bought off at the cost of a few. And if any of you shall take heart to fight it out with me, I will not flinch from these terms of conflict. But first of all I demand that you accept the terms I prescribe, the form whereof I have devised as follows: If I conquer, let freedom be granted us from taxes; if I am conquered, let the tribute be paid you as of old. For to-day I will either free my country from the yoke of slavery by my victory or bind her under it by my defeat. Accept me as the surety and pledge for either issue."

One of the Danes, whose spirit was stouter than his strength, heard this, and proceeded to ask Rorik, what would be the reward for the man who met the challenger in combat? Rorik chanced to have six bracelets, which were so intertwined that they could not be parted from one another, the chain of knots being inextricably laced; and he promised them as a reward for the man who

would venture on the combat. But the youth, who doubted his fortune, said: "Rorik, if I prove successful, let thy generosity award the prize of the conqueror, do thou decide and allot the palm; but if my enterprise go little to my liking, what prize canst thou owe to the beaten, who will be wrapped either in cruel death or in bitter shame? These things commonly go with feebleness, these are the wages of the defeated, for whom naught remains but utter infamy. What guerdon must be paid, what thanks offered to him who lacks the prize of courage? Who has ever garlanded with ivy the weakling in war, or decked him with a conqueror's wage? Valor wins the prize, not sloth, and failure lacks renown. For one is followed by triumph and honor, the other by an unsightly life or by a stagnant end. I, who know not which way the issue of this duel inclines, dare not boldly anticipate that as a reward of which I know not whether it is rightly mine. For one whose victory is doubtful may not seize the assured reward of the victor. I forbear, while I am not sure of the day, to claim firmly the title to the wreath. I refuse the gain, which may be the wages of my death as much as of my life. It is folly to lay hands on the fruit before it is ripe, and to be fain to pluck that which one is not yet sure is one's due. This hand shall win me the prize, or death."

Having thus spoken, he smote the barbarian with his sword; but his fortune was tardier than his spirit; for the other smote him back, and he fell dead under the force of the first blow. Thus he was a sorry sight unto the Danes, but the Slavs granted their triumphant comrade a great procession, and received him with splendid dances.

On the morrow the same man, whether he was elated with the good fortune of his late victory, or was fired with the wish to win another, came close to the enemy, and set to girding at them in the words of his former challenge. For, supposing that he had laid low the bravest of the Danes, he did not think that any of them would have any heart left to fight further with him upon his challenge. Also, trusting that, now one champion had fallen, he had shattered the strength of the whole army, he thought that naught would be hard to achieve upon which his later endeavors were bent.

So Rorik was vexed that the general courage should be sapped by the impudence of one man; and that the Danes, with their roll of victories, should be met presumptuously by those whom they had beaten of old, nay, should be ignominiously spurned; further, that in all that host not one man should be found so quick of spirit or so vigorous of arm, that he longed to sacrifice his life for his country.

It was the high-hearted Ubbe who first wiped off this infamous reproach upon the hesitating Danes. For he was of great bodily strength and powerful in incantations. He also purposely asked the prize of the combat, and the king promised him the bracelets. Then said he, "How can I trust the promise when thou keepest the pledge in thine own hands, and dost not deposit the gift in the charge of another? Let there be some one to whom thou canst intrust the pledge, that thou mayst not be able to take thy promise back. For the courage of the champion is kindled by the irrevocable certainty of the prize."

Of course it was plain that he said this in jest; sheer

courage had armed him to repel the insult to his country. But Rorik thought he was tempted by avarice, and was loath to seem as if, contrary to royal fashion, he meant to take back the gift or revoke his promise; so, being stationed on his vessel, he resolved to shake off the bracelets, and with a mighty swing send them to the asker. But his attempt was balked by the width of the gap between them; for the bracelets fell short of the intended spot, the impulse being too faint and slack, and were reft away by the waters. For this the nickname of Slyngebond [Swing-Bracelet] clung to Rorik. But this event testified much to the valor of Ubbe. For the loss of his drowned prize never turned his mind from his bold venture; he would not seem to let his courage be tempted by the wages of covetousness. So he eagerly went to fight, showing that he was a seeker of honor, and not the slave of lucre, and that he set bravery before lust of pelf; and intent to prove that his confidence was based not on hire, but on his own great soul. Not a moment is lost; a ring is made; the course is thronged with soldiers; the champions engage; a din arises; the crowd of onlookers shout in discord, each backing his own. And so the valor of the champions blazes to white-heat; falling dead under the wounds dealt by one another, they end together the combat and their lives. I think that it was a provision of fortune that neither of them should reap joy and honor by the other's death. This event won back to Rorik the hearts of the insurgents and regained him the tribute.

THE SPEAKING OF PRINCE UFFE THE SPEECHLESS

BY SAXO GRAMMATICUS

THE long and leisurely tranquillity of a most prosperous and quiet time flowed by, and Wermund in undisturbed security maintained a prolonged and steady peace at home. He had no children during the prime of his life, but in his old age, by a belated gift of fortune, he begat a son, Uffe, though all the years which had glided by had raised him up no offspring. This Uffe surpassed all of his age in stature, but in his early youth was supposed to have so dull and foolish a spirit as to be useless for all affairs public or private. For from his first years he never used to play or make merry, but was so void of all human pleasure that he kept his lips sealed in a perennial silence, and utterly restrained his austere visage from the business of laughter. But though through the years of his youth he was reputed for an utter fool, he afterwards left that despised estate and became famous, turning out as great a pattern of wisdom and hardihood as he had been a picture of stagnation. His father, seeing him such a simpleton, got him for a wife the daughter of Frowin, the governor of the men of Sleswik; thinking that by his alliance with so famous a man Uffe would receive help which would serve him well in administering the realm. Frowin had two sons, Ket and Wig, who were youths of most brilliant parts, and their excellence, not less than that of Frowin, Wermund designed to the future advantage of his son. . . .

When Wermund was losing his sight by infirmity of age, the King of Saxony, thinking that Denmark lacked a leader, sent envoys ordering him to surrender to his charge the kingdom which he held beyond the due term of life; lest, if he thirsted to hold sway too long, he should strip his country of laws and defense. For how could he be reckoned a king, whose spirit was darkened with age, and his eyes with blindness not less black and awful? If he refused, but yet had a son who would dare to accept a challenge and fight with his son, let him agree that the victor should possess the realm. But if he approved neither offer, let him learn that he must be dealt with by weapons and not by warnings; and in the end he must unwillingly surrender what he was too proud at first to yield uncompelled.

Wermund, shaken by deep sighs, answered that it was too insolent to sting him with these taunts upon his years; for he had passed no timorous youth, nor shrunk from battle, that age should bring him to this extreme misery. It was equally unfitting to cast in his teeth the infirmity of his blindness: for it was common for a loss of this kind to accompany such a time of life as his, and it seemed a calamity fitter for sympathy than for taunts. It were juster to fix the blame on the impatience of the King of Saxony, whom it would have beseemed to wait for the old man's death, and not demand his throne; for it was somewhat better to succeed to the dead than to rob the living. Yet, that he might not be thought to make over the honors of his ancient freedom, like a madman, to the possession of another, he would accept the challenge with his own hand.

The envoys answered that they knew that their king

would shrink from the mockery of fighting a blind man, for such an absurd mode of combat was thought more shameful than honorable. It would surely be better to settle the affair by means of their offspring on either side.

The Danes were in consternation and at a sudden loss for a reply: but Uffe, who chanced to be there with the rest, craved his father's leave to answer; and suddenly the dumb, as it were, spake. When Wermund asked who had thus begged leave to speak, and the attendants said that it was Uffe, he declared that it was enough that the insolent foreigner should jeer at the pangs of his misery, without those of his own household vexing him with the same wanton effrontery. But the courtiers persistently averred that this man was Uffe; and the king said: "He is free, whosoever he be, to say out what he thinks."

Then said Uffe, "That it was idle for their king to covet a realm which could rely not only on the service of its own ruler, but also on the arms and wisdom of most valiant nobles. Moreover, the king did not lack a son nor the kingdom an heir; and they were to know that he had made up his mind to fight not only the son of their king, but also, at the same time, whatsoever man the prince should elect as his comrade out of the bravest of their nation."

The envoys laughed when they heard this, thinking it idle lip-courage. Instantly the ground for the battle was agreed on, and a fixed time appointed. But the bystanders were so amazed by the strangeness of Uffe's speaking and challenging, that one can scarce say if they were more astonished at his words or at his assurance.

But on the departure of the envoys Wermund praised him who had made the answer, because he had proved

his confidence in his own valor by challenging not one only, but two; and said that he would sooner quit his kingdom for him, whoever he was, than for an insolent foe. But when one and all testified that he who with lofty self-confidence had spurned the arrogance of the envoys was his own son, he bade him come nearer to him, wishing to test with his hands what he could not with his eyes. Then he carefully felt his body, and found by the size of his limbs and by his features that he was his son: and then began to believe their assertions, and to ask him why he had taken pains to hide so sweet an eloquence with such careful dissembling, and had borne to live through so long a span of life without utterance or any intercourse of talk, so as to let men think him utterly incapable of speech, and a born mute. He replied that he had been hitherto satisfied with the protection of his father, that he had not needed the use of his voice until he saw the wisdom of his own land hard pressed by the glibness of a foreigner. The king also asked him why he had chosen to challenge two rather than one. He said he had desired this mode of combat in order that the death of King Athisl, which, having been caused by two men, was a standing reproach to the Danes, might be balanced by the exploit of one, and that a new ensample of valor might erase the ancient record of their disgrace. Fresh honor, he said, would thus obliterate the guilt of their old dishonor.

Wermund said that his son had judged all things rightly, and bade him first learn the use of arms, since he had been little accustomed to them. When they were offered to Uffe, he split the narrow links of the mail-coats by the mighty girth of his chest, nor could any be

found large enough to hold him properly. For he was too hugely built to be able to use the arms of any other man. At last, when he was bursting even his father's coat of mail by the violent compression of his body, Wermund ordered it to be cut away on the left side and patched with a buckle; thinking it mattered little if the side guarded by the shield were exposed to the sword. He also told him to be most careful in fixing on a sword which he could use safely. Several were offered him; but Uffe, grasping the hilt, shattered them one after the other into flinders by shaking them, and not a single blade was of so hard a temper but, at the first blow, he broke it into many pieces. But the king had a sword of extraordinary sharpness, called "Skrep," which at a single blow of the smiter struck straight through and cleft asunder any obstacle whatsoever; nor would aught be hard enough to check its edge when driven home. The king, loath to leave this for the benefit of posterity, and greatly grudging others the use of it, had buried it deep in the earth, meaning, since he had no hopes of his son's improvement, to debar every one else from using it. But when he was now asked whether he had a sword worthy of the strength of Uffe, he said that he had one which, if he could recognize the lay of the ground and find what he had consigned long ago to earth, he could offer him as worthy of his bodily strength. Then he bade them lead him into a field, and kept questioning his companions over all the ground. At last he recognized the tokens, found the spot where he had buried the sword, drew it out of its hole, and handed it to his son. Uffe saw it was frail with great age and rusted away; and, not daring to strike with it, asked if he might

prove this one also like the rest, declaring that he must try its temper before the battle ought to be fought. Wermund replied that if this sword were shattered by mere brandishing, there was nothing left which could serve for such strength as his. He must, therefore, forbear from the act, whose issue remained so doubtful.

So they repaired to the field of battle as agreed. It is fast encompassed by the waters of the river Eider, which roll between, and forbid any approach save by ship. Hither Uffe went unattended, while the Prince of Saxony was followed by a champion famous for his strength. Dense crowds on either side, eager to see, thronged each winding bank, and all bent their eyes upon this scene. Wermund planted himself on the end of the bridge, determined to perish in the waters if defeat were the lot of his son: he would rather share the fall of his own flesh and blood than behold, with heart full of anguish, the destruction of his own country.

Both the warriors assaulted Uffe; but, distrusting his sword, he parried the blows of both with his shield, being determined to wait patiently and see which of the two he must beware of most heedfully, so that he might reach that one at all events with a single stroke of his blade. Wermund, thinking that his feebleness was at fault, that he took the blows so patiently, dragged himself little by little, in his longing for death, forward to the western edge of the bridge, meaning to fling himself down and perish, should all be over with his son. Fortune shielded the old father who loved so passionately, for Uffe told the prince to engage with him more briskly, and to do some deed of prowess worthy of his famous race; lest the lowborn squire should seem braver than the prince.

Then, in order to try the bravery of the champion, he bade him not skulk timorously at his master's heels, but requite by noble deeds of combat the trust placed in him by his prince, who had chosen him to be his single partner in the battle. The other complied, and when shame drove him to fight at close quarters, Uffe clove him through with the first stroke of his blade. The sound revived Wermund, who said that he heard the sword of his son, and asked "on what particular part he had dealt the blow?" Then the retainers answered that he had gone through no one limb, but the man's whole frame; whereat he drew back from the precipice and came again on the bridge, longing now as passionately to live as he had just wished to die. Then Uffe, wishing to destroy his remaining foe after the fashion of the first, incited the prince with vehement words to offer some sacrifice by way of requital to the shade of the servant slain in his cause. Drawing him by these appeals, and warily noting the right spot to plant his blow, he turned the other edge of his sword to the front, fearing that the thin side of his blade was too frail for his strength, and smote with a piercing stroke through the prince's body. When Wermund heard it, he said that the sound of his sword Skrep had reached his ear for the second time. Then, when the judges announced that his son had killed both enemies, he burst into tears from excess of joy. Thus gladness bedewed the cheeks which sorrow could not moisten. So while the Saxons, sad and shamefaced, bore their champions to burial with bitter shame, the Danes welcomed Uffe and bounded for joy. Then no more was heard of the disgrace of the murder of Athisl, and there was an end of the taunts of the Saxons.

Thus the realm of Saxony was transferred to the Danes, and Uffe, after his father, undertook its government; and he, who had not been thought equal to administering a single kingdom properly, was now appointed to manage both. Most men have called him Olaf, and he has won the name of "the Gentle" for his forbearing spirit. His later deeds, lost in antiquity, have lacked formal record. But it may well be supposed that when their beginnings were so notable, their sequel was glorious.

THE LETTER OF KING CANUTE

[1027]

[In the early part of the eleventh century, Canute, King of Denmark, made himself also ruler of England and of Norway. He fought his way to the throne most unscrupulously; but once well established, he showed himself genuinely eager to rule justly and kindly. As the years passed, he began to be troubled lest his crimes should forbid him entrance to heaven, and in penance he undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. The following extract is part of a letter which he sent home to the people of England.

The Editor.]

"Canute, King of all Denmark, England, and Norway, and part of Sweden, to Egelnoth the Metropolitan, to Archbishop Alfric, to all the bishops and chiefs, and to all the nation of the English, both nobles and commoners, greeting. I write to inform you that I have lately been at Rome to pray for the remission of my sins, and for the safety of my kingdoms, and for the nations that are subject to my scepter. It is long since I bound myself by vow to make this pilgrimage; but I had been hitherto prevented by affairs of state and other impediments. Now, however, I return humble thanks to the Almighty God, that he has allowed me to visit the tombs of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and every holy place within and without the city of Rome, and to honor and venerate them in person. And this I have done, because I had learned from my teachers that the Apostle St. Peter received from the Lord the great

power of binding and loosing, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven. On this account, I thought it highly useful to solicit his patronage with God.

"Be it, moreover, known to you that there was, at the festival of Easter, a great assemblage of noble personages, with the lord the Pope John, and the Emperor Conrad, namely, all the chiefs of the nations from Mount Gargano to the nearest sea, who all received me honorably, and made me valuable presents; but particularly the Emperor, who gave me many gold and silver vases, with rich mantles and garments. I therefore took the opportunity to treat with the Pope, the Emperor, and the princes, on the grievances of my people, both English and Danes; that they might enjoy more equal law, and more secure safeguard in their way to Rome, nor be detained at so many barriers, nor harassed by unjust exactions. My demands were granted both by the Emperor and by King Rudolf, who rules most of the passages; and it was enacted by all the princes that my men, whether pilgrims or merchants, should, for the future, go to Rome and return in full security, without detention at the barriers, or the payment of unlawful tolls.

"I next complained to the Pope, and expressed my displeasure that such enormous sums should be extorted from my archbishops, when according to custom they visited the apostolic see to obtain the pallium. A decree was made that this grievance should cease. Whatever I demanded for the benefit of my people, either of the Pope, or the Emperor, or the princes, through whose dominions lies the road to Rome, was granted willingly, and confirmed by their oaths, in the presence of four

archbishops, twenty bishops, and a multitude of dukes and nobles. Wherefore I return sincere thanks to God that I have successfully performed whatever I had intended, and have fully satisfied all my wishes. . . .

"I am now on my road to Denmark, for the purpose of concluding peace with those nations, who, had it been in their power, would have deprived us both of our crown and our life. But God has destroyed their means: and will, I trust, of his goodness preserve us, and humble all our enemies. When I shall have concluded peace with the neighboring nations, and settled the concerns of my eastern dominions, it is my intention to return to England as soon as the fine weather will permit me to sail. But I have sent you this letter beforehand: that all the people of my kingdom may rejoice at my prosperity. For you all know that I never spared, nor will spare myself, or my labors, when my object is the welfare of my subjects."

WALDEMAR ATTERDAG AND THE HANSA

[1361]

BY HELEN ZIMMERMAN

[The Hansa, or Hanseatic League, was a great trading company formed by a union of seventy or eighty cities in northern Germany. It became so powerful that it monopolized the trade of the greater part of Europe. Kings were often obliged to bow to its authority and recognize whatever laws it chose to make. It was especially strong in the lands around the Baltic, and at Wisby, on the Swedish island of Gothland, it had a great store of wealth. Waldemar was determined to drive away the foreigners and break down their power.

The Editor.]

"In the year of Christ 1361 King Waldemar of Denmark collected a great army, and said to them that he would lead them whither there was gold and silver enough, and where the pigs eat out of silver troughs. And he led them to Gothland, and made many knights in that land, and struck down many people, because the peasants were unarmed and unused to warfare. He set his face at once towards Wisby. They came out of the town towards him, and gave themselves up to the mercy of the king, since they well saw that resistance was impossible. In this manner he obtained the land, and took from the burghers of the town great treasures in gold and silver, after which he went his ways."

Thus the contemporary chronicler of the Franciscans of St. Catherine at Lübeck. By a skillful *coup de main*, Waldemar had indeed made himself master of Gothland,

then under Swedish suzerainty, and of the wealthy city of Wisby. His aim had been booty, and he had it in rich measure in the shape of gold, of fur, and silver vessels.

Legend tells that the year previous to the attack Waldemar had visited Gothland disguised as a merchant, securing the love of a goldsmith's daughter, whose father held an influential position in Wisby, and who, in her loving trustfulness revealed to him the strength and weakness of the island and town, thus helping him to secure the spot that was rightly regarded as the key to the three northern realms.

The inhabitants, unprepared, unarmed, had been unable to offer much resistance. It was a terribly bloody fight this that raged outside the walls of Wisby; the site of it is marked to this day by a cross erected on the spot where eighteen hundred Gothlanders fell.

"Before the gates of Wisby the Goths fell under the hands of the Danes," runs the inscription.

As was the custom among the conquerors of olden days, Waldemar, it is related, entered the city, not by means of the gates that had been forcibly surrendered to him, but by a breach he specially had made for this purpose in the town walls. The gap, too, is shown to this hour.

When he had plundered to his heart's content, aided in his finding of the treasure by his lady-love, after he had added to his titles of King of the Danes and Slavs, that of the King of Gothland, Waldemar proceeded to return home in his richly laden ships. But it was decreed that he should not bring his booty to port. A great storm arose in mid-ocean. It was with difficulty that

the king escaped with his life; his ships were sunk, his coveted hoards buried in the waves.

There are still shown at Wisby the two fine twelve-sectioned rose windows of St. Nicholas's Church, in which, according to tradition, there once burned two mighty carbuncles that served as beacons to light the seamen safely into harbor in the day of the town's prosperity. These stones, it is said, were torn from their place and carried off by Waldemar. The Gothland mariner still avers that on certain clear nights he can see the great carbuncles of St. Nicholas's Church gleaming from out the deep.

As for Waldemar's lady-love, whom it is said he abandoned as soon as his purpose was attained, she was seized on by the infuriated townspeople and buried alive in one of the turrets of the city walls, known to this day as the "Virgin Tower."

It is difficult to decide whether Waldemar foresaw the full danger and bearing of his high-handed step; whether he knew what it meant to plunder a city like Wisby, one of the strongest arms of the Hansa. He had certainly thrown the gauntlet down to the towns; he was quickly to learn that the power which some years ago had successfully beaten his predecessors had but grown in strength since that date.

On the first news of Waldemar's treachery, the Baltic cities laid an embargo on all Danish goods, and then called together a hasty council in which it was decreed that until further notice all intercourse with Denmark should be forbidden on pain of death and loss of property. Then they put themselves into communication with Norway and Sweden in order in the event of a war to

secure the alliance of these countries, an assistance that was the more readily promised because their sovereigns were at feud with Waldemar. To defray the war costs, it was determined to levy a poundage tax on all Hanseatic exported goods.

A fleet was got ready with all possible speed, and when everything was in order, the towns sent a herald to Waldemar with a formal declaration of war.

In May, 1362, their ships appeared in the Sound, and brilliant success at first attended their arms. Copenhagen was plundered, and its church bells carried to Lübeck as the victor's booty. At Scania the cities looked to meet their northern allies, in order in conjunction with them to take possession of the Danish strongholds on the mainland. Here, however, disappointment awaited them. Whether lack of money or fear had deterred the northern kings from keeping their word is unknown; at any rate, they did not put in an appearance with their armies.

The Burgomaster of Lübeck, Johann Wittenborg, who commanded the Hanseatic fleet, saw himself forced to use the men he had on board for the land attack. He held himself the more justified in doing this since he deemed he had so thoroughly routed the Danes that from the side of the sea there was nothing to be feared.

This decision was rash, and Wittenborg was to atone for it with his life. Already it seemed as if the stronghold Helsingsborgs was in his hands — he had been besieging it sixteen days with great catapults — when Waldemar suddenly appeared with his fleet upon the Scanian coast, surprised the Hansa vessels that had been left with but a feeble crew, and carried off twelve of the best ships,

and most of their provisions and weapons. The consequence was that Wittenborg saw himself obliged to return with the remnant of his army to Lübeck.

He found the city embittered against him in the highest degree for his defeat; though it saw that the main guilt of the disastrous end of the war lay with the faithless northern kings. The stern free city deemed it right, not only towards itself, but also to its sister towns, to punish heavily the unsuccessful leader. Wittenborg had hardly landed ere he was arrested, chained, and thrown into a dungeon. Here he dragged out a weary year of imprisonment. Lübeck was a stern mistress, who knew no mercy, and could brook no ill success. In her dictionary, as in that of youth, according to Richelieu in Bulwer's play, there might be no such word as "fail." Wittenborg had, of course, been at once deprived of his burgomagisterial honors; a year after his defeat his head publicly fell under the executioner's axe in the market place of Lübeck. Burial in the councilors' church was denied him. He was laid to rest in the cloisters of the Dominicans, the spot where all criminals were interred in Lübeck during the Middle Ages, the spot where, down to our own era, all criminals passing that way to execution received from the pious monks a soothing drink as last farewell to life. Further, Wittenborg's name is absent from the record of the burgomasters; an omission, in this place, which doubtless has the same meaning as the absence of Marino Falieri's portrait among the long row of Doges in the Venetian Palace.

The election of a burgomaster as leader of the troops is quite in character with the spirit of those times. Such trade warriors are not uncommon in the history of the

Hansa. Within the roomy stone hall that served as entry and storeroom to those ancient dwelling-houses, it was usual to see helmet, armor, and sword hanging up above stores of codfish, barrels of herrings, casks of beer, bales of cloth, or what not besides.

To this day the stranger is shown in the market place at Lübeck the stone on which Wittenborg sat before his execution, and in the collection of antiquities is the chair of torture in which he was borne thither. So sternly did the Hansa punish.

[Waldemar compared the Hansa to a flock of cackling geese, and continued his attacks; but before long the "geese" could dictate their own terms, and Waldemar was obliged to agree to whatever terms they chose to name.]

II

FOLK-STORIES AND LEGENDS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Scandinavian countries are rich in folk-stories and legends. These range all the way from the primitive tales of the Molboers, of a wit which is absurd and impossible, but exceedingly amusing, to the semi-historical legends circling about the exploits of their sovereigns. The rulers of the Northland have never kept themselves far removed from their people, and these legends manifest a charming simplicity on the part of the rulers together with an equally charming respect and devotion on the part of the subjects.

KING VOLMER AND ELSIE

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER

(After the Danish of Christian Winter)

["ATTADAG," or "Atterdag," another day, was a favorite saying of Waldemar III (Volmer or Valdemar), King of Denmark from 1340 to 1375.

The Editor.]

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Out spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the King: "To-morrow shall bring another day,
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down;
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.
In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;
Below, the modest petticoat can only half conceal
The motion of the lightest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm;
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;

And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on
heel,
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden
checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for
thee!"
What noble knight was this? What words for modest
maiden's ear?
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the
door,
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crim-
soned o'er.
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and
hand,
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round
about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you
may,
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."
He spake the old phrase slyly, as, glancing round his
train,
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in
vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden
hair,
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;

All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro.
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,
While at our ease we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,
And lifted up her eyes to his, steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.
If you would wed me, henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."

"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never
bear;
A Vadmal cloak, so plain and gray, is all that you must
wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly
spoke,
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love
must ride,
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must
guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him
wander free:
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed
by me.
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and
flask and can;
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-
man."
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my gen-
erous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and
boss,
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee
across.

And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!

"The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers,
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.

The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,
The Golden Goose, that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

BY CAROLINE NORTON

Word was brought to the Danish king,
        Hurry!
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
    O, ride as though you were flying!
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
    And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
    Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
    O, ride as though you were flying!
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
    For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
        Hurry!
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
    For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;

Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped, and only the king rode in
  Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle-horn;
    Silence!
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
  Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet face of the welcomer lay,
  Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
    Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
  And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
  To the halls where my love lay dying!"

MOLBOER STORIES

[The Molboers are a quaint and primitive people who live in a remote corner of Jutland. Among the odd stories that are told of them are the following.

The Editor.]

THE LEGS

Once some Molboers were in a great dilemma. Certain of them sat down in a circle on the ground, but when they wanted to get up again could not make out which pair of legs belonged to each of them, so, thinking they could never rise, they remained calmly sitting. At last they called a passer-by and asked how each of them should find his own legs? He first pointed out his legs to each and told them to draw them up and rise; but as this did not avail he formed another expedient, and took his stick and beat first one, then another, then the third, and then the fourth, over the legs. That succeeded; for as soon as they felt the blows on their legs, they quickly recognized which belonged to each, and drew them up.

THE HEADLESS MAN

One day some Molboers went into the wood to cut down some trees. When they had cut into a tree so far that they thought it could be pulled to the ground, they discovered that they had forgotten to bring a rope with them. The wisest of them then proposed that one of them should be lifted up in the tree and put his neck in a cleft in such a manner that the others, by pulling him by the legs, should cause the tree to fall. This advice was

followed. One of them courageously put his neck in the cleft, and the remainder pulled him by the legs with all their strength. But the enterprise completely failed; at the first pull the body fell to the ground, while the head remained lying in the cleft, where no one could see it. They were greatly astonished at seeing the headless man, and could not imagine how he had got into the wood and up the tree without a head on his body. However, there was now nothing to be done. They drove the body home to the wife, and asked if he, like the others, had had his head on him when he went out. "Yes, by my soul, he had his head on him," said the wife, "for certainly he ate his cabbage soup with it this morning before he went out."

THE SALT HERRINGS

One year when herrings were rather dear it was difficult for the Molboers to procure this food which they liked so much to eat. They consulted together how to arrange in such a manner that in future they should not be obliged to buy them at so high a rate every year. One of them, who wished to be thought the most witty, wisely resolved that as fresh herrings could breed in water, salt herrings must also be able to do so. He therefore advised them that once for all they should buy a barrel of salted herrings in Aarhus and throw them in the village pond, that later on when these had bred, they might every year be able to catch in their nets as many as they needed. This advice pleased them all so well that some of them directly set out, bought the herrings and threw them into the pond, that they might breed there for years to come.

When the following year they came with their nets to fish for salted herrings, they could not, for all their pains, get hold of a single one; after a long time they caught a large fat eel in their net. As soon as they saw it, they immediately concluded that this was the thief who had eaten their salted herrings, and so they agreed that it should suffer the hardest and most painful death, but they could not resolve on what sort of punishment to give it. Some of them would have it burnt, others hanged, some would flog it to death, others cut it to pieces. Finally an old Molboer came forth who himself had once been about to be drowned, and as he had not found it to his taste to stay so long a time in salt water, he thought it must be the same with the eel; he therefore advised his countrymen to put out on the wild sea with it and drown it there.

This advice they held to be good, therefore they took the eel, got into a boat, and rowed far out on the sea with it that it might not be able again to swim to shore. When they had got as far out as seemed right to them, they put the eel into the water. The eel, which had so long been on dry land against its will, rejoiced at coming to its native home and wriggled its tail as soon as it reached the water. When the old Molboer saw this, he said to the others, "Do you see how pitifully he writhes! Yes, death is hard to put up with."

THE BELL

Once a wag made the Molboers believe that enemies were in the kingdom and that they would soon come to conquer their country; they therefore resolved to save what they could from their hands. That which they

were proudest of and wanted to save first was the church bell. They then worked so long at it that they got it down from the tower, but they took counsel for a long time as to how they should hide it so that the enemy could not find it. At last they dragged it with all their force to a large boat, rowed far away to sea with it, and threw it into the water.

When it was thrown down, they began to consider and said to one another, "Now it is certainly hidden from the enemy, but how are we to find it again when he is gone?" One of them, who thought himself wiser than the others, sprang up and said, "That is no matter, we can put a mark near it." He immediately took a knife out of his pocket, cut a large nick in the side of the boat from which they had thrown the bell, and said, "Here it was that we threw it out!" When this was done, they rowed to shore quite calm and glad, persuaded that they would be able to seek their bell again, according to this mark, when the enemy had gone.

III

SCENES FROM DANISH HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Union of Calmar, in 1397, made Margaret, daughter of Waldemar Atterdag, ruler of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In 1523, Sweden, under Gustavus Vasa, won her independence, but before many years had passed, Sweden and Denmark were again at war. Juel and Tordenskjöld gained famous victories for Denmark, but when Charles XII of Sweden besieged Copenhagen, the Danes were ready to make a treaty. In 1660, the Danish people were devoted to their king, and felt that the nobles were gaining entirely too much power. The result was that Denmark suddenly became an absolute monarchy!

In the early part of the nineteenth century, there was trouble with England because of her determination to exercise the "right of search," and, again a few years later, because of the complications brought about by the Napoleonic wars. During this second struggle, Copenhagen was bombarded by the English. In 1848, the provinces of Schleswig-Holstein in the south of Denmark rebelled, and were aided by the King of Prussia. In 1864, a second rebellion took place, and the Germans overran the country. The result was that Schleswig-Holstein fell into the hands of Prussia.

In 1906, the aged King Christian died. A few months before this event, a separation took place between Norway and Sweden, and Christian's second son, Charles, ascended the Norwegian throne as Haakon VII. The record of the alliances and positions of the children of Christian IX is a remarkable one. His son Frederick became King of Denmark; his daughter Alexandra became Queen of England; a second daughter, Dagmar, became Czarina of Russia; and his son George became King of Greece.

THE "MADMAN OF THE NORTH" OVERCOMES COPENHAGEN

[1700]

BY FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE

[PETER THE GREAT was determined to have a seaport on the east side of the Baltic. The territory belonged to Sweden; but the ruler of the Swedes was a youth of eighteen, and Peter thought that there would be no great difficulty in overpowering him. The Elector of Saxony and the King of Denmark became Peter's allies. Much to the surprise of every one, Charles XII, the young King of Sweden, suddenly showed himself a commander of rare abilities. His first campaign was aimed at Copenhagen.

The Editor.]

HE [Charles XII] started for his first campaign on the 8th of May, new style, in the year 1700. He left Stockholm never to return.

An immense crowd of people went with him as far as Carlscroon, praying for him and weeping and praising him. Before he left Stockholm he established a Council of Defense, composed of Senators. This commission was to have charge of all that concerned the fleet, the troops and fortifications. The Senate was to provisionally regulate all other internal affairs. Having thus arranged all securely within his dominions he concentrated entirely on the war. His fleet consisted of forty-three vessels; that in which he embarked, called the King Charles, was the largest they had ever seen, and carried one hun-

dred and twenty guns; Count Piper, his prime minister, and General Renschild embarked with him. He joined the squadron of the allies; the Danish fleet refused an engagement, and gave the united fleets the opportunity of coming so near Copenhagen that they could throw some bombs into the town.

There is no doubt that it was the king himself who then proposed to General Renschild that they should disembark and besiege Copenhagen by land while it was invested by sea. Renschild was astonished at a proposal which displayed in a young and inexperienced prince as much skill as courage. Soon all was ready for the disembarkment; orders were given for the embarkation of three thousand men who were stationed on the coast of Sweden, and who were added to the men they had on board. The king left his large ship and embarked on a lighter frigate; then they sent three hundred grenadiers in small vessels along the coast. Among these vessels were small, flat-bottomed boats, which carried the fagots, *chevaux-de-frise* and the weapons of the pioneers.

Five hundred picked men followed in other shallops. Then came the king's men-of-war with two English and two Dutch frigates, whose cannon were to cover the landing of the troops. Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is situated in the island of Zealand, in the midst of a beautiful plain, which has the Sound on the northwest and the Baltic on the east, where the King of Sweden then had his position. At the unexpected movement of the vessels which threatened invasion, the inhabitants, dismayed by the inactivity of their own fleet and by the motion of the Swedish ships, looked round in terror to see on what point the storm would burst. Charles's

fleet stopped before Humblebek, seven miles from Copenhagen. The Danes immediately drew up their cavalry on this spot. The infantry were placed behind deep intrenchments, and all the artillery forthcoming was directed against the Swedes.

The king then left his frigate to embark on the first boat at the head of his guards. The ambassador of France was constantly at his elbow. "Sir," said the king to him in Latin, for he never would speak French, "you have no quarrel with the Danes, and must now oblige me by retiring." "Sir," answered the Count de Guiscard, in French, "the king my master has commanded me to attend Your Majesty; and I flatter myself that you will not banish me from your court, which has never been so brilliant as to-day." With these words he gave his hand to the king, who leaped into the boat, followed by Count Piper and the ambassador.

They advanced, supported by the broadsides of the vessels which were covering the descent. The small boats were within a hundred yards of the shore when Charles, impatient of the delay in landing, threw himself from the boat into the sea, sword in hand, and with the water up to his waist, and in spite of a shower of musket-shot, discharged by the Danes, his ministers, the ambassador of France, and officers and soldiers followed his example. The king, who had never before heard a discharge of loaded muskets, asked Major Stuart, who stood next to him, what that whistling was in his ears. "It is the sound of the muskets they are firing at you," said the major. "Ah!" remarked the king, "that shall henceforth be my band." At that very moment the major, who had explained the noise to him, was shot in

the shoulder, and a lieutenant fell dead at the other side of the king.

Troops attacked in intrenchments are generally beaten, because the attacking party has an impetus which defenders cannot have; besides, waiting for the enemy in one's lines is often a confession of inferiority.

After a faint resistance the Danish horse and foot fled. As soon as the king had seized their intrenchments he fell on his knees to thank God for the first success of his arms. He immediately had redoubts formed in the direction of the town, and himself marked out the line of the encampment. At the same time he sent his fleet back to Scania, a part of Sweden not far from Copenhagen, to get reinforcements of nine thousand men. Everything conspired to second Charles's energetic efforts; the nine thousand men were on the shore ready to embark, and the very next day a favorable wind brought them to him.

All this happened within sight of the Danish fleet, which had not dared to advance. Copenhagen, in consternation, sent deputies to the king to ask him not to bombard the town. He received them on horseback at the head of his regiment of guards, and the deputies fell on their knees before him. He demanded of the town four hundred thousand dollars, with all sorts of provisions for the camp, for which he gave his word of honor to pay. They brought him the provisions, because they dared not refuse, but did not expect that the conquerors would condescend to pay for them; and those who brought them were astonished to find that they were paid generously by the humblest soldier in the army. The Swedish troops had long been accustomed to the

strict discipline which contributed not a little to their victories, but the young king increased its severity. A soldier would not have dared to refuse payment for what he bought, much less maraud, or even go out of the camp. He even easily brought his troops to keep his rule that after a victory the dead should not be stripped without his permission. Prayers were said in camp twice a day, at seven in the morning and five in the afternoon, and he never failed to be present at them himself and to give his soldiers an example of piety as well as of valor.

His camp, which was far better governed than Copenhagen, had everything in abundance; and the country folk preferred to sell their goods to their enemies the Swedes than to their own countrymen, who did not pay so good a price for them. So it happened that the townsmen were often obliged to fetch goods, which were unobtainable in their own markets, from the King of Sweden's camp.

The King of Denmark was then in Holstein, whither he seems to have marched only to raise the siege of Tonning. He saw the Baltic covered with his enemies' ships, and a young conqueror already master of Zealand and ready to take possession of the capital. He published a declaration that whoever took up arms against the Swedes should gain his liberty. This declaration had great influence in a country which had once enjoyed freedom, but where all the peasants and many even of the townsmen were then serfs. Charles sent word to the King of Denmark that he must make up his mind either to do justice to the Duke of Holstein, or have his kingdom laid waste with fire and sword.

The Danes were, indeed, fortunate in dealing with a

conqueror who prided himself on his justice. A congress was summoned to meet in the town of Tevendal on the frontiers of Holstein. The Swedish king would not allow diplomacy on the part of the ministers to lengthen the proceedings; he wanted the treaty settled with the same rapidity with which he had invaded Zealand. As a matter of fact it was concluded on the 5th of August to the advantage of the Duke of Holstein, who was indemnified for all the expenses of the war and freed from oppression. The King of Sweden would make no claims on his own behalf, being satisfied with having helped his ally and humbled his enemy. Thus Charles XII, at eighteen years old, began and ended this war in less than six weeks.

KING CHRISTIAN

[1677–1730]

BY JOHANNES EVALD

[During the latter part of the seventeenth century and the earlier part of the eighteenth, Denmark struggled with Sweden over the ownership of the Scanian Provinces. One famous admiral in this contest was Nils Juel. An even more famous vice-admiral was Wessel, to whom the name Tordenskjöld, or the "Thundershield," was given by the king.

The Editor.]

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

DENMARK

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
        Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
        Thy murky sky!
From Denmark thunders Tordenskiöl',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
        And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
        Dark-rolling wave!
Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
Goes to meet danger with despite,
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
        Dark-rolling wave!
And amid pleasures and alarms,
And war and victory, be thine arms
        My grave!

STORIES OF TORDENSKJÖLD THE GREAT DANISH ADMIRAL

[Early eighteenth century]

TORDENSKJÖLD AS A FISHERMAN

BY M. PEARSON THOMSON

Peter Wessel (Tordenskjöld) is the Nelson of Denmark. This man, besides being a great admiral, was a most genial character, and had a striking and original personality. Many true tales are told about this hero which the young Danish lads never tire of hearing. There is a favorite one which tells of the ingenious way by which he discovered the weak points in his enemy's stronghold. Dressing himself as a fisherman, he accompanied two other fishers in a little rowing-boat laden with fish to the enemy's shores. Taking a basket of fish, he mounted the hill to the fort, saying he had brought the fish for the commandant. He was allowed to pass into the fort with his fish, and, pretending stupidity, kept losing his way — gaining knowledge thereby — till he reached the commandant's residence. Gaining permission from the latter to supply the garrison with fish, he inquired for how many men he should provide. "Let me see," said the commandant, half to himself, "a hundred guns — two hundred men; you may bring fish for a hundred men." Tordenskjöld then left the fort, having obtained all the information he required, and returned to his boat. At this moment the captain of one

of the ships lying in the bay arrived on shore, and the pretended fisherman at once accosted him, asking permission to serve his men with fish. This being granted, he at once rowed to the ship, where he soon disposed of his fish, and conversing with the sailors, he gained the information that in two days' time there would be a great festivity held on shore, at which most of them would be present. With this valuable knowledge he returned to his own shore from the Swedish coast, and laid plans which gave Denmark a victory and proved fatal to the Swedes.

THE FIGHT WITH THE SWEDISH FRIGATE

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

While he was cruising, in 1714, under Dutch colors, an incident occurred which manifested at once his intrepidity and his chivalric disposition. He fell in with a Swedish frigate, of greatly superior force, which had hoisted the English flag. The Swedish commander hailed, and ordered him to "bring to"; but, instead of obeying, Wessel answered with a broadside. A furious contest took place, which was suspended by the night, and renewed on the return of day. At length he was informed that there was only powder enough left for four broadsides. He immediately sent off a boat, under a flag of truce, with the following message to his opponent: "I was ready to board you, that I might come to close quarters with such a gallant fellow as you are; but the sea is so rough that I cannot effect my purpose. I can fire but four broadsides; lend me some powder, and we will begin again. If you will not grant my request,

give me your word that you will continue about here, and I will go to procure ammunition." To this the Swede replied, "I have not more powder than I want for my own use; but I invite the gallant Wessel to come on board, for we wish to drink his health." The invitation was accepted, and the two captains pledged each other in a bumper. On taking leave Wessel exclaimed, "Salute your bonny lasses at Gottenburg for me"; to which his antagonist responded, "Yes, and do you do the same, on my part, to yours at Copenhagen." The vessels then parted. These circumstances becoming known, Wessel was ordered to the Danish capital. His conduct was there investigated by a court of inquiry, and a favorable verdict was the result.

THE KING'S SNUFF-BOX

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

On the surrender of Stralsund, the Danish sovereign made his entry into the place. Wessel was honored with an audience by his royal master, who presented to him a snuff-box set with diamonds. While he was offering the contents of the box to some officers of rank whom he had taken on board, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the box slipped from his hand and fell into the sea. It was mid-December, and fields of ice were floating round the ship, but he unhesitatingly jumped into the water, and dived after the valued gift. The lookers-on were astounded by his disappearance, and no one expected to behold him again; he, however, speedily rose unhurt, but the royal present, for which he had rashly risked his life, was irrecoverable.

For this loss Wessel was soon amply indemnified. Mad as, under such circumstances, was the diving to recover the box, the king could not but be gratified that his present was held in such high estimation. In a second interview with Wessel, he said to him, "I ennoble you confer on you the name of Tordenskjöld (Thunder-shield), and grant you a coat of arms suitable to the honorable name which you have so well earned. You are the thunder which crushes the Swedes, and the shield which covers the navy of my kingdom." Tordenskjöld returned to Copenhagen with the monarch, who also appointed him his adjutant-general, and inspector of the Danish fleets.

THE CAPTURE OF MARSTRAND

BY R. A. DAVENPORT

Orders were now sent to him by the Danish monarch to attack the fortress of Marstrand, which is situated a few miles north of the Göta, on a small island at the entrance of the Hakefiord. Adjoining the town, and commanding it, is the citadel of Carlsten. He appeared before the town with his fleet on the 24th of July, and began by landing six hundred men on the island of Koo, which lies opposite to Marstrand. By this step he precluded the garrison from receiving succor or retreating. A Swedish flotilla, consisting of seventeen sail, was then in the harbor. On the day after his arrival, Tordenskjöld bombarded and cannonaded the flotilla with such vigor that he forced his way into the port. The enemy then abandoned their vessels, having first burnt or sunk some of them. Their retreat, was, however, so precipi-

tate that they could not destroy the whole; several fell into the power of the victors, among which were a forty-four-gun frigate, two sixteen-gun sloops, and a prame.

The panic of the Swedes was so great that they abandoned the town of Marstrand, and retired into the citadel of Carlsten. Here they might have defended themselves for some time could their governor, Colonel Dankwert, have mustered up sufficient courage. But he soon found a reason or a pretext for capitulating. On the second day of the siege, a bomb having fallen into and blown up a powder-magazine, he entered into a parley, which ended in his consenting to surrender. Five hours were allowed him for evacuating the fort. Either from carelessness or some lingering idea that he ought not so readily to succumb, he allowed the stipulated time to go by without performing his agreement. Tordenskjöld was not to be trifled with; and he took a step which undoubtedly bordered upon rashness. By a narrow postern gate he contrived to make his way into the fortress, accompanied only by a handful of men, proceeded to the house of Dankwert, and demanded, in a menacing voice why the Swede had not kept his word. Overawed by his resolute opponent, the governor submitted, and delivered up the citadel. This dastardly conduct naturally excited a suspicion in the Swedish government that he had been guilty of treachery; and accordingly, on his arrival in Sweden, he was loaded with irons, and committed to jail to be tried for his life. Such was the rage of the populace against him, that as he passed through the streets, on his way to the prison, the crowd, and even the women, pelted him with stones

in such a manner, that the guards could scarcely succeed in saving his life. The result of his trial I have not been able to discover. While the vanquished governor was thus exposed to the violence of popular odium, and the danger of having his existence ignominiously terminated, the victor was being loaded with honors by the gratitude of his sovereign. Tordenskjöld was raised to the rank of vice-admiral, appointed chamberlain to the king, endowed with a large estate, and presented, by the king, himself, with a massy gold medal, struck to commemorate the conquest, and the portrait of the monarch, set in diamonds. There were only three other superior officers who were allowed to wear a similar portrait, as a memorial of their services. Nor was this all; he was soon after nominated a member of the Board of Admiralty; and, in his presence, the name of the Marstrand was given by the Danish monarch to a ship of the line, at the moment when it was launched.

THE FALL OF QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA

[1772]

BY G. HESEKIEL, FROM THE MEMOIRS OF BARON SIMOLIN

[CHRISTIAN VII was so feeble in mind that it was an easy matter for his wife, Queen Caroline Matilda, daughter of George II of England, and his Minister of State, Count Struensee, to get full control into their own hands. Struensee brought about many needful reforms, but more rapidly than they were acceptable to the country. Moreover, his skeptical opinions aroused the clergy against him. With the aid of the Queen Dowager, Juliana Maria, he was arrested, accused of conspiracy against the king and other crimes, and executed. A few days later, Queen Caroline Matilda left Denmark forever.

The Editor.]

IT was almost midnight when the English minister left the palace with his ladies, furious at knowing that the Christiansborg was entirely in the hands of the queen's declared enemies. He was more than ever certain that a plot existed, and that the *dénouement* was close at hand; and he told Renira that he would see Count Falkenskjöld about it next day. She entered fully into his feelings of uneasiness, but neither of them had the least idea that that very night the threatening clouds would burst into an overwhelming storm.

By two o'clock in the morning the ball was at an end, and by three all was silent in the fine state apartments of the Christiansborg. For about an hour an intense stillness reigned over the cold winter night, and then a

sharp ear would have perceived the measured sound of horse-hoofs and a slight clinking of weapons: it was a squadron of the Zealand dragoons, Colonel von Eickstedt's regiment, under command of Lieutenant Schlomann, which silently and quietly took possession of every entrance to the palace, having received the strictest orders to let no one in or out.

At the same time, by the light of a single candle, the leaders of the conspiracy assembled on the upper story of the Christiansborg, in the bedroom of the widowed queen, Juliana Maria. The royal stepmother, wrapped in a fur mantle, with a mocking smile on her lips, was watching Count von Rantzau, who was in full uniform, and though wrapped in his military cloak, shivered, not from cold alone: his conscience spoke more loudly than ever, but it was too late to draw back.

Prince Frederick, who looked both shy and stupid, sat staring straight before him. Colonel Koeller, his athletic form drawn up to his full height, tried to utter a few blustering words, but they stuck in his throat. Colonel von Eickstedt played the part of the dispassionate, businesslike soldier; he had, indeed, no personal feeling against either the queen or Struensee, and there is reason to believe that he was fully persuaded he was only doing his duty. It was curious to watch Guldberg, who was the soul of the conspiracy; both before and afterwards he appeared a man of little influence, but at this moment he had thrown off his hypocritical garb, and took the place of leader, giving his commands with energy, triumph already sparkling in his eyes. There was something of the Puritan about the man; no one ever found out with him where hypocrisy ended and conviction

began. He threw out some words about God's victory over Belial, and it is said that he murmured a prayer before they separated.

And now the conspirators are descending the stairs, lighted by a former valet, Jessen, who carried a lamp, stepping carefully and avoiding the least sound, slipping one behind the other through the broad passages and dark corridors to the apartments of the king. They first entered the bedroom belonging to the king's body-servant, Brieghil, and, waking him, ordered him to lead them to the king. The man tremblingly obeyed, but they found the antechamber, contrary to the usual custom, locked. The conspirators hesitated, but Guldberg ordered Brieghil to lead them round to the small door, and the ghostly procession put itself again in motion. Brieghil went in front, then came Guldberg, carrying a candle in each hand, followed by the queen mother, Prince Frederick, Count Rantzau, Eickstedt, and Koeller. Jessen, either from fear or prudence, had left them.

"What do you want? Who are you?" screamed the king, waking suddenly as the conspirators entered his room.

Count Rantzau had undertaken to speak to the king, who always looked on him as his best friend; but he stood, unable to utter a word. Koeller seized him by the shoulders and pushed him violently forward; and at length he stammered out in a hoarse voice, "Sire, Your Majesty's mother and brother are here, in presence of Eickstedt, Koeller, Guldberg, and myself, to save you and the country."

The widowed queen repeated Rantzau's words, and so did Prince Frederick, whilst the king, almost fainting,

looked around him with a wild, terrified expression. "Give me some water!" he gasped at length; and when he had drunk some, he added, "Rantzau said that Eickstedt is here; let him speak."

Eickstedt then came forward, and repeated Rantzau's words, but added, "The people are in insurrection, for the queen and Struensee have conspired against Your Majesty."

As soon as Christian VII heard the name of his beloved queen, he declared Eickstedt was a liar, and that he did not believe him; but the queen mother and Guldberg talked to him till they had entirely confused his weak brain, and at length he was persuaded to put his signature to two orders which they had already prepared. The first appointed Eickstedt to the post of general commandant of Copenhagen, and the second empowered Eickstedt and Koeller to take any measures they thought needful to save the king and the country. Prince Frederick witnessed the king's signature, and Eickstedt and Koeller then left. The king was made to get up, and was dressed by Brieghil, and, accompanied by the queen mother, the prince, Rantzau, and Guldberg, was taken to Prince Frederick's apartment. Here he was forced to write the following letter to his wife, Queen Caroline Matilda: —

"As you have not been willing to follow good advice, it is not my fault if I am obliged to have you escorted to Kronburg."

Armed with this ill-written missive, the grand chamberlain, Count Rantzau, hurried to the queen's apartment to carry out his jailer's office.

The unfortunate king then signed mechanically and listlessly a number of warrants laid before him by Guldberg, and containing the names of Count Struensee, Count Brandt, Counselor Struensee, Lieutenant Struensee, Colonel von Falkenskjöld (commandant of Copenhagen), Major-General Gude, General von Gähler and his wife, Lieutenant-Colonel von Hasselberg, Baron von Bülow (one of the equerries), Rear Admiral Hansen, Counselor Villehand, and other less distinguished people.

Meantime, Eickstedt, at the head of a squadron of dragoons, had visited all the guard-houses, and, showing the king's signature, had announced his own appointment as commandant of Copenhagen. He strengthened the guard of the palace, and closed all the gates. Whilst this was going on, Colonel von Koeller, followed by Captain von Milleville and Lieutenants von Eyben and Frank, and accompanied by twelve soldiers, went to the rooms occupied by Struensee in the *entresol* of the palace.

Before entering, Koeller said to the officers, "Give me your word of honor, gentlemen, that you will shoot the scoundrel on the spot if he resists and tries to escape."

The officers promised on their word of honor, but they had no need to use their weapons against Struensee, for the ruined minister made no attempt to defend himself. After a few confused words, he obeyed Koeller's order to get up, and threw on a few clothes and a fur mantle. He tried to hide a small case in his pocket, but Koeller tore it from him. It was found, on examination, to contain poisoned pills. After his imperfect toilet, Struensee seemed to recover a little courage and presence of mind; he drew himself up, appealed to his position as minister, and protested against this act of violence. But Koeller,

placing the point of his sword against his breast, threatened to run him through at once if he opposed the king's warrant. Struensee attempted no further resistance; he tried in vain to recover his composure, but terror overmastered him; unconsciously he allowed them to bind his hands and feet, and in this condition the man who but yesterday was the all-powerful minister, was conveyed to a close carriage, escorted by a strong guard of cavalry, and taken to the citadel.

"My God! what is my offense?" were the only words he uttered.

At the same time the other arrests were carried out, without exciting any attention. Only Count Enevold Brandt opposed his captors with all the energy of despair; and continuing to do so after he was disarmed, they secured him with cords.

Almost at the very moment that the unhappy Struensee, tied hand and foot, was carried down the grand staircase of the palace, Count Rantzau, followed by the three lieutenants, Beek, Oldenborg, and Bug, entered the antechamber of Queen Caroline Matilda.

Great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead from anguish, and the three young officers chosen by Koeller to attend him watched him contemptuously as he knocked at the locked door of the queen's bedroom.

Queen Matilda awoke, and could be heard calling her attendants. Rantzau trembled as he heard her voice, and his fear was more creditable than the courage shown by the three lieutenants.

"What is the matter?" they heard the queen exclaim, and the same question was repeated in a tone of anger. At last the attendants told her that Count Rantzau and

three officers were in the antechamber, and demanded entrance in the king's name.

Caroline Matilda sprang up and threw a dressing-gown round her. "Run and fetch Count Struensee," she said to her women.

"They have just carried him out of the palace with his hands and feet bound," answered one of them.

"Betrayed, lost!" shrieked the queen aloud.

Rantzau knocked again.

"Let the traitors in," commanded Queen Caroline Matilda, regaining her self-possession.

The folding doors were thrown open, and Count Rantzau stood in the presence of his queen. She advanced towards him. "What is your desire?"

Rantzau made a deep bow, and asked pardon for the intrusion, but he came by His Majesty's command. He then read aloud the note, which we have already seen, and handed it to the queen. She glanced over it and threw it contemptuously on the ground, setting her foot upon it. "This only shows your treachery and the king's weakness!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes.

Rantzau, angry at the contemptuous way in which the queen treated him, said menacingly that she had to submit to the king's commands.

"The king," answered Caroline Matilda proudly, "knows nothing of this command, which has been extorted from his weak mind by the most shameless treachery. I demand obedience — I, the queen."

"My orders permit no delay," thundered Count Rantzau, giving free vent to his anger, to conceal his uneasiness.

"Till I have seen the king, I will obey no orders. Let

me speak to the king! I insist on it," said the queen, with determination.

At the same time she made a step towards the door. Rantzau threw himself in her way. "I will use force," he said threateningly, laying his hand on his sword.

"Wretch!" screamed the queen angrily; "is that the language of a servant to his sovereign? Go! you are the most despicable of men! May shame and scorn rest on you forever! Stand aside; I am not afraid of you!"

Trembling with rage, the incensed nobleman stepped back and gave the officers a sign. Lieutenant Oldenborg laid hands on the queen, but she thrust him aside and rushed through a side door on to the corridor, screaming aloud for help. No one heard her. Her women shrieked; the unhappy queen sprang on to a balustrade, and tried to throw herself through the window. Lieutenant Beek caught her round the waist and drew her back; she struggled with him, and with all the strength of despair she dragged him by the hair to the ground. Oldenborg came to the help of his comrade, but she defended herself from him; and thus this poor young creature, this unhappy queen, struggled, half-naked, with these ruffians, until she sank at length senseless to the ground.

Whilst her women lifted the miserable princess on to her bed, and used means to restore her to consciousness, Minister Count von der Osten entered the room. This wily diplomatist had not joined the conspiracy, though he was well aware of its existence; and now that it was successful, he hastened to obey Rantzau's summons, who had, in despair, sent for him.

The quiet and graceful remonstrances of Count von der Osten soothed and subdued the queen, and she

agreed to obey, and start at once for Kronburg. She begged to take her children with her, but it was easy for the cunning diplomatist to prove to the queen that she might endanger her son's right of succession if she took him with her, and thus give her enemies a great advantage. The poor mother yielded with a sigh, and consented to start with the baby princess only, whom she was still nursing.

Count von der Osten was perfectly aware that he was doing the conspirators the greatest service by persuading the queen to leave for Kronburg, for as long as Caroline Matilda remained at Copenhagen their success must be doubtful; and he took care later to demand his reward from the new powers for coming to their aid at this critical moment.

The queen was dressed; a lady-in-waiting, Mlle. von Moesting, was summoned, and two coaches were brought round to the inner courtyard of the palace. As she descended the staircase, Count Rantzau offered her his arm. "Away with you, traitor! I loathe you," exclaimed the queen. Turning deadly pale, he stepped back, and is said never to have known a peaceful moment from that hour till his death; everywhere he saw the flaming eyes of the sovereign whom he had betrayed.

In the first coach Major von Castenskjöld, of the Zealand dragoons, took the place opposite the queen, with his sword drawn, showing her by his manner the most marked respect. In the second coach was the little Princess Louisa Augusta, with her nurse; and thus, guarded by a strong squadron of dragoons, Caroline Matilda was hurried away from her capital to the

gloomy fortress of Kronburg. It was about eight o'clock in the morning when they started.

As yet no one in Copenhagen knew what had happened, but the rolling of carriages through the streets at that early hour — the prisoners were each taken to the citadel in a separate carriage — and the passing to and fro of the cavalry escorts, had attracted attention, the more so as the conspirators for some little time had thrown out dark hints of a plot against the life of the king.

It was nine o'clock before Sir Robert learned the events of the previous night, through a faithful servant of the queen's household, who had managed to escape, when all the rest of her servants, as well as those of Baron Struensee, had been arrested. He sought refuge with the English minister.

Sir Robert, who knew nothing of the queen's departure, hurried off at once with his secretary and a servant to the palace. He found the streets full of anxious groups, discussing with the greatest excitement the events of the night, the full details of which were gradually becoming known, and loudly cheering for Christian VII. Some few voices were raised for the widowed queen and Prince Frederick, and everywhere the hatred of Struensee and the foreigners was most apparent.

The English minister could not gain admittance to the palace, but he learned there the departure of the queen. He hurried to Rantzau, to Osten; everywhere he was refused admission — no one cared to face the representative of the English court! In constantly increasing crowds the people of Copenhagen streamed towards the Christiansborg. About ten o'clock the king, led by his

brother, appeared on a balcony; he waved his handkerchief to the people, which was the signal for a mighty shout. At this the poor silly king was so delighted that he joined in, and at the top of his voice shouted hurrah for Christian VII. Her motherly feelings deeply touched, the terrible Princess of Wolfenbüttel, in morning dress, stood at a window, looking out on the crowds, and rejoicing at the success of her wicked schemes.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN AS A BOY

BY HIMSELF

In the year 1805 there lived at Odense, in a small mean room, a young married couple who were extremely attached to each other; he was a shoemaker, scarcely twenty-two years old, a man of a richly gifted and truly poetical mind. His wife, a few years older than himself, was ignorant of life and of the world, but possessed a heart full of love. The young man had himself made his shoemaking bench, and the bedstead with which he began housekeeping; this bedstead he had made out of the wooden frame which had borne only a short time before the coffin of the deceased Count Trampe, as he lay in state, and the remnants of the black cloth on the woodwork kept the fact still in remembrance.

Instead of a noble corpse, surrounded by crape and wax lights, here lay, on the 2d of April, 1805, a living and weeping child, — that was myself, Hans Christian Andersen. During the first day of my existence my father is said to have sat by the bed and read aloud in Holberg, but I cried all the time. "Wilt thou go to sleep or listen quietly?" it is reported that my father asked in joke; but I still cried on; and even in the church, when I was taken to be baptized, I cried so loudly that the preacher, who was a passionate man, said, "The young one screams like a cat!" which words my mother never forgot. A poor emigrant, Gomar, who stood as god-father, consoled her in the mean time by saying that the

louder I cried as a child, all the more beautifully should I sing when I grew older.

Our little room, which was almost filled with the shoemaker's bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between it and the neighbor's house, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother's sole garden, and where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the "Snow Queen" that garden still blooms.

I was the only child, and was extremely spoiled, but I continually heard from my mother how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child. She, as a child, had been driven out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept. I have drawn her character in two different aspects, — in old Dominica, in the "Improvisatore," and in the mother of Christian, in "Only a Fiddler."

My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart; he lived for me. On Sundays he made me perspective glasses, theaters, and pictures which could be changed; he read to me from Holberg's plays and the "Arabian Tales"; it was only in such moments as these that I can remember to have seen him really cheerful, for he never felt himself happy in his life and as a handicraftsman. His parents had been country people in good circumstances, but upon whom misfortunes had fallen: the cattle had died; the farmhouse had

been burned down; and lastly, the husband had lost his reason. On this the wife had removed with him to Odense, and there put her son, whose mind was full of intelligence, apprentice to a shoemaker; it could not be otherwise, although it was his ardent wish to attend the grammar school where he might learn Latin. A few well-to-do citizens had at one time spoken of this, of clubbing together to raise a sufficient sum to pay for his board and education, and thus give him a start in life; but it never went beyond words. My poor father saw his dearest wish unfulfilled; and he never lost the remembrance of it. I recollect that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes, and it was when a youth from the grammar school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books and told us what he learned.

"That was the path upon which I ought to have gone!" said my father, kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening.

He very seldom associated with his equals. He went out into the woods on Sundays, when he took me with him; he did not talk much when he was out, but would sit silently, sunk in deep thought, whilst I ran about and strung strawberries on a bent, or bound garlands. Only twice in the year, and that in the month of May, when the woods were arrayed in their earliest green, did my mother go with us, and then she wore a cotton gown, which she put on only on those occasions and when she partook of the Lord's Supper, and which, as long as I can remember, was her holiday gown. She always took home with her from the wood a great many fresh beech boughs, which were then planted behind the polished

stone. Later in the year sprigs of St. John's wort were stuck into the chinks of the beams, and we considered their growth as omens whether our lives would be long or short. Green branches and pictures ornamented our little room, which my mother always kept neat and clean; she took great pride in always having the bed linen and the curtains very white.

Odense was in my childhood quite another town from what it is now, when it has shot ahead of Copenhagen, with its water carried through the town and I know not what else! Then it was a hundred years behind the times; many customs and manners prevailed which long since disappeared from the capital. When the guilds removed their signs, they went in procession with flying banners and with lemons dressed in ribbons on their swords. A harlequin with bells and a wooden sword ran at the head; one of them, an old fellow, Hans Struh, made a great hit by his merry chatter and his face, which was painted black, except the nose, that kept its genuine red color. My mother was so pleased with him that she tried to find out if he was in any way related to us, but I remember very well that I, with all the pride of an aristocrat, protested against any relationship with the "fool."

The first Monday in Lent the butchers used to lead through the streets a fat ox, adorned with wreaths of flowers and ridden by a boy in a white shirt and wearing wings.

The sailors also passed through the streets with music and flags and streamers flying; two of the boldest ended by wrestling on a plank placed between two boats, and the one that did not tumble into the water was the hero.

But what especially was fixed in my memory, and is very often revived by being spoken about, was the stay of the Spaniards in Funen in 1808. Denmark was in alliance with Napoleon, who had declared war against Sweden, and before anybody was aware of it, a French army and Spanish auxiliary troops, under command of Marshal Bernadotte, Prince of Pontecorvo, entered Funen in order to pass over into Sweden. I was at that time not more than three years old, but I remember very well those dark-brown men bustling in the streets, and the cannon that were fired in the market place and before the bishop's residence; I saw the foreign soldiers stretching themselves on the sidewalks and on bundles of straw in the half-burned St. John's Church. The castle of Kolding was burnt, and Pontecorvo came to Odense, where his wife and son Oscar were staying. The schoolhouses all about were changed into guardrooms, and the mass was celebrated under the large trees in the fields and on the road. The French soldiers were said to be haughty and arrogant, the Spanish good-natured and friendly; a fierce hatred existed between them; the poor Spaniards excited most interest.

My father had not many friends; in his leisure hours he used to take me with him out into the woods. He had a great desire for country life, and it happened just at this time that a shoemaker was required at a manor house who would set up his bench in the neighboring village, and there have a house free of rent, a little garden, and pasture for a cow; by permanent work from the manor and these additional helps one could manage nicely. My mother and father were very eager to have the place, and my father got a trial job to sew a pair of

dancing-shoes; a piece of silk was sent him, the leather he was to furnish himself. All our talk for a couple of days turned upon those shoes; I longed so much for the little garden where we could have flowers and shrubs, and I would sit in the sunshine and listen to the cuckoo. I prayed very fervently to God that he would grant us our wishes, and I thought that no greater happiness could be bestowed upon us. The shoes were at last finished; we looked on them with a solemn feeling, for they were to decide our future. My father wrapped them in his handkerchief and went off, and we waited for him with faces beaming with joy. He came home pale and angry; the gracious lady, he said, had not even tried the shoes on, — only looked at them sourly, and said that the silk was spoiled and that he could not get the place. "If you have spoiled your silk," said my father, "I can be reconciled to spoiling my leather too," so he took a knife and cut off the soles.

There was no more hope of our getting into the country. We mingled our tears together, and I thought that God could easily have granted our wish. If he had done so, I had no doubt been a peasant all my life; my whole future would have been different from what it has been. I have often since thought and said to myself: Do you think that our Lord for your sake and for your future has let your parents lose their days of happiness?

My father's rambles in the wood became more frequent; he had no rest. The events of the war in Germany, which he read with eager curiosity, occupied him completely. Napoleon was his hero: his rise from obscurity was the most beautiful example to him. At that time Denmark was in league with France; nothing was

talked of but war; my father entered the service as a soldier, in hope of returning home a lieutenant. My mother wept, the neighbors shrugged their shoulders, and said that it was folly to go out to be shot when there was no occasion for it.

The morning on which the corps were to march I heard my father singing and talking merrily, but his heart was deeply agitated; I observed that by the passionate manner in which he kissed me when he took his leave. I lay sick of the measles and alone in the room, when the drums beat, and my mother accompanied my father, weeping, to the city gate. As soon as they were gone my old grandmother came in; she looked at me with her mild eyes and said it would be a good thing if I died; but that God's will was always the best.

That was the first day of real sorrow that I remember.

The regiment advanced no farther than Holstein; peace was concluded, and the voluntary soldier returned to his work-stool. Everything fell into its old course. I played again with my dolls, acted comedies, always in German, because I had only seen them in this language; but my German was a sort of gibberish which I made up, and in which there occurred only one real German word, and that was "*Besen*,"—a word which I had picked up out of the various dialects which my father brought home from Holstein.

"Thou hast, indeed, some benefit from my travels," said he in joke. "God knows whether thou wilt get as far; but that must be thy care. Think about it, Hans Christian!"

ICELAND

I

IN SAGA TIMES

HISTORICAL NOTE

ICELAND has been called the Island of Fire, and the name is most appropriate, for not only was the country formed by the action of fire, but it is to-day the home of volcanoes, geysers, hot springs, lava, ashes, scoriæ, and earthquakes, intermingled with glaciers, fields of snow, and ice-covered mountains.

Iceland was visited by the Celts in the eighth century, but the first permanent settlement was made in 874, by a Norwegian chieftain named Ingolf. Harald Fairhair was then on the throne of Norway, and his subjects were so indignant at his severity that colony after colony left the country and made homes for themselves on the Icelandic shores.

After about half a century, a sort of union was formed by the various settlements, and until 1261 the island was a republic. This was the Golden Age of Iceland, and the little country flourished commercially and intellectually. During this period Greenland was discovered and settled and the continent of America was visited. (See Volume XII, "The Great Voyage of Leif Erikson.") How much knowledge Columbus may have gained from the Icelandic records is still a question. About the year 1000, Christianity was introduced, chiefly at the point of the sword, by the energetic sovereign, King Olaf of Norway.

The national assembly, the Althing, met in the open air at Thingvalla; and here it continued to meet up to the year 1800, when it removed to Reykjavik.

HOW THE SAGAS CAME TO BE WRITTEN

BY SABINE BARING-GOULD

Iceland never was, and it is not now, a much-peopled island. The farmhouses are for the most part far apart, and the farms are of very considerable extent, because, owing to the severity of the climate, very little pasturage is obtained over a wide extent of country for the sheep and cattle. The population lives round the coast, on the fiords or creeks of the sea, or on the rivers that flow into these fiords. The center of the island is occupied by a vast waste of ice-covered mountain, and desert black as ink strewn with volcanic ash and sand, or else with a region of erupted lava that is impassable, because in cooling it has exploded, and forms a country of bristling spikes and gulfs and sharp edges, very much like the wreck of a huge ginger-beer bottle factory.

What are now farmhouses were the halls and mansions of families of noble descent. Indeed, the original settlers in Iceland were the nobles of Norway who left their native land to avoid the tyranny of Harald Fairhair, who tried to crush their power so as to make himself a despotic king in the land.

These Norse nobles came in their boats to Iceland, bringing with them their wives, children, their thralls or slaves, and their cattle; and they settled all round the coast. The present Icelanders are descended from these first colonists.

Now, the history of Iceland for a few hundred years

consists of nothing but the history of the quarrels of these great families. Iceland was without any political organization, but it had an elected lawman or judge, and every year the heads of the families rode to Thingvalla, a plain in the southwest, where they brought their complaints, carried on their lawsuits, and had them settled by the judge. There was no army, no navy, no government in Iceland for a long time; also no foreign wars, and no internal revolutions.

These noble families settled in the valleys and upon the fiords thought a good deal of themselves, and they carefully preserved, at first orally, then in writing, the record of their pedigrees, and also the tradition of the famous deeds of their great men.

In summer there is no night; in winter, no day. In winter there is little or nothing to be done but sit over the fire, sing songs, and tell yarns. Now, in winter the Icelanders told the tales of the brave men of old in their families, and so the tradition was handed on from father to son, the same stories told every winter, till all the particulars became well known. At the same time there can be no doubt that little embellishments were added, some exaggerations were indulged in, and here and there the grand deed of some other man was grafted into the story of the family hero. About two hundred or two hundred and fifty years after the death of Grettir, his history was committed to writing, and then it became fixed — nothing further was added to it, and we have his story after having traveled down over two hundred years as a tradition. That was plenty of time for additions and emendations, and the hobgoblin and ghost stories that come into his life are some of these embellishments. But

the main facts of his life are true history. We are able to decide this by comparing his story with those of other families in the same part of the island, and to see whether they agree as to dates, and as to the circumstances narrated in them.

HOW THE EARLY ICELANDERS DRESSED

BY J. FULFORD VICARY

The dress of the Northmen, from the paucity of material, was restricted within certain limits, but beyond this it varied as much as taste in dress does in the present day. The source from which information can be obtained is the sagas themselves, and, as the reference to dress therein is necessarily of a casual character, only a patchwork description can be afforded; but, like patches, it can be joined into a whole to form a picture, although of a varied character.

Next to the skin a *skyrta*, or *serkr*, — that is, a shirt, — was worn, and this was made of linen for the richer people, and coarse woolen for the poorer class. It was drawn on over the head, and the opening at the neck must not be too large, otherwise it might be the cause of divorce. It was fastened at the neck with a clasp or stud. The shirt-tails should not be seen, says the "Rongespeil," or the saga on manners, and gives an injunction: "Cut your shirt by a good bit shorter than your kirtle, as no respectable man wears flax or hemp."

Inside drawers or breeches of linen were used, and were generally slept in. When these were dispensed with, and only one pair of leg-coverings used, they were tied over the foot, and Gothic prisoners of war are so depicted in the Colonna Trajana in Rome. The cut of trousers varied; they were often wide in the leg, but it was considered that when narrow they afforded a

smarter appearance. Hose were thought a more stately dress. They were long stockings, over which short breeches were drawn. The hose were sometimes of cloth, skins, or leather, and, as they covered the foot, were like a long boot reaching to the thighs, and spurs were attached to the heels.

Shoes were generally worn, and were made high up the ankle or low on the foot according to the wearer's pleasure. They were sometimes ornamented with fringe or tassels. In King Olaf's time, it is mentioned in Bjorn Hitdælekæmpe's saga that it was the custom to wear straps, which were drawn from the shoe about the leg up to the knee, and that only men of the more distinguished class wore them.

The outer dress was a *kyrtill*, or frock, made like a shirt. It was drawn in at the waist with a *gjörd*, or belt, which was often of a costly character, embroidered with gold and precious stones. From it hung a knife and a purse. The frock was fastened with a clasp at the neck. Gloves were used, chiefly of deerskin, often embroidered with gold. Mittens were much worn; they were of woolen cloth, lined with down.

Over the kirtle a cape or short cloak was worn, and this article of dress varied greatly in cut and color. The cape most in vogue was called *skikkja*, and appears to have been without sleeves or armholes. It was fastened across the breast with clasps, or buckles, or was tied. This article of dress is frequently mentioned in the sagas as being selected for a present, and was then usually of scarlet cloth, with gold fringe or costly fur.

Hats were made of felt, and so wide in the brim that they covered the face, and these were white or gray.

Hats, however, were in use called Russian or Danish hats, but it is not clear what peculiar shape they possessed. Worsted or silk caps of the nightcap cut were common. They were also made of bear or sheep skin.

The *treyja*, or jacket, was introduced later; and this fashion came first from Germany, and found its way to the North.

Kufl was a sort of overcoat furnished with a hood and sleeves, and was worn by both men and women. *Hekla* resembled the *kufl*, and was often of costly stuff. It is not clear that it differed in cut from the cowl of the monks.

The *feldr* was an overcloak much in use. It was made very large, and lined for warmth, often both sides, with sheepskins. Sometimes it was lined with cloth of different colors. Its value was according to its size. Its usual length was six feet, and three feet broad. It was large enough to be drawn over the head when sitting, and to cover the body when lying down. The breadth is given as quoted, but as in the "Gragas" it is stated that it should be capable of being folded thirteen times across (the price varied with the number of folds), there is a contradiction. The *feldr* was a garment for severe weather.

The color of clothes was the natural color of the wool, or dyed blue or scarlet. The women of saga time were adepts as dyers. White woolen cloth was generally worn by the thralls. The dress of the vikings is described in the sagas of as bright colors as a salmon-fly for Norwegian rivers. Egil Skallagrimsson is described as riding to the Thing with a flock of men with bright shields. He wore a blue cloak, had a golden helmet, a shield inlaid

with gold, and a spear, the shaft of which was ornamented with gold beaten into it. He was girded with a costly sword. In the saga of Njal and his sons, Kare Sölmundsson is described as standing by the mast of his ship with a helmet of gold and a gold-inlaid spear. He wore a *kyrtill* of silk, and his hair was full and fair. Also in the same saga, when Njal's sons set out to slay Thraen for a blood-feud, Skarphedinn and his brothers are mentioned as well as Kare Sölmundsson. Skarphedinn went first, wearing a blue *kyrtill,* bearing a shield, and with his axe on his shoulder. Then came Helge, in a red *kyrtill,* with a helmet on his head, and a red shield on which a stag was painted. Kare Sölmundsson wore a silk jacket; his helmet and shield were gilt, and upon the latter was depicted a lion. Thraen was killed by a blow from Skarphedinn's axe, which cut down his skull to the teeth.

Another picture of Skarphedinn is when he attended the Althing. He wore a blue *kyrtill,* striped breeches, high-heeled black shoes, and a silver belt round his waist. He had the battle-axe in his hand with which he had slain Thraen, and a light shield. He wore a silk cap, and his hair hung down behind his ears.

Another bright coloring is that of Olaf Pa, or the Peacock, when he visited his grandfather Myrkjartan, King of Ireland. "Olaf was forward in his ship, and was thus clad: he had breast-armor, a gold-inlaid helmet on his head; he was girt with a sword, the hilt of which was ornamented with gold nails. In his hand he had a long spear, the shaft of which was carved. He carried a red shield, on which was a gilded lion. When the Irish saw this armor, they fled to a village."

Another sketch from the sagas is that of Bolle Bollesson on his return from Miklagard, or Constantinople, as related in the Laxdæler's saga. Bolle was such a dandy that he would not use any other clothes except scarlet and fur. His arms were inlaid with gold. He rode with twelve men dressed in scarlet, on gilded saddles. He was himself clothed in the dress of costly furs given him by the King of Miklagard. His sword Fodbider, or Footbiter, was by his side; its scabbard and hilt were decorated with gold. His helmet was of the same metal. He bore a red shield, on which was a knightly device; and in his hand he carried a dagger, as was the fashion in foreign lands.

Ornaments to fasten the dress were used by men, as clasps, studs, and buckles of silver, gold, or a mixture of both metals. Rings of silver or gold were in common use. There were finger-rings, neck-rings, and armlets. The patterns were rough, but never in bad taste, and those of Byzantine model were ingenious in pattern, and at the present day there is nothing better in gold ornaments either in taste or design. A gold armlet was the usual reward for a scald when he had sung a song in honor of a king or chief. Amulets were worn, and much faith in their virtues was entertained.

A change of fashion came with the twelfth century. Snorre Sturleson records that foreign customs and fashions were then introduced. Breeches with tucks in them were worn, and gold rings on the leg. Kirtles were used with clasps at the sides, and sleeves ten feet long, and so tight that they had to be drawn up to the shoulders and fastened. Shoes were used so high that they had to be tied to the leg. They were embroidered with

silk and gold. It is not improbable that preposterous fashions were then in vogue.

There is less evidence of the dress of women in the sagas than of men. The innermost garment was of linen or silk, and was called *serkr*. It was very little different from that of the men's *serkr*, except that it was wider at the breast. Women wore socks and shoes. Their kirtles were long and wide, and were furnished with long sleeves, although unmarried women often had no sleeves to their dresses. Belts were worn round the waist, often of gold or silver, and to them were attached a purse to hold rings and other small matters of value. The house-mother's bunch of keys hung from her belt. The kirtle was sometimes called *nam-kyrtill*, from *nam*, a sort of stuff which was laced or bound by the belt tight to the waist. An overdress was used, called *blæja*, a sort of apron, which was used as such, as well as on state occasions. It was dyed or of a colored pattern, and decorated with fringe or edging. The kirtle was not so high as to hide the neck and breast, but for this another garment was used, called *smokkr*, a kind of neckerchief, or cravat. It was often the case that the neck was uncovered and ornamented with necklaces or chains. A sort of loose dress was used, called *sloedúr*, with a long skirt or train. The word is from *slóth*, or the mark made by dragging an article over snow or sand. Although used by women, it was also used by kings when they gave audience.

From the sagas it is clear that a bodice was worn above the kirtle. In the Laxdæler's saga, when Gudrun's third husband, Bolle, was killed in a blood-feud at a *sæter* hut, the pursuers met Gudrun after the deed outside the hut. She is described as dressed in a narrow

kirtle, with a tight-fitting bodice of figured stuff. She wore a large ornament on her head, and had about her a white cloth with blue stripes and fringe at the ends. Helge Hardbensson went to her, and, taking the cloth, wiped her husband's blood off his spear with it. This cloth appears to have been worn like a plaid. Haldor told Helge Hardbensson that such conduct was bad and cruel, but Gudrun only smiled. She had already determined on Helge Hardbensson's death, and he knew it. "Under the four corners of that cloak is my fate," said Helge. He was killed with the sword Fodbider, by Bolle, Gudrun's son, in the continuance of the blood-feud.

In Njal's saga, Halgerde, the Jezebel of this traditionary history, is often mentioned with regard to her dress. She was very tall and handsome, and, like other people, a nickname was given her, according to the fashion of saga time. She was called Halgerde Langbrok (Long Breeches). Her hair was abundant and fair, and so long that it covered her. She was fostered by a man called Thjóstolf, from the Hebrides. The evidence is conflicting whether he was a thrall or not. He had killed many men, and led to Halgerde's mind being merciless, as we shall see by her conduct. She was married by her father to her first husband against her will, her objection being solely that the match was a bad one. She consulted her foster-father, Thjóstolf. When the wedding was over, and the guests were riding home, one of them asked his son what he thought of the wedding.

"She [Halgerde] laughed at everything," was the answer.

"I do not like such laughter," said the father.

The first quarrel that took place between the newly married pair precipitated what had already been determined on. Thorvald, her husband, was murdered with an axe by Thjóstolf. When Glúm, her second husband, came to court her, she was dressed in a costly woven cape, underneath which she had a scarlet kirtle. She wore a silver belt, and her hair fell on each side of her head down her breast, and was fastened to the silver belt. Glúm's fate was similar to Thorvald's, with the consequence that Thjóstolf was slain by Hrut, Halgerde's uncle. When Gunnar, her third husband, paid his court to her, she was dressed in a red kirtle, with a rich border; her hair was abundant and fair, and fell to her lap. After her marriage she was the cause of the death of many men, and involved Gunnar, the gentleman of the saga, in a feud that led to his death, solely because she had quarreled with Njal's wife, Bergthora, at a feast, on a small question of precedence. She refused to give place to any one, and said she would not be shoved into a corner. To revenge this slight she sent a thrall to steal food, so as to put her husband in a difficulty. Theft was impossible to so noble and true a man. When Gunnar was attacked in his house, and his bowstring was cut by a spear, Halgerde refused to give him a lock of her hair to mend it, because he had once smacked her face. She told him it was indifferent to her how soon he was killed. After this deed of blood, Ranveig, Gunnar's mother, drove Halgerde away. "You have caused my son's death," she said, "and shall not remain here."

Of ornaments for women many specimens exist in museums. Finger-rings, armlets, neck-rings, diadems, clasps, buckles, brooches, bracelets, and ornaments that

hung from the head or breast. There were also beads of amber or metal.

It is clear from the foregoing that both men and women of saga time were fond of dress and show. A learned professor states that the Norman love of splendor was an inheritance from the old saga time.

PAYING VISITS IN SAGA TIME

BY J. FULFORD VICARY

THE houses of the Northmen in saga time were of one type. They were built of wood where it could be obtained. Logs of wood were roughly hewn and placed one over the other, and the interstices filled with moss. Outside, wood tar was used; inside, hangings of skin or coarse cloth. Occasionally, the inside of the house was lined with rough boards. The roof consisted of boards covered with birch bark, on which turf was placed. The same description of buildings existed in Sweden and in Courland, as it is so stated in Egil Skallagrimson's saga.

There were no chimneys, and an upper room or loft was comparatively unusual. The interior of the house consisted of one room open to the roof, and the smoke of the fire found its way through a hole, which could be shut with a framework, on which the caul of a calf was stretched. In the upper part of the walls of the houses holes were made, called *gluggår*. Sometimes these were in the lower part of the roof, and were called wind-eyes (*vindöie*); hence the word "window." These windows were closed with shutters or trapdoors. Under the *ljören*, or opening where the smoke left the house, was the fire, which was lit on the floor, or on a few stones placed for the purpose. In larger houses the fire was nearly as long as the hall. Trunks of trees were lit in such a manner that they burnt through their whole length. On the floor was the tub that held the *mjöd*, or

mead, and from which that liquid was served in horns to the guests. On formal occasions the floor was strewn with straw or rushes.

The hangings in large houses were often of costly material, embroidered or bordered with colored cloth.

The shape of the house was rectangular, the longer sides facing north and south; the ends, east and west. At the ends were the doors, one for the men, and the other for the women. When such a house was entered, the first things seen were the mead-tub and the long fire. On each side were benches, the whole length of the hall. The bench facing the south was the chief seat. On each of the two benches was a high seat, which was an armchair with a high back and pillars at the sides. These pillars were held in much reverence, and were generally carved with the image of a god, as of Thor. They were regarded as penates, and when the Northmen fled from Norway after the battle of Hafrffiord, they took the pillars of their high seats with them, and cast them into the sea, and colonized Iceland near the places where they drove ashore. The benches were furnished with cushions or pillows; and, when necessary, a lower row of benches was placed in front of the chief benches. They could be taken away when not required.

The chief man, whether he was a farmer, carl, or king, sat in the high seat facing the south, and opposite to him sat his principal guest, with his friends or servants. The host could thus speak to his guest across the long fire, or, what appeared of more frequent occurrence, drink his health. Each man's weapons were hung behind his back, except his sword, which was rarely out of his hand in saga time.

At meal-times tables were placed the length of the hall. These consisted of boards placed on trestles. They were so placed that the people who served could pass between them and the benches. In old times such a hall was not only a dining-hall, but a sleeping-place. Each man slept on the bench on which he sat, or if he, as more than occasionally happened, got tipsy, he slept in the straw on the floor.

The above description applies to the more simple class of dwellings in saga time. The larger houses consisted of a hall (*skâli*), which was often of considerable size. One is described in the appendix, or rather addition to the "Landnámbók" of Iceland, as two hundred and ten feet in length, and twenty-eight feet broad. At the entrance was a forehall called *forskâli*, and was so wide that several persons could walk abreast in it. The entrance to the hall was supplied with a door, which was fastened by an iron bar or a strong piece of wood. Besides the benches running the length of the hall, there was a cross-bench, on which the women sat; and outside the hall was a covered way, or passage, that was connected with doors to the hall. If the hall was designed for use both summer and winter for all classes of the household, it was called an *eldskâli*, — that is, a hall with a long fire; and in this case it was furnished with sleeping-places situated immediately behind the seats occupied during the day. Behind the cross-benches paneled rooms were made for the women, who were separated also by a cloth hanging called *tverpalle*. The bedding consisted of coverlids of down, bolsters, linen sheets, and occasionally a sleeping-place was hung round with skins to keep out draughts. The skins used for this purpose were chiefly

fox-skins. If the hall was not supplemented with other buildings, cupboards, or the like, were contrived for keeping provisions; they were often constructed at the end of the two forehalls, at the entrances on each side of the hall.

Houses in saga time varied, as houses do now, after individual builders' tastes; and three instances are given in the Icelandic "Landnámbók" where houses were built over roads, so that every one who passed must go through the halls and partake of their owners' hospitality. Tables were placed, loaded with food, so that the travelers should not be kept waiting. This is a good example of old-fashioned Icelandic kindliness.

The hall, or *skáli*, was prepared to receive guests by being hung with hangings of skins or cloth. The benches were covered with cushions and pillows; the articles in use for the tables were cleaned and polished; the table-linen was in order; the floors strewn with rushes or straw; the fires lighted; and tubs full of mead, and all placed at the ends of the tables. The guests usually arranged their journey so as to arrive in the afternoon of the day the visit began. Men and women of the household were appointed to go out and meet the guests, and attend to a certain number of them subsequently. Some of the men took charge of the guest's horses and arms, as in saga time it was necessary to be well armed on a journey. The women were met in the hall by the women of their host's family, and their finery taken charge of and placed in a convenient place for use. This does not appear to be so very distant a custom.

The reception of the guests, and the boiling of meat and other good things on the long fire in the hall, made

the scene animated. This, however, calmed down as guest after guest arrived, and each was shown his or her appointed place — the men on the long benches, the women on the cross-bench. This was a difficult matter, as there was a strong feeling as to precedence, and an injudicious arrangement was highly resented. The house-father sat in the high seat in the middle of the long benches, on the side facing the south. If king or jarl were present, he gave up his high seat to him. The house-mother, if not engaged in serving her guests, occupied the seat in the middle of the cross-bench. If more guests were present than the long benches could accommodate, a row of seats was placed in front of them. These were called *forsæti*, and appear to have been boards on trestles or forms; chairs were also used. When all were seated, the house-father gave his blessing for peace. Water was carried round to the guests to wash their hands, and this duty was generally performed by the house-mother herself, as complimentary to her guests. The tables were placed, and the cooked meats put on them, and after eating had progressed, the women of the household, and men who could be trusted with that important duty, filled the horns and beakers of the guests. They were called *Skenjarar*, and had an overlooker, or chief, who directed this heavy labor. Drinking, however, did not begin in serious earnest until the tables were removed. Then the solemnity of the occasion asserted itself. Three healths were drunk to the gods, to Odin, Thor, and Bragi; and other healths followed, until the guests settled down to drink with a steady determination befitting people with the hardest heads in Europe.

A beaker or horn was half emptied by a man, who as a compliment sent it to a friend, who was honorably bound to empty it, and never failed in the duty. The repetition of this produced results. A pair of old friends sat near each other, and engaged in a friendly contest. They drank their beakers out at a pull, and exhibited the empty horns as an evidence of their prowess, until one of the pair could drink no more. This was a pleasant test of capacity. Men and women also drank in this way, and it is recorded that the latter were not always the weaker vessels.

The women of the household were specially instructed to induce the men to get drunk, as otherwise the evening would be dull. A man who did not get tipsy was tried, and sentenced to drink a horn of ale specially adapted for the execution of the sentence. This horn was called *vítishorn*, or the horn to be drunk out as a penalty.

As the evening passed, better ale and mead were introduced, and occasionally wine, and, if this was done at the right moment, it was a theme for praise.

The conduct of the guests when very drunk was not always of a refined character. As their arms had been taken from them, they were unable to use them, and were reduced to drunken fights with their fists and drinking-horns, which, when bound with silver or other metal, were no despicable weapons. The bones of the animals that had furnished the feast were also used. The men who were sober endeavored to still the tumult; but the women were more useful. They threw clothes over the contending drunkards and gave them more to drink, which, if it had not a sobering effect, had a quieting one.

It was a matter of honor for the house-father to see that his chief guests were put to bed in the quarters set apart for them, and that the others were comfortable on the rushes of the hall.

The next day, when the guests were assembled in the hall, the first duty of the house-father was to smooth over the squabbles that had occurred the night before. This was easy, as quarrels always happened at such gatherings, and experienced guests took it as a matter of course. Drinking then began again, on the excellent principle of taking a hair of the dog that bit you; but it was only towards night that the same scene was renewed, which was the case as long as the visit lasted.

HOW THE LAWS WERE MADE IN SAGA TIME

For the two weeks over which the Althing extended, Thingvalla presented a brilliant and varied scene. From all quarters ride the chiefs with their followers to the assembly, their bright weapons glancing in the sunshine: by the side of many a chief ride gayly dressed ladies, his wife and daughter, or kinswomen. In an instant the whole plain is alive with men and horses. Friends who have not met for years greet each other; some unharness their horses and lead them away to graze; some arrange and store their baggage; some are building new booths, and some repairing old ones or spreading the awnings over them. At once there rises a whole village of booths, with green turf walls covered by white awnings. Thursday is occupied in getting the booths into order and settling down generally. On Friday and Saturday the multitude crowds around the Lögberg (Hill of Laws) to hear the speaker recite the laws of the land, and on those days also the judges are appointed and the courts constituted. On Sunday the real work of the assembly begins, when the legislative council holds its first meeting. On Monday the courts begin to sit, and thenceforward the work goes on vigorously for the rest of the time of assembly, in a constant succession of councils, judgments, proclamations on the Hill of Laws, etc. The intervals of this serious business are filled up with various relaxations. Men visit each other in the booths, woo

the fair daughters of the chieftains, wrestle on Fanga-brekka, or listen to the narratives of some good story-teller; for it was the custom that he who knew most tales and could tell them best recited his narratives aloud, while the people crowded around to listen.

II

STORIES FROM THE ICELANDIC SAGAS

HISTORICAL NOTE

This little island in the frozen North is famous for the brilliancy of its classic literature. This is partly due to the severity of the climate, which isolated the Icelanders in their villages for a great part of the year. Story-telling became their great resource during the gloomy, monotonous days of the winter; and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there was a grand outburst of literature. Especially valuable among the early books are the "Older Edda," the "Younger," or "Prose Edda," and the "Heimskringla." Had it not been for the Icelandic writers, little would have been known of the early history of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

As interesting as these three are the sagas, or hero-stories, some mythological or legendary, and others real biography, with perhaps no more exaggeration and glorification of their heroes than may be found in many later biographies. Properly speaking, the saga is the prose tale of the life of some hero. It is much like the epic, except that the latter is in verse. The saga must have a simple plot, events must be told in the order of their occurrence; and in the strict saga form, certain conventional phrases must be used in picturing even events that would arouse depth of feeling. These hero-stories were at first recited; but they gradually worked their way into a regular and more artistic form and into writing. The best sagas come from the western part of the country. Here they were deeply affected by the influence of the Irish settlers.

THE IRISH IN THULE

[Eighth century]

FROM THE SAGA OF OLAF TRYGGVASON

Thus says the holy priest Bede, in the chronicles which he wrote concerning the regions of the earth: that the island which is called Thule in the books lies so far in the north part of the world that there comes no day in the winter when the night is longest, and no night in summer, when the day is longest. Therefore think learned men that it is Ireland which is called Thule, for there are many places in that land where the sun sets not at night, when the day is longest, and in the same manner where the sun cannot be seen by day, when the night is longest. But the holy priest Bede died 735 years after the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, more than a hundred and twenty years before Ireland was inhabited by the Northmen. But, before Iceland was colonized from Norway, men had been there whom the Northmen called Papas. They were Christians, for after them were found Irish books, bells, and crosiers, and many other things, from whence it could be seen that they were Christian men, and had come from the west over the sea. English books also show that, in that time, there was intercourse between the two countries.

GLUM AND HIS MAN INGOLF

[About 950]

FROM "VIGA-GLUM'S SAGA"

[Glum was a real person, who lived in the middle of the tenth century. The story of his exploits is told in the saga of Viga-Glum, one of the earliest of the sagas. The following extract is full of allusions to the customs of early Iceland, the horse fights, the atoning for bloodshed by the payment of a fine, and the trick by which Ingolf gets the daughter of Thorkel for his wife.

The Editor.]

I

It happened one summer at the Althing, that the northern men and those of the West-firths met one another on the wrestling-ground in a match according to their districts. The northerners had rather the worst of it, and their leader was Márr, the son of Glum. Now a certain man of the name of Ingolf, the son of Thorvald, came up, whose father lived at Rangavellir. Márr addressed him thus: "You are a strong-limbed fellow, and ought to be sturdy; do me the favor of going into the match and taking hold." His answer was, "I will do so for your sake"; and forthwith the man he grappled with went down, and thus it was with the second, and the third, so that the northerners were well pleased. Then said Márr, "If you want a good word on my part, I shall be ready to help you. What may be your plans?" "I have no plans," he answered, "but I had an inclination to go southward and get work." "Well," rejoined Márr,

"I should like you to go with me; I will get you a place." Ingolf had a good horse of his own, which he called by the name of "Snækoll," and he went northward to Thverà, after the Thing was over, and stayed there some time. Márr asked him one day what he intended to do. "There is an overlooker wanted here, who ought to be somewhat handy; for instance, here is this sledge to be finished, and if you can do that, you can do something worth having." "I should be too glad of such a place," said Ingolf, "but it has sometimes happened that my horses have caused trouble in the pastures of the cattle." "No one will talk about that here," answered Márr; so Ingolf set to work on the sledge. Glum came up, and looked at what he was doing. "That is a good piece of work," he observed. "What are your plans?" Ingolf answered, "I have no plans." Glum replied, "I want an overlooker; are you used to that sort of business?" "Not much, in such a place as this, but I should be glad to stay with you." "Why should it not be so?" said Glum; "for I see that you and Márr get on well together." When Márr came home, Ingolf told him what had passed. "I should like it much," he answered, "if it turns out well, and I will take care, if anything displeases my father, to tell you of it three times; but if you do not set it right, then I must stop." So Ingolf took to his business, and Glum was pleased with him.

One day Glum and Ingolf, his overlooker, went to a horse-fight; the latter rode a mare, but the horse ran along by their side. The sport was good; Kálf of Stockahlad was there, and he had an old working horse who beat all the others. He called out, "Why don't they bring into the ring that fine-jawed beast of the Thverà

people?" "They are no fair match," said Glum, "your cart-horse and that stallion." "Ah!" exclaimed Kálf, "the real reason why you will not fight him is because he has no spirit in him. It may be the old proverb is proved true, 'The cattle are like their master.'" "You know nothing about that," answered Glum, "and I will not refuse on Ingolf's part, but the fight must not go on longer than he chooses." "He will probably know well enough," said Kálf, "that little will be done against your wishes." The two horses were led out, and fought well, and all thought Ingolf's horse had the best of it; Glum then chose to separate them, and they rode home. Ingolf remained that year in his place, and Glum was well satisfied with him.

Not long after this there was a meeting in Diupadal, whither Glum and Ingolf, with his horse, came; Kálf also was there. This last man was a friend of the people of Espihole, and he demanded that they should now let the horses fight it out. Glum said it depended on Ingolf, but that he himself was against it; however, he did not like to back out of it, and the horses were led out accordingly. Kálf spurred his horse on, but Ingolf's horse had the best of it in every contest. Then Kálf struck Ingolf's horse over the ears with his staff in such a way as to make him giddy, but immediately afterwards he went at his adversary again. Glum came up, and fair fighting was restored, till in the end Kálf's horse bolted from the ring. Then there was a great shout, and at last Kálf smote Ingolf with his stick. People interfered, and Glum said, "Let us take no note of such a matter as this; this is the end of every horse-fight." Márr, on the other hand, said to Ingolf, "Depend upon it, my father does

not intend that any disgrace shall attach to you for this blow."

II

There was a man named Thorkel, who lived at Hamar. Ingolf went thither, and met this man's daughter, who was a handsome woman. Her father was well enough off, but he was not a person of much consideration in the country. Ingolf, however, attended properly to his duties as overlooker, but he did not work as a craftsman so much as he had done, and Márr spoke to him once about it, saying, "I see that my father is not pleased at your being often away from home." Ingolf gave a fair answer, but it came to the same thing again, and Márr warned him again a second and third time, but it was no use.

One evening it happened that he came home late, and when the men had had their supper, Glum said, "Now let us amuse ourselves, and let each of us say what or whom he most relies on, and I will have first choice. Well, I choose three things on which I most rely; the first is my purse, the second is my axe, and the third is my larder." Then one man after another made his choice, and Glum called out, "Whom do you choose, Ingolf?" His answer was, "Thorkel, of Hamar." Glum jumped up, held up the hilt of his sword, and going up to him said, "A pretty sort of patron you have chosen." All men saw that Glum was wroth. He went out, and Ingolf went with him, and then Glum said to him, "Go now to your patron and tell him you have killed Kálf." "Why," replied he, "how can I tell him this lie?" "You shall do as I please," answered Glum, so they both went together, and Glum turned into the barn, where he saw

a calf before him. "Cut its head off," he cried, "and then go southward across the river, and tell Thorkel that you look to him alone for protection, and show him your bloody sword as the token of the deed you have done." Ingolf did this; went to Thorkel, and told him as news how he had not forgotten the blow Kálf had given him, and how he had killed him. The answer was, "You are a fool, and you have killed a good man; get you gone as quick as you can. I do not choose that you should be slain on my premises." Then Ingolf came back again to meet Glum, who asked him, "Well, how did your patron turn out?" "Not over well," said he. "You will have trouble on your hands," remarked Glum, "if Kálf of Stockahlad should really be killed."

Now Glum himself had killed Kálf, at Stockahlad, whilst Ingolf was away, and had thus taken vengeance for him, and the following day Kálf's death was publicly known. Thorkel said at once that a fellow had come thither who had taken the death on himself, so that everybody thought it was really so. The winter passed on, and Glum sent Ingolf northward, to the house of Einar, the son of Konál, and gave him nine hundred ells of cloth. "You have had no wages," he said, "from me, but with your saving habits you may turn this to good account, and as regards this matter which is laid to your charge, I will take care of that. It shall not hurt you; I paid you off for your perverseness in this way, and when you come home, you may come and pay me a visit." Ingolf answered, "One thing I beg of you, do not let the woman be married to any one else." "This I promise you," said Glum. Ingolf's horses were left where they were. Einar, the son of Konál, got Ingolf conveyed

abroad, but Thorvald began a suit at the Hegranes Thing for the slaughter of Kálf, and it looked as if Ingolf would be found guilty. Glum was at the Thing, and some of Ingolf's kinsmen came to him, and asked him to look after the case, professing their readiness to contribute to pay the fine for him. Glum told them, "I will see to the suit without any fine being paid."

When the court went out to sit, and the defendant was called on for his defense, Glum stated that the suit was null and void, "for you have proceeded against the wrong man; I did the deed." Then he named his witnesses, who were to certify that the suit was void; "for though Ingolf did kill the 'calf' in the barn, I did not make any charge against him for that. Now I will offer an atonement more according to the worth of the man killed, than according to the pride of you men of Espihole." So he did, and the people left the Thing.

Ingolf was abroad that winter, and could stand it no longer, but turned his cash into goods, and purchased valuable articles, and tapestry hangings of rare quality. Glum had given him a good cloak, and he exchanged that for a scarlet kirtle. The summer that he had sailed there came out to Iceland the man called Thiodolf, whose father lived at Æsustad. He visited Hamar, and fell in with Helga. One day Glum was riding up to Hole, and as he went down the hill at Saurbæ, Thiodolf met him. Glum said to him, "I do not like your visits to Hamar; I mean myself to provide for Helga's marriage, and if you do not give this up I shall challenge you to the 'Holmgang.'" He answered that he was not going to match himself with Glum, and so he left off going thither.

III

Then Ingolf came out to Iceland and went to Thverà, and asked Glum to take him in, which was granted. One day he said, "Now, Glum, I should like you to look over my merchandise." So he did, and it seemed to him that Ingolf had laid out his money well. Then Ingolf said, "You gave me the capital for this voyage, and I consider all the goods as belonging to you." "No," answered Glum, "what you have got is not enough for me to take anything from you." "Here," answered Ingolf, "are some hangings which I purchased for you — these you shall accept; and here is a kirtle." "I will accept your gifts," replied Glum.

Another time Glum asked him if he wished to remain at home with him, and Ingolf answered that his intention was not to part from him if he had the choice of staying. "My stud-horses I will give you," he said, and Glum replied, "The horses I will accept, and now to-day we will go and find Thorkel, at Hamar." Thorkel received Glum well, and the latter said, "You have wronged Ingolf, and now you must make it up to him by giving him your daughter in marriage — he is a proper man for this match. I will lay down some money for him, and I have proved him to be a worthy fellow. If you do not act thus, you will see that you have made a bad business of it." So Thorkel consented, and Ingolf got his wife and settled down as a householder and a good useful man.

HOW KJARTAN OF ICELAND BECAME A CHRISTIAN

[About 1000]

FROM THE LAXDÆLER'S SAGA

There were ten Icelanders together who went with Kjartan on this journey, and none would part with him for the sake of the love they bore him. So with this following Kjartan went to the ship, and Kálf Asgeirson greeted them warmly. Kjartan and Bolli took a great many goods with them abroad. They now got ready to start, and when the wind blew they sailed out along Burgfirth with a light and good breeze, and then out to sea. They had a good journey, and got to Norway to the northwards and fell in with men there and asked for tidings. They were told that change of lords over the land had befallen, in that Earl Haakon had fallen and King Olaf Tryggvason had come in, and all Norway had fallen under his power. King Olaf was ordering a change of faith in Norway, and the people took to it most unequally. Kjartan and his companions took their craft up to Nidaros. At that time many Icelanders had come to Norway who were men of high degree. There lay beside the landing-stage three ships, all owned by Icelanders. One of the ships belonged to Brand the Bounteous, son of Vermund Thorgrimson. And another ship belonged to Halfred the Trouble-Bard. The third ship belonged to two brothers, one

named Bjarni, and the other Thorhall; they were sons of Broad-river-Skeggi, out of Fleelithe in the east. All these men had wanted to go west to Iceland that summer, but the king had forbidden all these ships to sail because the Icelanders would not take the new faith that he was preaching. All the Icelanders greeted Kjartan warmly, but especially Brand, as they had known each other already before. The Icelanders now took counsel together and came to an agreement among themselves that they would refuse this faith that the king preached, and all the men previously named bound themselves together to do this. Kjartan and his companions brought their ship up to the landing-stage and unloaded it and disposed of their goods.

King Olaf was then in the town. He heard of the coming of the ship, and that men of great account were on board. It happened one fair-weather day in the autumn that the men went out of the town to swim in the river Nid. Kjartan and his friends saw this. Then Kjartan said to his companions that they should also go and disport themselves that day. They did so. There was one man who was by much the best at this sport. Kjartan asked Bolli if he felt willing to try swimming against the townsman. Bolli answered, "I don't think I am a match for him." "I cannot think where your courage can now have got to," said Kjartan, "so I shall go and try." Bolli replied, "That you may do if you like." Kjartan then plunges into the river and up to this man who was the best swimmer and drags him forthwith under and keeps him down for awhile, and then lets him go up again. And when they had been up for a long while, this man suddenly clutches

Kjartan and drags him under; and they keep down for such a time as Kjartan thought quite enough, when up they come a second time. Not a word had either to say to the other. The third time they went down together, and now they keep under for much the longest time, and Kjartan now misdoubted him how this play would end, and thought he had never before found himself in such a tight place; but at last they come up and strike out for the bank. Then said the townsman, "Who is this man?" Kjartan told him his name. The townsman said, "You are very deft at swimming. Are you as good at other deeds of prowess as at this?" Kjartan answered rather coldly, "It was said when I was in Iceland that the others kept pace with this one. But now this one is not worth much." The townsman replied, "It makes some odds with whom you have had to do. But why do you not ask me anything?" Kjartan replied, "I do not want to know your name." The townsman answered, "You are not only a stalwart man, but you bear yourself very proudly as well, but none the less you shall know my name, and with whom you have been having a swimming match. Here is Olaf the king, the son of Tryggvi." Kjartan answered nothing, but turned away forthwith without his cloak. He had on a kirtle of red scarlet. The king was then well-nigh dressed; he called to Kjartan and bade him not go away so soon. Kjartan turned back, but rather slowly. The king then took a very good cloak off his shoulders and gave it to Kjartan, saying he should not go back cloakless to his companions. Kjartan thanked the king for the gift, and went to his own men and showed them the cloak. His men were nowise pleased

at this, for they thought Kjartan had got too much into the king's power; but matters went on quietly.

The weather set in very hard that autumn, and there was a great deal of frost, the season being cold. The heathen men said it was not to be wondered at that the weather should be so bad; "it is all because of the new-fangled ways of the king and this new faith that the gods are angry." The Icelanders kept all together in the town during the winter, and Kjartan took mostly the lead among them. On the weather taking a turn for the better, many people came to the town at the summons of King Olaf. Many people had become Christians in Thrandhome, yet there were a great many more who withstood the king. One day the king had a meeting out at Eyrar, and preached the new faith to men — a long harangue and telling. The people of Thrandhome had a whole host of men, and in turn offered battle to the king. The king said they must know that he had greater things to cope with than fighting there with churls out of Thrandhome. Then the goodmen lost heart and gave the whole case into the king's power, and many people were baptized then and there. After that, the meeting came to an end.

That same evening the king sent men to the lodgings of the Icelanders and bade them get sure knowledge of what they were saying. They did so. They heard much noise within. Then Kjartan began to speak, and said to Bolli, "How far are you willing, kinsman, to take this new faith the king preaches?" "I certainly am not willing thereto," said Bolli, "for their faith seems to me to be most feeble." Kjartan said, "Did ye not think the king was holding out threats against those who

should be unwilling to submit to his will?" Bolli answered, "It certainly seemed to me that he spoke out very clearly that they would have to take exceedingly hard treatment at his hands." "I will be forced under no one's thumb," said Kjartan, "while I have power to stand up and wield my weapons. I think it most unmanly, too, to be taken like a lamb in a fold or a fox in a trap. I think that is a better thing to choose, if a man must die in any case, to do first some such deed as shall be held aloft for a long time afterwards." Bolli said, "What will you do?" "I will not hide it from you," Kjartan replied; "I will burn the king in his hall." "There is nothing cowardly in that," said Bolli; "but this is not likely to come to pass, as far as I can see. The king, I take it, is one of great good luck and his guardian spirit mighty, and, besides, he has a faithful guard watching both day and night." Kjartan said that what most men failed in was daring, however valiant they might otherwise be. Bolli said it was not so certain who would have to be taunted for want of courage in the end. But here many men joined in, saying that was but an idle talk.

Now when the king's spies had overheard this, they went away and told the king all that had been said. The next morning the king wished to hold a meeting, and summoned all the Icelanders to it; and when the meeting was opened, the king stood up and thanked men for coming, all those who were his friends and had taken the new faith. Then he called to him for a parley the Icelanders. The king asked them if they would be baptized, but they gave little reply to that. The king said they were making for themselves the choice that

would answer the worst. "But, by the way, who of you thought it the best thing to do to burn me in my hall?" Then Kjartan answered, "You no doubt think that he who did say it would not have the pluck to confess it; but here you can see him." "I can indeed see you," said the king, "man of no small counsels, but it is not fated for you to stand over my head, done to death by you; and you have done quite enough that you should be prevented making a vow to burn more kings in their houses; yet, for the reason of being taught better things than you know and because I do not know whether your heart was in your speech, and that you have bravely acknowledged it, I will not take your life. It may also be that you follow the faith the better the more outspoken you are against it; and I can also see this, that on the day you let yourself be baptized of your own free will, several ships' crews will on that day also take the faith. And I think it likely to happen that your relations and friends will give much heed to what you speak to them when you return to Iceland. And it is in my mind that you, Kjartan, will have a better faith when you return from Norway than you had when you came hither. Go now in peace and safety wheresoever you like from the meeting. For the time being you shall not be tormented into Christianity, for God says that He wills that no one shall come to Him unwillingly." Good cheer was made at the king's speech, though mostly from the Christian men; but the heathen left it to Kjartan to answer as he liked. Kjartan said, "We thank you, king, that you grant safe peace unto us, and the way whereby you may most surely draw us to take the faith is, on the one hand, to forgive

us great offenses, and on the other to speak in this kindly manner on all matters, in spite of your this day having us and all our concerns in your power even as it pleases you. Now, as for myself, I shall receive the faith in Norway on that understanding alone that I shall give some little worship to Thor the next winter when I get back to Iceland." Then the king said and smiled, "It may be seen from the mien of Kjartan that he puts more trust in his own weapons and strength than in Thor and Odin." Then the meeting was broken up.

After a while many men egged the king on to force Kjartan and his followers to receive the faith, and thought it unwise to have so many heathen men near about him. The king answered wrathfully, and said he thought there were many Christians who were not nearly so well-behaved as was Kjartan or his company either, "and for such one would have long to wait." The king caused many profitable things to be done that winter; he had a church built and the market town greatly enlarged. This church was finished at Christmas. Then Kjartan said they should go so near the church that they might see the ceremonies of this faith the Christians followed; and many fell in, saying that would be right good pastime. Kjartan with his following and Bolli went to the church; in that train was also Halfred and many other Icelanders. The king preached the faith before the people, and spoke both long and tellingly, and the Christians made good cheer at his speech.

And when Kjartan and his company went back to their chambers, a great deal of talk arose as to how they had liked the looks of the king at this time, which

Christians accounted of as the next greatest festival. "For the king said, so that we might hear, that this night was born the Lord, in whom we are now to believe, if we do as the king bids us." Kjartan says: "So greatly was I taken with the looks of the king when I saw him for the first time, that I knew at once that he was a man of the highest excellence, and that feeling has kept steadfast ever since, when I have seen him at folk-meetings, and that but by much the best, however, I liked the looks of him to-day; and I cannot help thinking that the turn of our concerns hangs altogether on our believing Him to be the true God in whom the king bids us to believe, and the king cannot by any means be more eager in wishing that I take this faith than I am to let myself be baptized. The only thing that puts off my going straightway to see the king now is that the day is far spent, and the king, I take it, is now at table; but that day will be delayed, on which we, companions, will let ourselves be baptized." Bolli took to this kindly, and bade Kjartan alone look to their affairs.

The king had heard of this talk between Kjartan and his people before the tables were cleared away, for he had his spies in every chamber of the heathen. The king was very glad at this, and said, "In Kjartan has come true the saw: 'High tides best for happy signs.'" And the first thing the next morning early, when the king went to church, Kjartan met him in the street with a great company of men. Kjartan greeted the king with great cheerfulness, and said he had a pressing errand with him. The king took his greeting well, and said he had had a thoroughly clear news as to what his errand must be, "and that matter will be easily settled

by you." Kjartan begged they should not delay fetching the water, and said that a great deal would be needed. The king answered and smiled. "Yes, Kjartan," said he, "on this matter I do not think your eager-mindedness would part us, not even if you put the price higher still." After that, Kjartan and Bolli were baptized and all their crew, and a multitude of other men as well. This was on the second day of Yule before Holy Service. After that the king invited Kjartan to his Yule feast with Bolli his kinsman. It is the tale of most men that Kjartan on the day he laid aside his white baptismal robes became a liegeman of the king's, he and Bolli both. Halfred was not baptized that day, for he made it a point that the king himself should be his godfather, so the king put it off till the next day. Kjartan and Bolli stayed with Olaf the king the rest of the winter. The king held Kjartan before all other men for the sake of his race and manly prowess, and it is by all people said that Kjartan was so winsome that he had not a single enemy within the court. Every one said that there had never before come from Iceland such a man as Kjartan. Bolli was also one of the most stalwart of men, and was held in high esteem by all good men. The winter now passes away, and, as spring came on, men got ready for their journeys, each as he had a mind to.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

[About 1000]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[The "Heimskringla" tells the following story of the attempt of King Olaf to introduce Christianity into Iceland: —

"Now whenas Olaf Tryggvason had been king over Norway two winters, there was with him a Saxon priest named Thangbrand; masterful was he and murderous, but a good clerk and a doughty man. Now whenas he was so headstrong a man, the king would not have him with him; but sent him on this message, to wit, to fare out to Iceland and christen the land there. So a merchant-ship was gotten for him, and the tale telleth about his journey that he made the East-firths of Iceland, Swanfirth the southmost to wit, and the winter after abode with Hall of the Side.

"So Thangbrand preached christening in Iceland, and after his words Hall let himself be christened and all his household, and many other chieftains also; notwithstanding many more there were who gainsaid him.

"Thorvald the Guileful and Winterlid the Scald made a scurvy rhyme about Thangbrand, but he slew them both. Thangbrand abode three winters in Iceland, and was the bane (death) of three men or ever he departed thence."

The Editor.]

Short of stature, large of limb,
　　Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
　　When in Iceland he appeared.
　　　"Look!" they said,
　　　With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the king no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books,
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarreled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand,
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

And he answered: "What 's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main,
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

HOW GRETTIR THE OUTLAW SAVED THE FARMHOUSE

[Early eleventh century]

FROM THE SAGA OF GRETTIR THE STRONG, REWRITTEN BY SABINE BARING-GOULD

King Olaf had decided that Grettir must leave Norway and return to Iceland. If he was not a guilty man, he was a most unfortunate one. Now, the Norse race, whether in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, or Iceland, believed in luck. They said that certain men were born to ill luck, and such men they avoided, because they feared lest the ill luck that clung to them might attach itself to, and involve those who came in contact with them.

It was not possible for Grettir to return that year to Iceland, for all the ships bound for his native land had sailed before winter set in, so King Olaf agreed to allow him to remain in the kingdom through the winter, but bound him to depart on the first opportunity next year.

Somewhat sad at heart with disappointment, and with the impression that perhaps Olaf the king was right, and that ill luck really did weigh on him, Grettir left the court, and went at Yule to the house of a bonder or yeoman called Einar, and remained with him a while. The farm was in a lonely place in a fiord opening back to the snowy mountains. Einar was a kindly man, hospitable, and he did his best to make Grettir's stay

with him pleasant. He had a daughter, a fair, beautiful girl, with blue eyes, and hair like amber silk, and her name was Gyrid. Perhaps the beautiful Gyrid was one attraction to Grettir, but if so he never spoke what was on his heart, because he knew it would be useless. He was an unlucky man; he had made himself a name, indeed, as one of great daring, but he had won for himself neither home, nor riches, nor favor.

Now, it fell out that at this time there were some savage ruffians in the country who were called Bearsarks. They were outlaws in most cases, and they lived in secret dens in the dense forests, whence they issued and swooped down on the farms, and there challenged the bonders to fight with them, or to give up to them whatever they needed. These ruffians wore bear-skins drawn over their bodies, and they thrust their heads through the jaws of the beasts, so that they presented a hideous and frightening appearance. Then they worked themselves into paroxysms of rage, when they were like madmen; they rolled their eyes, they roared and howled like wild beasts, and foam formed on their mouths and dropped on the ground. They were wont also, when these fits came on them, to bite the edges of their shields, and with their fangs they were known to have dinted the metal quite deep. Some folks even said they had bitten pieces out of solid shields. It was usually supposed that these Bearsarks were possessed by evil spirits, and it is probable that in many cases they were really mad, — mad through having given way to their violent passions, till they knew no law, and thought to carry everything before them by their violence. It was even at one time thought by the

superstitious that they could change their shapes, and run about at will in the forms of bears or wolves; but this idea grew out of the fact of their clothing themselves in bear or wolf skins, and drawing the skull of the beast over their heads as a rude helmet, and looking out through the open jaws that thus formed a visor.

One day, just after Yule, to the terror and dismay of Einar, one of the most redoubtable of these Bearsarks, a fellow called Snœkoll, came thundering up to his door on a huge black horse, followed by three or four others on foot, all clothed in skins; but Snœkoll, instead of wearing the bear's skin over his head, had on a helmet with great tusks of a boar protruding from it, and a boar's head drawn over the metal.

It is worth remark that the crests worn later by knights, and which we have still on our plate and on harness, are derived from similar adornments to helmets. Some warriors put wings of eagles on their head-pieces, others put the paws of bears or representations of lions. These were badges of their prowess, or marks whereby they might be known.

Snœkoll struck the door of the farmhouse with his spear, and roared to the owner to come forth. At once Einar and Grettir issued from the hall, and Einar in great trepidation asked the Bearsark what he wanted.

"What do I want?" shouted Snœkoll. "I want one of two things. Either that you give me up your beautiful daughter to be my wife, and with her fivescore bags of silver, or else that you fight me here. If you kill me, then luck is yours. If I kill you, then I shall carry off your daughter and all that you possess."

Einar turned to Grettir and asked him in a whisper

what he was to do. He himself was an old man whose fighting days were over, and he had no chance against this savage.

Grettir answered that he had better consult his honor and the happiness of Gyrid, and not give way to a bully. The Bearsark sat on his horse rolling his eyes from one to another. He had a great iron-rimmed shield before him.

Then he bellowed forth: "Come! I am not going to wait here whilst you consider matters. Make your selection of the two alternatives at once. What is that great lout at your side whispering? Does he want to play a little game of who is master along with me?"

"For my part," said Grettir, "the farmer and I are about in equal predicament; he is too old to fight, and I am unskilled in arms."

"I see! I see!" roared Snœkoll. "You are both trembling in your shoes. Wait till my fit is on me, and then you will shake indeed."

"Let us see how you look in your Bearsark fit," said Grettir.

Then Snœkoll waxed wroth, and worked himself up into one of the fits of madness. There can be no doubt that in some cases this was all bluster and sham. But in many cases these fellows really roused themselves into perfect frenzies of madness in which they did not know what they did.

Now Snœkoll began to bellow like a bull, and to roll his eyes, and he put the edge of the great shield in his mouth and bit at it, and blew foam from his lips that rolled down the face of the shield. Grettir fixed his eyes steadily on him, and put his hands into his pockets.

Snœkoll rocked himself on his horse, and his companions began also to bellow, and stir themselves up into madness. Grettir, with his eye fixed steadily on the ruffian, drew little by little nearer to him; but as he had no weapon, and held his hands confined, Snœkoll, if he did observe him, disregarded him. When Grettir stood close beside him and looked up at the red glaring eyes, the foaming lips of Snœkoll, and heard his howls and the crunching of his great teeth against the strong oak and iron of the shield, he suddenly laughed, lifted his foot, caught the bottom of the shield a sudden kick upwards, and the shield with the violence of the upward shock broke Snœkoll's jaw. Instantly the Bearsark stopped his bellowing, let fall the shield, and before he could draw his sword Grettir caught his helmet by the great boar tusks, gave them a twist, and rolled Snœkoll down off his horse on the ground, knelt on him, and with the ruffian's own sword dealt him his death-blow.

When the others saw the fall of their chief they ceased their antics, turned and ran away to hide in the woods.

The bonder, Einar, thanked Grettir for his assistance, and the lovely Gyrid gave him also her grateful acknowledgments and a sweet smile; but Grettir knew that a portionless, unlucky man like himself could not aspire to her hand, and feeling that he was daily becoming more attached to her, he deemed it right at once to leave, and he went away to a place called Tunsberg.

THE BURNING OF NJAL

[1014]

FROM THE SAGA OF BURNT NJAL

[The great Icelandic saga of Burnt Njal tells the story of one of those bitter feuds with which the early history of Iceland is filled. Njal, the hero, is an honest lawyer who has incurred the hatred of certain powerful families. How they took vengeance upon him is told in the following extract.

The Editor.]

One day it happened that Rodny, Hauskuld's daughter, the mother of Hauskuld, Njal's son, came to the Springs. Her brother greeted her well, but she would not take his greeting, but yet bade him go out with her. Ingialld did so, and went out with her; and so they walked away from the farmyard both together. Then she clutched hold of him and they both sat down, and Rodny said, —

"Is it true that thou hast sworn an oath to fall on Njal and slay him and his sons?"

"True it is," said he.

"A very great dastard art thou," she says, "thou, whom Njal hath thrice saved from outlawry."

"Still it hath come to this," says Ingialld, "that my life lies on it if I do not this."

"Not so," says she, "thou shalt live all the same, and be called a better man, if thou betrayest not him to whom thou oughtest to behave best."

Then she took a linen hood out of her bag, it was clotted with blood all over, and torn and tattered, and

said, "This hood, Hauskuld, Njal's son, and thy sister's son, had on his head when they slew him; methinks, then, it is ill doing to stand by those from whom this mischief sprang."

"Well!" answers Ingialld, "so it shall be that I will not be against Njal, whatever follows after, but still I know that they will turn and throw trouble on me."

"Now mightest thou," said Rodny, "yield Njal and his sons great help, if thou tellest him all these plans."

"That I will not do," says Ingialld, "for then I am every man's dastard, if I tell what was trusted to me in good faith; but it is a manly deed to sunder myself from this quarrel when I know that there is a sure looking for vengeance; but tell Njal and his sons to beware of themselves all summer, for that will be good counsel, and to keep many men about them."

Then she fared to Bergthorsknoll, and told Njal all this talk; and Njal thanked her, and said she had done well, "for there would be more wickedness in his falling on me than of all men else."

She fared home, but she told this to his sons.

There was a carline at Bergthorsknoll, whose name was Sævuna. She was wise in many things, and foresighted; but she was then very old, and Njal's sons called her an old dotard, when she talked so much, but still some things which she said came to pass. It fell one day that she took a cudgel in her hand, and went up above the house to a stack of vetches. She beat the stack of vetches with her cudgel, and wished it might never thrive, "wretch that it was!"

Skarphedinn laughed at her, and asked why she was so angry with the vetch-stack.

"This stack of vetches," said the carline, "will be taken and lighted with fire when Njal my master is burnt, house and all, and Bergthora my foster-child. Take it away to the water, or burn it up as quick as you can."

"We will not do that," said Skarphedinn, "for something else will be got to light a fire with, if that were foredoomed, though this stack were not here."

The carline babbled the whole summer about the vetch-stack that it should be got indoors, but something always hindered it. . . .

[When Njal realized that the hour of fate had come and his enemies were upon him, he counseled that his men shut themselves up in the house. The attacks of the leader Flosi fail, and he then plans to set fire to the building.]

At last Flosi said, "We have already gotten great manscathe in our men; many are wounded, and he slain whom we would choose last of all. It is now clear that we shall never master them with weapons; many now there be who were not so forward in fight as they boasted, and yet they were those who goaded us on most. I say this most to Grani, Gunnar's son, and Gunnar, Lambi's son, who were the least willing to spare their foes. But still we shall have to take to some other plan for ourselves, and now there are but two choices left, and neither of them good. One is to turn away, and that is our death; the other, to set fire to the house, and burn them inside it; and this is a deed which we shall have to answer for heavily before God, since we are Christian men ourselves; but still we must take to that counsel."

Now they took fire, and made a great pile before the doors. Then Skarphedinn said, —

"What, lads! are ye lighting a fire, or are ye taking to cooking?"

"So it shall be," answered Grani, Gunnar's son; "and thou shalt not need to be better done."

"Thou repayest me," said Skarphedinn, "as one may look for from the man that thou art. I avenged thy father, and thou settest most store by that duty which is farthest from thee."

Then the women threw whey on the fire, and quenched it as fast as they lit it. Some, too, brought water.

Then Kol, Thorstein's son said to Flosi, —

"A plan comes into my mind; I have seen a loft over the hall among the crosstrees, and we will put the fire in there, and light it with the vetch-stack that stands just above the house."

Then they took the vetch-stack and set fire to it, and they who were inside were not aware of it till the whole hall was ablaze over their heads.

Then Flosi and his men made a great pile before each of the doors, and then the women folk who were inside began to weep and to wail.

Njal spoke to them and said, "Keep up your hearts, nor utter shrieks, for this is but a passing storm, and it will be long before ye have another such; and put your faith in God, and believe that he is so merciful that he will not let us burn both in this world and the next."

Such words of comfort had he for them all, and others still more strong.

Now the whole house began to blaze. Then Njal went to the door and said, —

"Is Flosi so near that he can hear my voice?"

Flosi said that he could hear it.

"Wilt thou," said Njal, "take an atonement from my sons, or allow any men to go out?"

"I will not," answers Flosi, "take any atonement from thy sons, and now our dealings shall come to an end once for all, and I will not stir from this spot till they are all dead; but I will allow the women and children and house-carles to go out."

Then Njal went into the house, and said to the folk, —

"Now all those must go out to whom leave is given, and so go thou out, Thorhalla, Asgrim's daughter, and all the people also with thee who may."

Then Thorhalla said, —

"This is another parting between me and Helgi than I thought of a while ago; but still I will egg on my father and brothers to avenge this manscathe which is wrought here."

"Go, and good go with thee," said Njal, "for thou art a brave woman."

After that she went out and much folk with her.

Then Astrid of Deepback said to Helgi, Njal's son, —

"Come thou out with me, and I will throw a woman's cloak over thee, and tire thy head with a kerchief."

He spoke against it at first, but at last he did so at the prayer of others.

So Astrid wrapped the kerchief round Helgi's head, but Thorhilda, Skarphedinn's wife, threw the cloak over him, and he went out between them, and then Thorgerda, Njal's daughter, and Helga her sister, and many other folk went out too.

But when Helgi went out, Flosi said, —

"That is a tall woman and broad across the shoulders that went yonder, take her and hold her."

But when Helgi heard that, he cast away the cloak. He had got his sword under his arm, and hewed at a man, and the blow fell on his shield and cut off the point of it, and the man's leg as well. Then Flosi came up and hewed at Helgi's neck, and took off his head at a stroke.

Then Flosi went to the door and called out to Njal, and said he would speak with him and Bergthora.

Now Najal does so, and Flosi said, —

"I will offer thee, Master Njal, leave to go out, for it is unworthy that thou shouldst burn indoors."

"I will not go out," said Njal, "for I am an old man, and little fitted to avenge my sons, but I will not live to shame."

Then Flosi said to Bergthora, —

"Come thou out, housewife, for I will for no sake burn thee indoors."

"I was given to Njal young," said Bergthora, "and I have promised him this, that we would both share the same fate."

After that they both went back into the house.

"What counsel shall we now take?" said Bergthora.

"We will go to our bed," says Njal, "and lay us down; I have long been eager for rest."

Then she said to the boy Thord, Kari's son, —

"Thee will I take out, and thou shalt not burn in here."

"Thou hast promised me this, grandmother," says the boy, "that we should never part so long as I wished to be with thee; but methinks it is much better to die with thee and Njal than to live after you."

Then she bore the boy to her bed, and Njal spoke to his steward and said, —

"Now shalt thou see where we lay us down, and how I lay us out, for I mean not to stir an inch hence, whether reek or burning smart me, and so thou wilt be able to guess where to look for our bones."

He said he would do so.

There had been an ox slaughtered and the hide lay there. Njal told the steward to spread the hide over them, and he did so.

So there they laid them down both of them in their bed, and put the boy between them. Then they signed themselves and the boy with the cross, and gave over their souls into God's hand, and that was the last word that men heard them utter.

HOW THE BOY SIGURD WON THE HORSE GREYFELL

BY WILLIAM MORRIS

[The story of the Nibelungs takes different forms in different countries. In Germany, it is called the "Nibelungenlied," and its hero is Siegfried, who dwells near the Rhine. In the North, the hero is Sigurd, the greatest of the Volsungs; but the outline of the story is much the same.

The Editor.]

So is Sigurd now with Regin, and he learns him many things;
Yea, all save the craft of battle, that men learn the sons of kings;
The smithying sword and war-coat; the carving runes aright;
The tongues of many countries, and soft speech for men's delight;
The dealing with the harp-strings, and the winding ways of song.
So wise of heart waxed Sigurd, and of body wondrous strong:
And he chased the deer of the forest, and many a wood-wolf slew,
And many a bull of the mountains: and the desert dales he knew,
And the heaths that the wind sweeps over; and seaward would he fare,
Far out from the outer skerries, and alone the sea-wights dare.

SIGURD WINS THE HORSE GREYFELL

On a day he sat with Regin amidst the unfashioned gold,
And the silver gray from the furnace; and Regin spake and told
Sweet tales of the days that have been, and the kings of the bold and wise;
Till the lad's heart swelled with longing and lit his sunbright eyes.

Then Regin looked upon him: "Thou too shalt one day ride
As the Volsung kings went faring through the noble world and wide.
For this land is nought and narrow, and kings of the carles are these,
And their earls are acre-biders, and their hearts are dull with peace."

But Sigurd knit his brows, and in wrathful wise he said:
"Ill words of those thou speaketh that my youth have cherishèd,
And the friends that have made me merry, and the land that is fair and good."

Then Regin laughed and answered: "Nay, well I see by thy mood
That wide wilt thou ride in the world like thy kin of the earlier days:
And wilt thou be wroth with thy master that he longs for thy winning the praise?
And now if the sooth thou sayest, that these king-folk cherish thee well,

Then let them give thee a gift whereof the world shall tell:
Yea hearken to this my counsel, and crave for a battle-steed."
Yet wroth was the lad and answered: "I have many a horse to my need,
And all that the heart desireth, and what wouldst thou wish me more?"

Then Regin answered and said: "Thy kin of the kings of yore
Were the noblest men of men-folk; and their hearts would never rest
Whatso of good they had gotten, if their hands held not the best.
Now do thou after my counsel, and crave of thy fosterers here
That thou choose of the horses of Gripir which so thine heart holds dear."

He spake and his harp was with him, and he smote the strings full sweet,
And sang of the host of the Valkyrs, how they ride the battle to meet.
And the dew from the dear manes drippeth as they ride in the first of the sun,
And the tree-boughs open to meet it when the wind of the dawning is done:
And the deep dales drink its sweetness and spring into blossoming grass,
And the earth groweth fruitful of men, and bringeth their glory to pass.

Then the wrath ran off from Sigurd, and he left the smithying stead
While the song yet rang in the doorway: and that eve to the kings he said:
"Will ye do so much for mine asking as to give me a horse to my will?
For belike the days shall come, that shall all my heart fulfill.
And teach me the deeds of a king?"

Then answered King Elf and spake:
"The stalls of the kings are before thee to set aside or to take,
And nought we begrudge thee the best."

Yet answered Sigurd again;
For his heart of the mountains aloft and the windy drift was fain:
"Fair seats for the knees of kings! but now do I ask for a gift
Such as all the world shall be praising, the best of the strong and the swift.
Ye shall give me a token for Gripir, and bid him to let me choose
From out of the noble stud-beasts that run in his meadow loose.
But if overmuch I have asked you, forget this prayer of mine,
And deem the word unspoken, and get ye to the wine."

Then smiled King Elf, and answered: "A long way wilt thou ride,

To where unpeace and troubles and the griefs of the soul abide,
Yea unto the death at the last: yet surely shalt thou win
The praise of many a people: so have thy way herein.
Forsooth no more may we hold thee than the hazel copse may hold
The sun of the early dawning, that turneth it all unto gold."

Then sweetly Sigurd thanked them; and through the night he lay
Mid dreams of many a matter till the dawn was on the way;
Then he shook the sleep from off him, and that dwelling of kings he left
And wended his way unto Gripir. On a crag from the mountain reft
Was the house of the old king builded; and a mighty house it was,
Though few were the sons of men that over its threshold would pass:
But the wild ernes cried about it, and the vultures toward it flew,
And the winds from the heart of the mountains searched every chamber through,
And about were meads wide-spreading; and many a beast thereon,
Yea some that are men-folk's terror, their sport and pasture won.
So into the hall went Sigurd; and amidst was Gripir set
In a chair of the sea-beast's tooth; and his sweeping beard nigh met

The floor that was green as the ocean, and his gown was of mountain-gold,
And the kingly staff in his hand was knobbed with the crystal cold.

Now the first of the twain spake Gripir: "Hail, king, with the eyen bright!
Nought needest thou show the token, for I know of thy life and thy light.
And no need to tell of thy message; it was wafted here on the wind,
That thou wouldst be coming to-day a horse in my meadow to find:
And strong must he be for the bearing of those deeds of thine that shall be.
Now choose thou of all the way-wearers that are running loose in my lea,
And be glad as thine heart wilt have thee and the fate that leadeth thee on,
And I bid thee again come hither when the sword of worth is won,
And thy loins are girt for thy going on the road that before thee lies;
For a glimmering over its darkness is come before mine eyes."

Then again gat Sigurd outward, and adown the steep he ran
And unto the horse-fed meadow: but lo, a gray-clad man,
One-eyed and seeming-ancient, there met him by the way:

And he spake: "Thou hastest, Sigurd; yet tarry till I say
A word that shall well bestead thee: for I know of these mountains well
And all the lea of Gripir, and the beasts that thereon dwell."

"Wouldst thou have red gold for thy tidings? art thou Gripir's horse-herd then?
Nay sure, for thy face is shining like the battle-eager men
My master Regin tells of: and I love thy cloud-gray gown
And thy visage gleams above it like a thing my dreams have known."

"Nay whiles have I heeded the horse-kind," then spake that elder of days,
"And sooth do the sages say, when the beasts of my breeding they praise.
There is one thereof in the meadow, and, wouldst thou cull him out,
Thou shalt follow an elder's counsel, who hath brought strange things about.
Who hath known thy father aforetime, and other kings of thy kin."

So Sigurd said, "I am ready! and what is the deed to win?"

He said: "We shall drive the horses adown to the water-side,
That cometh forth from the mountains, and note what next shall betide."

Then the twain sped on together, and they drave the horses on
Till they came to a rushing river, a water wide and wan;
And the white mews hovered o'er it; but none might hear their cry
For the rush and the rattle of waters, as the downlong flood swept by.
So the whole herd took the river and strove the stream to stem,
And many a brave steed was there; but the flood o'er-mastered them:
And some, it swept them downward, and some won back to bank,
Some, caught by the net of the eddies, in the swirling hubbub sank;
But one of all swam over, and they saw his mane of gray
Toss over the flowery meadows, a bright thing far away:
Wide then he wheeled about them, then took the stream again
And with the waves' white horses mingled his cloudy mane.

Then spake the elder of days: "Hearken now, Sigurd, and hear;
Time was when I gave thy father a gift thou shalt yet deem dear,
And this horse is a gift of my giving: — heed nought where thou mayst ride:
For I have seen thy fathers in a shining house abide,

And on earth they thought of its threshold, and the gifts I had to give;
Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little longer to live."

Then forth he strode to the mountains, and fain was Sigurd now
To ask him many a matter: but dim did his bright shape grow,
As a man from the litten doorway fades into the dusk of night;
And the sun in the high-noon shone, and the world was exceeding bright.

So Sigurd turned to the river and stood by the wave-wet strand,
And the gray horse swims to his feet and lightly leaps a-land,
And the youngling looks upon him, and deems none beside him good.
And indeed, as tells the story, he was come of Sleipnir's blood,
The tireless horse of Odin: cloud-gray he was of hue,
And it seemed as Sigurd backed him that Sigmund's son he knew,
So glad he went beneath him. Then the youngling's song arose
As he brushed through the noon-tide blossoms of Gripir's mighty close,
Then he singeth the song of Greyfell, the horse that Odin gave,
Who swam through the sweeping river, and back through the toppling wave.

III

ICELAND AND ITS PEOPLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

During the thirteenth century there was civil war, which broke down the power of the chiefs, and the island then fell under Norwegian rule. When Norway came into the hands of Denmark, in 1380, Iceland also became subject to Denmark; and so it has remained. In the early part of the fifteenth century severe volcanic eruptions destroyed many lives, and before the Icelanders had recovered from this disaster, two thirds of them were swept away by a visit of the Black Death, a terrible plague that devastated all Europe. What little prosperity remained was broken by severe navigation laws imposed by Denmark, by which a monopoly of the trade with the island was farmed out to the highest bidder. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the laws were somewhat improved, but even then nothing but coal and timber could be brought to the island by others than Danes. During the Napoleonic Wars, Iceland was captured by the English, but in 1815 was given back to Denmark. Since 1854, trade has been free, but is chiefly in the hands of Denmark and England.

For many years the Icelanders had striven to obtain home rule. In 1874, on the occasion of the thousandth anniversary of the founding of Iceland, partial freedom in the conduct of their affairs was given them, and in 1903 a new constitution was granted, according to which the Althing or Parliament is responsible to the Danish king, but through a minister, a native Icelander, who divides the year between Reykjavik and Denmark.

Throughout the centuries the Icelanders have retained their old love for literature, and nowhere else in the world are there in proportion to the number of people, so many poets, or so many books printed and sold, as in this barren island. A scattered population of 76,000 supports twelve printing-presses, producing about one hundred books annually, besides fourteen newspapers and eight periodicals.

THE FIRE MOUNTAINS OF ICELAND

[1783]

BY LORD DUFFERIN

In appearance Hekla differs very little from the innumerable other volcanic hills with which the island is studded. Its cone consists of a pyramid of stone and scoriæ, rising to the height of about five thousand feet, and welded together by bands of molten matter which have issued from its sides. From A.D. 1004 to 1766 there have been twenty-three eruptions, occurring at intervals which have varied in duration from six to seventy-six years. The one of 1766 was remarkably violent. It commenced on the 5th of April by the appearance of a huge pillar of black sand, mounting slowly into the heavens, accompanied by subterranean thunders, and all the other symptoms which precede volcanic disturbances. Then a coronet of flame encircled the crater, masses of red rock, pumice, and magnetic stones were flung out with tremendous violence to an incredible distance, and in such continuous multitudes as to resemble a swarm of bees clustering over the mountain. One boulder of pumice, six feet in circumference, was pitched twenty miles away; another of magnetic iron fell at a distance of fifteen. The surface of the earth was covered for a circuit of one hundred and fifty miles with a layer of sand four inches deep; the air was so darkened by it that at a place one hundred and forty miles off, white paper, held up at a little distance, could not be distinguished from

black. The fishermen could not put out to sea on account of the darkness, and the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands were frightened out of their senses by showers of what they thought must be black snow. On the 9th of April, the lava began to overflow, and ran for five miles in a southwesterly direction, whilst, some days later, — in order that no element might be wanting to mingle in this devil's charivari, — a vast column of water, like Robin Hood's second arrow, split up through the cinder pillar to the height of several hundred feet; the horror of the spectacle being further enhanced by an accompaniment of subterranean cannonading and dire reports, heard at a distance of fifty miles.

Striking as all this must have been, it sinks into comparative tameness and insignificance beside the infinitely more terrible phenomena which attended the eruption of another volcano, called Skapta Jokul.

Of all countries in Europe, Iceland is the one which has been the most minutely mapped, not even excepting the ordnance survey of Ireland. The Danish Government seem to have had a hobby about it, and the result has been a chart so beautifully executed, that every little crevice, each mountain torrent, each flood of lava, is laid down with an accuracy perfectly astonishing. One huge blank, however, in the southwest corner of this map of Iceland, mars the integrity of its almost microscopic delineations. To every other part of the island the engineer has succeeded in penetrating; one vast space alone of about four hundred square miles has defied his investigation. Over the area occupied by the Skapta Jokul, amidst its mountain-cradled fields of snow and icy ridges, no human foot has ever wandered. Yet it is from

the bosom of this desert district that has descended the most frightful visitation ever known to have desolated the island.

This event occurred in the year 1783. The preceding winter and spring had been unusually mild. Toward the end of May, a light bluish fog began to float along the confines of the untrodden tracts of Skapta, accompanied in the beginning of June by a great trembling of the earth. On the 8th of that month, immense pillars of smoke collected over the hill country towards the north, and coming down against the wind in a southerly direction, enveloped the whole district of Sida in darkness. A whirlwind of ashes then swept over the face of the country, and on the 10th, innumerable firespouts were seen leaping and flaring amid the icy hollows of the mountain, while the river Skapta, one of the largest in the island, having first rolled down to the plain a vast volume of fetid waters mixed with sand, suddenly disappeared.

Two days afterwards a stream of lava, issuing from sources to which no one has ever been able to penetrate, came sliding down the bed of the dried-up river, and in a little time, — though the channel was six hundred feet deep and two hundred broad, — the glowing deluge overflowed its banks, crossed the low country of Medalland, ripping the turf up before it like a tablecloth, and poured into a great lake, whose affrighted waters flew hissing and screaming into the air at the approach of the fiery intruder. Within a few more days the basin of the lake itself was completely filled, and having separated into two streams, the unexhausted torrent again recommenced its march; in one direction overflowing some

ancient lava fields, — in the other, reëntering the channel of the Skapta, and leaping down the lofty cataract of Stapafoss. But this was not all: while one lava flood had chosen the Skapta for its bed, another, descending in a different direction, was working like ruin within and on either side the banks of the Hverfisfliot, rushing into the plain, by all accounts with even greater fury and velocity. Whether the two issued from the same crater it is impossible to say, as the sources of both were far away within the heart of the unapproachable desert, and even the extent of the lava flow can only be measured from the spot where it entered the inhabited districts. The stream which flowed down Skapta is calculated to be about fifty miles in length by twelve or fifteen at its greatest breadth; that which rolled down the Hverfisfliot, at forty miles in length by seven in breadth. Where it was imprisoned, between the high banks of Skapta, the lava is five or six hundred feet thick; but as soon as it spread out into the plain, its depth never exceeded one hundred feet. The eruption of sand, ashes, pumice, and lava continued till the end of August, when the Plutonic drama concluded with a violent earthquake.

For a whole year a canopy of cinder-laden cloud hung over the island. Sand and ashes irretrievably overwhelmed thousands of acres of fertile pasturage. The Faroe Islands, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys were deluged with volcanic dust, which perceptibly contaminated even the pure skies of England and Holland. Mephitic vapors tainted the atmosphere of the entire islands; even the grass, which no cinder rain had stifled, completely withered up; the fish perished in the poisoned sea. A murrain broke out among the cattle,

and a disease resembling scurvy attacked the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that 9000 men, 28,000 horses, 11,000 cattle, 190,000 sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of 1300; and of cattle, etc., at about 156,000.

CLIMBING MOUNT HEKLA

[1854]

BY PLINY MILES

HEIGHO for Hekla! Thursday, July 29, was a lofty one in my calendar. The sun had many hours the start of us, getting up as he does here at two o'clock in the morning. An early hour, though, found us in our saddles. The morning was magnificently bright, the mountain being visible, clear to the curling wreath on the summit. Little patches of snow, here and there near the top, made a break in the broad, black streams of lava that covered every part of the mountain. We provided ourselves with every requisite for a long day's journey. My knapsack was well stored with good things — solids and fluids; and then I had my old Scotch companion, the tartan plaid, to keep the cold away; and each of us had a fine staff — what the Swiss travelers call an Alpenstock, but ours were Heklastocks, Iceland staffs — some six feet long, and armed with a strong, sharp, iron pike. My traveling guide, the farmer of Nœfrholt, and the reader's most humble servant, made up the party — not quite a princely retinue, but enough. Yes, and there was our dog, Nero. The top of the mountain was distant about seven miles, of which we could ride nearly four. Away we galloped through some fine green meadows, till we came to a mountain gorge on our right, down which in numerous cascades poured a small river. Several ducks and water-hens flew away as we approached

their mountain home. Passing through this gorge, we came into a circular meadow entirely shut in by mountains, like an immense amphitheater, and this was the last bit of productive land on our way towards the summit of Hekla. A hut was erected here, as a temporary residence for the farmer while gathering his hay. High, precipitous hills of red lava overhung our path on the right, but the ascent for some distance was gradual. For near a mile, we galloped our horses over a gently ascending plain of fine volcanic sand. High up the mountain side were several sheep, but scarce a blade of grass could be seen where they stood. Perhaps they went up to enjoy the prospect of the green meadows far in the distance. We soon found our mountain climbing was not going to be play. Our ponies found it so too. Our route was intercepted by a broad and high stream of lava that extended six or seven miles from the summit of the mountain. We turned to the right in a southerly direction, and for four or five hundred yards found it about as steep as our ponies could climb. We took a zigzag course to relieve the animals, and after half an hour's climbing, found ourselves on a level table-land, nearly half a mile across. We were now about a thousand feet above the lower region, where we left the farmhouse; and here we were obliged to leave our horses. The Icelanders have an ingenious way of fastening their animals so they will not stray away. They fasten all their horses in a circle, tying the head of one to the tail of another, and bringing the head of the first round to the tail of the last. If they choose to travel, they can; but like John on his rocking-horse, they may gallop all day in one interminable circle, and not get far.

Near where we left the horses, extending away to our right, was a large stream of lava, — one that came from the eruption of 1845; and though seven years had elapsed, it was not yet cool, and smoke was rising from it in many places. The "streams of lava" that run from the craters of volcanoes, and which here in Iceland are seen on the plains as well as on the mountains, are usually from twenty to forty feet deep, from a hundred yards to half a mile in breadth, and from one to ten miles long. They are vast ridges of rough, black rocks, of a most forbidding aspect, the largest masses weighing from one to three or four tons. When it flows from the mountain, it is a stream of molten mineral, and its progress generally rather slow, but dependent on the steepness of the mountain and the size and force of the stream. Melted lava often does not move more than from fifty to one hundred yards in a day, but in some cases it may run several miles. It soon begins to explode and break up, by the expansion and escape of the air within it, and by the force of the steam created by moisture on the surface of the ground beneath. While the lava is breaking up, for several days, it keeps up a terrible roaring. Then this rough mass, as black as charcoal, lies unchanged in appearance for centuries. After a long time, it begins to turn a little brown, and on its surface appears in minute particles one of the lowest order of mosses. . . .

At the height of about four thousand feet, we first struck the snow. This was the first snow I had trod since arriving in Iceland; and, as if the whole order of nature must be reversed here, this snow was black. This was not exactly the natural color, but a complexion it had assumed from being so near the mouth of the volcano.

Sand, ashes, dust, and smoke had coated and begrimed it so thoroughly that the whole surface was like fine charcoal. A long valley was filled with it. As near as I could judge, it was from five to fifty feet deep. We passed over several snow-banks that were many hundred yards in breadth, some of which had not lost their white color. From the level country in the distance, these snow-banks looked like mere patches, but here we found some of them nearly a quarter of a mile across. We ascended the mountain from the west, but now we were north of the summit, and where most of the snow lay. Clouds now gathered round us, and we had to grope our way in the fog for some time. The ascent grew more precipitous, and the climbing was exceedingly toilsome. The earth and lava now appeared of a red color. We seemed to be approaching the region of fire. Sulphurous fumes saluted our nostrils, the weather cleared a little, and, suddenly, before us yawned a deep crater. What a horrible chasm! Indeed, it seemed like hell itself. Fire and brimstone literally. Dark, curling smoke, yellow sulphur, and red cinders, appearing on every side of it. The crater was funnel-shaped, about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and about the same distance across at the top. This was one of four craters where the fire burst out in 1845. After the eruption, they had caved in, and remained as we now saw them. In a row above this one, extending towards the top of the mountain, were three other craters, all similar in appearance.

Our progress now was one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain; and for a long distance it was a perpendicular wall, dropping off more than a thousand feet below us. A large stone thrown over,

never sent back an echo. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge of sand, not wider than a common foot-path. A more awful scene or a more dangerous place I hope never to be in. Had it not been for my long staff, I never could have proceeded. The dangers and terrors of the scene were greatly increased by the clouds and cold wind that came up on our left, and the smoke and sulphurous stench that rose from the craters on our right. One moment in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain on the one hand, and the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater on the other. Our path was exceedingly steep, and for nearly a quarter of a mile we pursued it with slow and cautious steps. Old Nero saw the danger, and set up a dismal howl. A few moments after, he slipped, and came near falling into the fiery pit. In five minutes, an animal or a man would have been baked to a cinder. Pursuing our way by the four craters, our path widened, and half an hour more brought us to the top of the mountain.

Our purpose was accomplished; we stood on the summit of Mount Hekla, and a toilsome journey it had been for us. I threw myself on the ground, and took a look at the scene before me. The top of the mountain was not a peak, but broad and nearly flat, with here and there a little irregularity of surface. It was about a quarter of a mile across in one direction — from west to east — and some fifty rods the other way. In several places were deep snow-banks, but as yet we saw no crater on the summit.

It was now two o'clock, it having taken us about eight hours to make the ascent. Though we saw no crater, we

had very direct evidence that we were in close proximity to volcanic fires. Little eminences of lava stood up around us, from which smoke issued; and the ground under our feet felt warm. On removing the earth to the depth of two or three inches, it felt hot; and on digging down anywhere to the depth of six inches, smoke would burst out. Six inches deeper, and no doubt a man might light a cigar. I went close to a bank of snow — to have something to cool my punch — spread out my tartan plaid on a warm piece of lava, opened my knapsack, sat down and dined. That was the loftiest dinner I had ever partaken. Nero lay at my feet, the guides were conversing at a little distance, the lava around me was warm; and after a little time the weather cleared up, and left a blue sky and clear atmosphere, with a full opportunity to survey the wondrous panorama of nature that lay spread out below and around us.

WAITING FOR THE GREAT GEYSER TO SPOUT

[1874]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

[The presence of so many celebrities was due to the fact that the author's visit was made at the time of the great celebration of Iceland's millennium.

The Editor.]

I slept soundly the night after our arrival at the Geysers, but some members of our party were excited and restless. Toward morning, there were several mysterious underground thumps, which sent them posting to the Great Geyser's brim; but only denser steam and a heavier overflow of water followed. The scene in the morning was curious. We took our toilet articles, and went, half-dressed, to the hollow between the Geyser and the spring, where the surplus overthrow is shallow and lukewarm. It was already occupied; a royal chamberlain was scooping up water in his hands, an admiral was dipping his tooth-brush into the stream, a Copenhagen professor was laboriously shaving himself by the aid of a looking-glass stuck in a crack of the crater, and the king, neat and fresh as if at home, stood on the bank and amused himself with the sight. The quality of the water is exquisite; it is like down and velvet to the skin, soap becomes a finer substance in it, and the refreshment given to the hands and face seems to permeate the whole body.

If one could only have a complete bath! A day's labor would make a pool sufficient therefor, yet the idea has never occurred to a single soul, native or foreign!

I did not dare to venture a quarter of a mile away from the Geyser, during the whole day. We all fell into a condition of nervous expectancy which could not be escaped, comical as were some of its features. There was a pile of turf — perhaps a cart-load — beside the Strokr, which lay just below our tent, and we were told that the caldron would be compelled to spout for the king, as soon as he had finished his breakfast; so we sat down contented to the second plover-stew which Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Hayes had provided for us. The farmer from whom we had procured fuel sent us several bottles of delicious cream, and a large salmon for dinner.

The Strokr is a pit about five feet in diameter, and eight feet deep to the ordinary level of the water, which is always in a furious, boiling state. Professor Steenstrup assured me that it is not connected with the Great Geyser, as the analysis of the water shows a difference; but the people are equally convinced that it is, and that to provoke its activity diminishes the chances of the former spouting. However this may be, the royal command was given. The pile of turf was pitched into the hole, and all gathered around, at a safe distance, waiting to see what would follow.

For ten minutes we noticed nothing except a diminution of steam: then the water gushed up to the level of the soil, in a state of violent agitation; subsided, rose again, spouted the full breadth of the hole to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, sank back, and finally, after another moment of quiet, shot a hundred feet into the air.

The boiled turf, reduced to the consistency of gravel, filled the jet, and darkened its central shaft, but I did not find that it diminished the beauty of the phenomenon. Jet after jet followed, sending long plume-like tufts from the summit and sides of the main column, around which the snowy drifts of steam whirled and eddied with a grace so swift that the eye could scarcely seize it. At such moments the base was hidden, and the form of the fountain was like a bunch of the pampas grass in blossom — a cluster of feathery panicles of spray.

The performance lasted nearly ten minutes, and was resumed again two or three times after it seemed to have ceased. Two or three of the last spoutings were the highest, and some estimated them at fully one hundred and twenty feet. Finally, the indignant caldron threw out the last of its unclean emetic, and sank to its normal level. The king, who had turned aside to salute our company, was in the act of expressing to me his admiration of the scene, when the Little Geyser gave sudden signs of action. There was a rush of the whole party; His Majesty turned and ran like a boy, jumping over the gullies and stones with an agility which must have bewildered the heavy officials, who were compelled to follow as they best could. It was a false alarm. The Little Geyser let off a few sharp discharges of steam, as if merely to test the pressure, and then, as if satisfied, resumed its indolent, smoky habit.

The cone of the Great Geyser is not more than twenty feet high, and appears to have been gradually formed by the deposit of the siliceous particles which the water holds in solution. The top is like a shallow wash-bowl thirty

feet in diameter, full to the brim, and slowly overflowing on the eastern side. In the center of this bowl there is a well, indicated by the intense blue-green of the water, and apparently eight or ten feet in diameter. It has been sounded, and bottom — or, at least, a change of direction — reached at the depth of eighty-five feet. At the edge, where the water is shallow, one can dip his fingers in quickly without being scalded. Small particles placed in the overflow are completely encrusted with transparent silex in a day or two. Professor Steenstrup informed me that the water has important healing properties. The steam has an odor of sulphureted hydrogen, but the taste thereof is so soon lost that where the stream becomes cold, we used it for drinking and making coffee.

I shall never forget that calm, sublime day at the Geysers. After reading many descriptions, I was never less prepared for the reality of the scene. Instead of a dreary, narrow volcanic valley, here was a landscape bounded on the west by mountains, but to the north, east, and south, only to be spanned by a radius of fifty miles. Near us, a quiet, grass-roofed farmstead; toward the sea, meadows and gleams of rivers; in front, the broad green plain, its inclosing hills and Hekla rising lonely above them; northward, a church and neighboring byres, a smooth grassy ridge beyond, the snow-streaked pyramid of the Bláfjall (Blue Mountain), and far in the distance the luminous, icy peaks of the Arna Jökull. From our tent the noise of the boiling waters could not be heard; the steam ascended quickly, soon dissipated in the light wind, and the expression of the scene before me, as I watched it for hours, lying on the soft turf of the hillside, was one of perfect peace and repose.

At half-past one o'clock, there came a dull thud, felt rather than heard; then another, and another, and we all rushed towards the Great Geyser. Before any one reached it, however, the noises ceased; the water rose a foot or so, giving out dense volumes of steam, but in five minutes it became quiet as before. The king and his attendant officials strayed up the hill, and there the former devoted some time to carving the subjoined rune upon one of the rocks: —

C IX

1874

There were various small parties of the native population at the Geysers during the day; but fewer than might have been expected, even taking into account the sparse settlement in this part of Iceland. They were coarse, solidly built figures, the bodies much larger than the legs, the hair thick and blond, and the faces broad, weather-beaten, and apparently expressionless. I saw half a dozen — four men and two women — stand vacantly grinning at the king as he passed them, and even when he politely saluted them, the men hesitated, in awkward shyness, before they even touched their hats. Another, to whom he was speaking in a kindly manner, with his hand upon the man's shoulder, suddenly remembered that some mark of respect was necessary, and snatched off his hat with as much haste as if there had been a hornet inside of it.

Among the people were several sick persons, who had made long journeys in the hope of finding a physician in

the king's suite. Disappointed in this, they turned to Dr. Hayes and our jovial Reykjavik friend, Dr. Hjaltalin. The first case was a man suffering from Bright's disease, for which, unfortunately, we had no medicines. But the medicine-chest, when it was opened, attracted our visitors with a singular power. Men and women crowded around, gazing with eager interest and (as it seemed to me) longing upon the bottles of pills and potions. I offered a quinine pill to a woman, and she instantly took and chewed it, without ever asking a question. To confirm a faith so profound, I felt obliged to take two of the pills myself.

Soon afterwards there came a married couple, the mother carrying a baby which, as it needed but a glance to see, was almost dying of croup. They had carried the poor child on horseback for five hours, in the hope of finding relief. There was no time to be lost; hot baths and poultices were ordered at the byre near at hand, and in the mean time an opiate was administered. The gasping and writhing of the child was too much for those strong Icelandic men. The mother stood calm and firm, holding it; but Zoega ran away in one direction and Eyvindur in another, crying like children, and the farmers turned aside their heads to hide their tears.

At the byre nothing could exceed the kindness of the farmer's family, — in fact, of all who could help. The king's purveyor furnished white bread for a poultice; a hot bath was made ready, and the father stuffed the child's clothes into his bosom to keep them warm for it. All night the people watched with it, and the next morning everybody looked happy, on hearing that its condition had somewhat improved.

The next case was a boy with hip disease, for whom little could be done, though the doctor constructed a temporary support for his foot. The people invariably asked how much they should pay, and gratefully shook hands when payment was declined. I made an effort to talk with a group of farmers, finding them ready enough, only a little embarrassed at the start; but when I asked: "Do you know Sæmund's Edda?" there was an instant flash and flame in their faces, and all shyness vanished. The Njal and Völsunga Sagas, Snorre Sturleson, with a score of obscurer sagas of which I had never heard, were eagerly mentioned and discussed. It was remarkable to see their full knowledge of Icelandic literature, and their vital interest in it.

"Do you know who first discovered America?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" they all cried, in a body; "it was Leif, the son of Erik the Red."

"When was it?"

"About the year 1000. And there was Thorfinn Karlsefne, who went afterward, and Thorwald. They called the country Vinland."

"We know it," said I. "I am a Vinlander."

They silently stretched out their hands and shook mine. An instinct of the true nature of the people arose in me. Within an hour I had seen what tenderness, goodness, knowledge, and desire for knowledge are concealed under their rude, apathetic exteriors. To meet them was like being suddenly pushed back to the thirteenth century; for all the rich, complex, later-developed life of the race has not touched them. More than ever I regretted my ignorance of the language, without

knowing which no stranger can possibly understand their character.

At half-past four there came a repetition of Geyser thumps, louder and more rapid than the first time, and at eight o'clock a third manifestation. We fondly hoped that these were signs of increased activity, which would soon bring about an outburst. Our excitement increased to such an extent that, although watches had been set for the king's sake, Messrs. Halstead, Hayes, and Gladstone volunteered to keep independent watch for us. The two former passed half the night sitting on the edge of the Geyser basin. They were once scared away by a thump which threatened to split the rocky shell under their feet, but nothing followed except a violent overflow of water. I heard the noises twice during the night, and waited vainly for a call; the twilight was so bright that the spectacle would have been visible at any hour — had it come.

HOW ICELANDIC CHILDREN GET THEIR SURNAMES

BY MRS. DISNEY LEITH

You will have noticed that an Icelander's surname always end in "son." That is very like our English names, but in the case of the Icelander the name is what is called a patronymic — the name of his father — and may change with every generation. Thus, suppose a man is christened Jón (John), and he calls his son Páll (Paul); the son would be called Páll Jonsson. But if Páll grew up and had a son, he might very likely wish to name him after his father; thus the child would be Jón Pálsson. Sometimes the son bears his father's Christian name, and then he would be Jónsson. I know a man called Magnus Magnusson, and he told me his ancestors had been Magnus Magnussons for many, many generations. You would think it would be very puzzling to trace their pedigrees, but they do not find it so. Many families can trace their line back quite to the saga times.

But what about the girls? They are called Pálsdóttir (Paul's daughter), Jónsdóttir, as the case may be. Whenever you ask the name of a man or woman, you are given the Christian name only; if you want to know more, you must say, "Hvers son?" (Whose son?) or "Hvers dóttir?" Sometimes when girls go abroad to live, they add the "son" to their father's name, and use it for a surname, as "daughter" would seem strange. A married woman in Iceland is usually given her

patronymic as well as her husband's name; for instance, "Frû (Mrs.) Margrét Thordardóttir Sigurdsson," is the daughter of Thord and wife of Sigurdsson. There are one or two old family surnames in Iceland, but they are quite the exception.

They have pretty little abbreviations to their names; a girl whose name is Sigrid will be called Sigga; Gunna is used for Guthrun; with men Toggi stands for Thorgrim, Siggi for Sigurd, Brynki for Brynjulf, and Manki (which sounds very like "Monkey") for Magnus.

They use all the old historic and heroic names still; and it is funny to see on the shop-doors names which you have hitherto associated only with the chieftains and great men of the sagas now borne by your boot-maker and watchmaker.

GREENLAND

I

STORIES FROM THE HISTORY OF GREENLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE history of Greenland begins in 985, when Eric the Red made a voyage along its coast, and with all the wisdom of an experienced colonizer, gave to the country the attractive name of Greenland. Settlements were made, Christianity was introduced, and Greenland had even a bishop of her own. Those were the palmy days of the island; and then it was, in the year 1000, that Leif Ericson made his famous voyage to the south, where he is supposed to have landed on what are now the shores of the United States.

In 1260, Greenland became a territory of Norway, and thus came into the union of the Scandinavian countries at the end of the fourteenth century. Not long after this union, Greenland seems to have vanished from the memory of mankind, and for more than two hundred years nothing was known of the colonists. In the heart of one man, however, a Norwegian clergyman named Hans Egede, there was a deep longing to learn what had become of the lost people. He could not bring himself to believe that they had all perished, and ever before him was the picture of the descendants of these pioneers icebound in some corner of the coast, and shut away from all Christian teachings. After most earnest pleading, he aroused some interest in the forsaken people, and in 1721 he set sail for Greenland to search for them and become their pastor. The colonists had disappeared, but to the native Greenlanders he became so true a friend and so worthy a teacher that he well deserved his title, the "apostle to Greenland." In 1733, the Moravians also sent out missionaries. The inhabited portion of the land, from Egede Fiord on the east to Tessuisak on the west, is under the control of the Danish Government. What is known of northern Greenland has come to us entirely from the visits of Arctic explorers, two of whom, Nansen and Peary, have crossed the ice-cap which covers the interior of the country.

HOW ERIC THE RED CAME TO GREENLAND

[983]

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

Eric was a high-handed son of a jarl (earl) of Jadar, in Norway, who, opposing the encroachments of the king upon his feudal rights, in common with his class, was forced to flee the country. Escaping with his son, he established himself in Iceland, which was then being peopled by such refugees from tyranny and wrong, and a society was being formed which, for love of liberty and the actual possession of republican freedom, has never been excelled. These Icelanders were then, and they continued to be for centuries afterwards, the most intellectual and refined people of the north of Europe; and this is not surprising when it is remembered that the best blood of Norway and Denmark went to swell its population. In fact, Iceland gave literature and laws to the whole of Scandinavia. The child was wiser than the parent. Her writers first put in shape the Norse mythology; and many of the most distinguished families of Norway and Denmark are now proud to trace their origin back to the old freedom-loving jarls and sea-kings who founded a nation upon a rock which had been forced up by terrestrial fires into an atmosphere so cold and forbidding that the snows gathered upon its lofty summits, while volcanic heat wrestled in the bowels of its mountains.

Eric received his surname of Red, or Rothe, from the color of his hair; and his corresponding disposition doubled the significance of the name when it was made to signify "he of the red hand," as well as of the red head. The truth is, he was, according to all accounts, much addicted to the then popular pastime of cutting people's throats; and for his last offense of this description he was banished from Iceland for a space of three years. The immediate offense was for killing a churlish knave who would not return a borrowed door-post, which was always a sacred object, and was preserved with pious care by the Scandinavians. Perhaps if the borrowed article had been a book instead of a door-post, as in the case of fighting St. Colomba, the decree might have been different.

Being banished, where should Eric go? He could not return to Norway, and there was no place where he could set the sole of his foot with any safety. So he bethought him of the legendary land of Gunnibiorn, for, according to the Iceland Landnama, or Doomsday-book of Aré the Wise, that was the name of the man who had visited the land to the west of Iceland. This land Eric would go in search of, and risk his life and everything upon the hazard.

He set sail from Bredifiord, in Iceland, some time during the summer of the year 983, in a small half-decked ship, and in three days he sighted land. Not altogether liking the looks of it, he coasted southward until he came to a turning-place, or *Hvarf*, now called Cape Farewell. Thence he made his way northward to the present site of Julianashaab, where he passed the three years of his forced exile. He liked the country well, as much as he

had disliked it before when he saw it from the other side. Upon the meadowlands beside the fiord immense herds of reindeer were browsing on the luxuriant grass; sparrows chirruped among the branches of the little trees. He thought the place would do to settle in, and named it Greenland.

But to be precise, as it is always well to be, I quote from an old Norse saga of the before-mentioned Aré the Wise, — a saga written in Iceland about the year 1100, the original of which was in existence up to 1651, and a copy of which is still preserved in Copenhagen. Thus runs the tale: —

"The land which is called Greenland was discovered and settled from Iceland. Eric the Red was the man from Bredifiord who passed thither from hence (Iceland) and took possession of that portion of the country now called *Ericsfiord*. But the name he gave the whole country was *Greenland*. 'For,' quoth he, 'if the land have a good name, it will cause many to come hither.' He first colonized the land fourteen or fifteen winters before Christianity was introduced into Iceland, as was told by Thorkil Gelluson in Greenland, by one who had himself accompanied Eric thither."

This Thorkil Gelluson was uncle to Aré the Wise, and the historian was pretty likely, therefore, to be accurate in his information.

Upon returning to Iceland, Eric was graciously received; and what with the fine name he had given to his new country, and the fine promises he held out, he had no trouble in obtaining all he asked for — that is, twenty-five ships loaded with adventurous people, and all the appliances for building up a colony. Thus pro-

vided, he set sail in the year 985; but only fourteen of these ships ever reached their destination. Some of the remaining eleven were lost at sea; others were wrecked upon the eastern coast of Greenland; others put back to Iceland in distress.

Eric was resolved to found a nation for himself, and these fourteen cargoes of people gave him a sufficient nucleus. He went far up his fiord and began a settlement. A house was also built nearer to the sea — probably a lookout house; for Eric expected other ships, and he, like a prudent man that he was, would set a watch for them. The ruins of this house may still be seen, and are not five minutes' walk from the pastor's house at Julianashaab.

According to his expectations, other ships arrived, bringing cattle, sheep, and horses; likewise his wife, and sons and daughters. The settlement grew and prospered. Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, people from the Hebrides, from the British Isles, from Ireland, and even from the south of Europe, came there in ships to trade. Emigrants poured in, new towns were built, new farms were cleared, and ambitious and adventurous men searched up and down the coast for other fields whereon to display their enterprise. How far north the most adventurous went we cannot certainly know; but Ranf places one of their expeditions in latitude 75°, a point to which the stoutest ships of modern times cannot now go without encountering serious risk. And all this was ventured, eight hundred years ago, in half-decked ships and open boats. It is positively known that one of their expeditions reached as far as Upernavik, latitude 72° 50′, a stone having been discovered near there, in 1824, by

Sir Edward Parry, bearing the following inscription in Runic characters: —

"ERLING SIGHVATSON AND BIORN THORDARSON AND EINDRID ODDSON ON SATURDAY BEFORE ASCENSION WEEK RAISED THESE MARKS AND CLEARED GROUND. 1135."

Think of "clearing ground" in Greenland up in latitude 72° 50′! What kind of ground would now be found to clear? Naked wastes alone; and the desert sands are not more unproductive. But, as intimated already, the climate has certainly changed during the seven hundred years since this event happened; in evidence of which, it is not unimportant to observe that, in the old chronicles of the voyages of those ancient Northmen, there is very little mention made of ice as a disturbing element in navigation. And this brings us back to where we started — to the growth of glaciers in the Greenland fiords. From these glaciers come the icebergs, and a fiord which receives a glacier is not habitable.

There was no glacier in Ericsfiord when Eric went there, and there are none now, but it is surrounded by them. The mountains are of such peculiar formation that they keep back the frozen flood from Ericsfiord itself; and thus it was that this spot of earth was and still is fit for human life — an oasis in a desert, a patch of green in a wilderness of ice.

HOW THE GREENLANDERS GOT A BISHOP

[1126]

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

The introduction of Christianity into Greenland was accomplished by Leif, son of Red Eric; and it was the same man who discovered America, — two grand achievements which rank Leif Ericson as one of the heroes of history. With respect to the former event, an old Icelandic saga thus briefly records the fact: —

"When fourteen winters were passed from the time that Eric the Red set forth to Greenland, his son Leif sailed from thence to Norway, and came thither in the autumn that King Olaf Tryggvason arrived in the North from Helfaland. Leif brought up his ship at Nidaros (Drontheim), and went straightway to the king. Olaf declared unto him the true faith, as was his custom unto all heathens who came before him; and it was not hard for the king to persuade Leif thereto, and he was baptized, and with him all his crew."

Nor was it hard for King Olaf to "persuade" his subjects generally "thereto." His Christianity was very new and rather muscular, and under the persuasive influence of the sword this royal missionary made more proselytes than ever were made before in the same space of time by all the monks and missionaries put together.

When Leif came back to Greenland with a new religion and a priest to boot, his father Eric was much incensed, and declared the act pregnant with mischief; but after a

while he was prevailed upon to acknowledge the new religion, and at the same time to give his wife Thjodhilda, who had proved a more ready subject for conversion, leave to build a church. Thus runs the saga: —

"Leif straightway began to declare the universal faith throughout the land; and he laid before the people the message of King Olaf, and detailed unto them how much grandeur and great nobleness there was attached to the new belief. Eric was slow to determine to leave his ancient faith, but Thjodhilda, his wife, was quickly persuaded thereto, and she built a kirk, which was called 'Thjodhilda's Kirk.' And from the time she received the faith she separated from her husband, which did sorely grieve him."

And this appears to have been the last, and (as the sequel shows) was the most potent argument for his conversion. To get his wife back, he turned Christian, and ordered the pagan rites to be discontinued, and the pagan images of Thor and Odin, and the rest of them, to be broken up and burned.

Whether this first Greenland church of Thjodhilda's was built at Brattahlid, or Gardar, or Krakortok, cannot now be positively said; but we might, perhaps, find some reason to conclude it was the latter, from the fact that an old man named Grima, as the saga states, who lived then at Brattahlid, made complaint, "I get but seldom to the church to hear the words of learned clerks, for it is a very long journey thereto."

This much, however, we do know, that the church — wherever it was situated — was begun in the year 1002, and was known far and wide by the name of its pious lady-founder. Several churches and three monasteries

were built afterwards. One of these latter was near a boiling spring, the waters from which being carried through the building in pipes, gave a pleasant warmth to the good monks who occupied it, and they needed no other heat the year round.

The Christian population of Greenland became, in course of time, so numerous that it was necessary for the Bishop of Iceland to come over there frequently to administer the duties of that part of his see; for the diocese of Gardar, as it was called, was from the first attached to the See of Iceland.

A hundred years thus passed away, and both in spiritual and temporal matters the Northmen in Greenland were getting along finely. Their intercourse with Europe was regular, and their export trade, especially in beef, was considerable. Indeed, Greenland beef was for a long time highly prized in Norway, and there was no greater luxury to "set before the king." The people were almost wholly independent of the Icelandic government. Under a system of their own devising, which appears to have perfectly satisfied their necessities, they lived quite unmolested by the outside world, and, undisturbed by wars and rumors of wars, the descendants of Eric the Red were as happy as any people need wish to be.

They lacked only one thing to complete their scheme of perfect independence: they needed a bishop of their own, which would cut them loose from Iceland altogether; and, in truth, the Icelanders were such a liberty-loving people that they were in no wise inclined to dispute their claims. But a bishop they could not have without the sanction of the powers that ruled in Norway; for the Pope would not appoint so high an officer

for any of the regions directly or indirectly subject to the control of Norway except upon the nomination of the king, after consultation with his spiritual advisers.

Numerous petitions were accordingly sent over to the king, in order to secure his good offices. For a time these efforts were attended with but partial success, since a temporary bishop only was vouchsafed them in the person of Eric (not the Red), who went to Greenland in the year 1120, and, without remaining long, went home, having, however, visited Vinland in the interval — this Vinland being the America which Columbus thought to be a part of Asia some four centuries later.

Finding they did not get a bishop of their own according to their deserts (as they estimated them) they grew indignant, and one of their chief men, named Sokke, declared that they must and would have one. Their personal honor and the national pride demanded it; and, indeed, the Christian faith itself was not in safety otherwise. Accordingly, under the advice of Sokke, a large present of walrus ivory and valuable furs was voted to the King of Norway; and Einar, son of Sokke, was commissioned to carry the petition and the present.

The result proved that the inhabitants of Greenland were wise in their day and generation; for whether through the earnestness of their appeals or the value of their gifts, or through the persuasiveness of the ambassador, or through all combined, they obtained, in the year 1126, Bishop Arnold, who forthwith founded his Episcopal See at Gardar, and there erected a cathedral, which was built in the form of a cross.

Arnold seems to have been a most excellent and pious leader of these struggling Christians. Zealous as the

famous monk of Iona, without the impulsiveness of that great apostle of Scotland, he bound his charge together in the bonds of Christian love, and gave unity and happiness to a prosperous people. He died in the year 1152, and thenceforth, until 1409, the See of Gardar, which he had founded, was regularly maintained. According to Baron Halberg, in his history of Denmark, seventeen successive bishops administered the ordinances of the Church in Greenland, the list terminating with Andreas, who was consecrated in 1406. The see and Andreas expired together; and the last account we have of either was made in 1409, when it is recorded that he officiated at a marriage, from the issue of which men now living are proud to trace their ancestry. This was his last official act, so far as we have record.

THE SEARCH FOR THE LOST COLONIES OF GREENLAND

[1579–1671]

BY DR. HENRY RINK

[AFTER 1409, the Greenland colonies seem to have been for many years utterly neglected if not entirely forgotten. Some people have supposed that pirates or the Eskimos (called Skraellings) or the Black Death had swept away the inhabitants. Others believed that the Danish navigation laws caused the decay of the settlements. Whatever may have been the cause, the colonies disappeared, and no remains of them were found until 1721, the time of Hans Egede.

The Editor.]

IN 1579 and 1581, the first expeditions were dispatched from Denmark for the rediscovery of Greenland, and the resumption of the trade with the inhabitants. It seems to have been a firm belief that people of Norse descent still lived there; but so totally had the knowledge of the colony been neglected that these expeditions only tried to reach the east coast opposite to Iceland. They did not even, like Eric the Red, sail southwards to learn whether the coast might be inhabited there. The pack-ice bordering the east coast proved impenetrable, the result of their attempts consequently was a total failure, and the rediscovery of the sailing route to the deserted settlements became the achievement of a foreign nation, and the accidental result of explorations undertaken with a very different object in view.

It was John Davis who in the year 1585, in search of the Northwest Passage around America, discovered the strait named after him, and, following the west coast of Greenland, succeeded in landing there in about 64° N. lat., where he entered a fiord and bartered with the natives. It is a well-known fact that in this and the following voyages he penetrated into Baffin's Bay to upwards the latitude of our present northmost settlement, surveying the coasts on both sides. These discoveries in Denmark revived the thought of the long-neglected and given-up settlement, and even led to the opposite extreme in giving rise to the most sanguine expectations with regard to its significance and riches. In 1605, Christian IV of Denmark sent out three ships under the command of two Englishmen and one Dane, named Lindenow, who were accompanied by one James Hall, who, having been in Greenland before, was appointed pilot or sailing-master. Shortly after they had sighted Greenland, the commanders fell out, and the ships separated. Lindenow succeeded in getting through the ice, and, finding a harbor somewhere about 62° or 63° N. lat. Here they met with a great number of natives, and began to barter with them for furs and narwhal-horns. The natives proved to be very thievish, snatching away everything they could lay hold on, and the Europeans, *per contra*, availed themselves of the favorable state of the market by giving a single nail, it is told, for wares worth from two to three Danish dollars.

Having carried on the traffic for a sufficiently long time, they secured two of the native merchants themselves, their skin-canoes into the bargain, and threw them into the ship's hold along with the other articles

going for show to Denmark. The two poor wretches fell into a state of fury, so that the crew were obliged to have them tied to the mast, and with gun-shots to frighten away their countrymen who were coming out to their rescue. Meanwhile, the other ships had gone much farther north, and landed somewhere south of 67° N. lat. They likewise met with many natives, and commenced bartering with them for skin, whalebone, narwhal-horns, and walrus-tusks. The commanders of these ships could as little resist the temptation of carrying home some specimens of the human inhabitants, in order to exhibit them on their arrival in Europe. After having "killed a good many of them," says the old record, "they succeeded in capturing four alive, though not without running great risks." The prisoners were so savage and unmanageable that the sailors were obliged to shoot one of them to reduce the others to order. On the voyage, however, they grew quite merry, and the captain trained one of them to jump about at a given sign from him when he nodded at them, and to go aloft with the sailors.

When these three ships had returned safely to Copenhagen in the same year, they attracted general attention, but of all the wares and curiosities they had carried home with them, nothing created such excitement as some specimens of silver ore which the voyagers pretended to have discovered at one of the northwest fiords. The king, in the hope of acquiring a lucrative colony, levied a special Greenland tax throughout his dominions, and in the next year he equipped no less than five ships for an expedition, chiefly with the aim of mining silver ore. The stolen Greenlanders were appointed interpreters to the explorers. The accounts of this enterprise are

not very detailed, but it has been reported that they reached the supposed silver mine, found it all right, shipped full cargo of ore, and bartered with the natives, of whom they stole five, whereas, in retaliation for other offenses, one of the ships' crew who had been put on shore as a punishment for some crime, was torn to pieces by the Greenlanders. In October, the same year, the expedition returned, but, as it appears, resulting in utter disappointment. The purchases of Greenland articles had only been few, probably on account of the stores having been exhausted in the preceding year. No further mention is made of any silver mine, and it is supposed that it proved to be only the invention of a swindler, and that those who had been duped quietly put aside the mineral cargo after having ascertained it to be devoid of any metallic contents. The human specimens were exhibited, and their limbs measured and examined for the purpose of describing this new race. Later on, one of them died of home-sickness. Another made a desperate attempt at getting back to Greenland in his kayak, in which he perished. The third of the poor wretches died from being overworked, and compelled to go fishing in winter as well as in summer. The last one tried to make his escape, but was overtaken, and died of grief and vexation.

The result of these explorations had been particularly disappointing as regards the rediscovery of the ancient colonies. Desolate and barren rocks had been found instead of farms and green pastures, and the strange people of whom a few individuals had been brought home and minutely examined, bore no resemblance at all to the reputed settlers. It has taken centuries to discover

the real cause of this disappointment, which undoubtedly must be ascribed to an overrating of what Eric the Red considered an "inhabitable country." The want of success on the part of the explorers first led to the resumption of the old idea that the abandoned settlements had been situated to the east of Cape Farewell. Thither the king accordingly, in the following year, 1607, dispatched an expedition, which, however, soon returned after several perilous and disastrous efforts to penetrate the belt of pack-ice encumbering the whole of the coast. With the failure of this expedition the Government temporarily gave up all further attempts, whereas some private expeditions, English as well as Danish, visited Greenland in the same century, until the Government again, in 1670 and 1671, sent out two ships, probably to the east coast, with what result is, however, unknown. These other voyages, in the mean time, gave rise to several commercial undertakings, fishing being tried in the new branch of the Atlantic discovered by John Davis. They were carried on by English, French, and Dutch vessels, and the whale fishery especially acquired a long-continued importance in Davis Strait after the whale had become scarce in the Spitzbergen seas. But only the Dutch seem to have carried on any traffic with the inhabitants of the Greenland coast in connection with the whale fishery. This commerce already flourished in the earliest part of the eighteenth century; the whalers on sailing up and down the strait occasionally dropped in here and there, anchoring up in the bays, and awaiting the arrival of the natives, who used to bring out the products of their country for sale. Many cairns erected by them, and also many names of places and several

traditions, indicate that the Dutch have thoroughly searched the coast from Cape Farewell up to 73° N. lat., but there are no signs left that any settlements or temporary fishing establishments have ever existed, or been attempted or intended by them, nor have their explorations in any way added to the general store of geographical knowledge.

THE APOSTLE TO GREENLAND

[1721–1736]

BY JACOB A. RIIS

[THE Norwegian clergyman, Hans Egede, could not give up the thought that descendants of the lost colonists of Greenland were still living, shut away from mankind and from the Gospel. At length his earnest entreaties prevailed; the King of Denmark appointed him missionary to the Greenlanders, and promised him a small salary. In May, 1721, he set sail on the ship Haabet (the Hope) for the unknown shores of the land of ice.

The Editor.]

EARLY in June they sighted land, but the way to it was barred by impassable ice. A whole month they sailed to and fro, trying vainly for a passage. At last they found an opening and slipped through, only to find themselves shut in, with towering icebergs closing around them. As they looked fearfully out over the rail, their convoy signaled that she had struck, and the captain of Haabet cried out that all was lost. In the tumult of terror that succeeded, Egede alone remained calm. Praying for succor where there seemed to be none, he remembered the one hundred and seventh Psalm: "He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder." And the morning dawned clear, the ice was moving and their prison widening. On July 3 Haabet cleared the last ice-reef and the shore lay open before them.

The Eskimos came out in their kayaks, and the bold-

est climbed aboard the ship. In one boat sat an old man who refused the invitation. He paddled about the vessel, mumbling darkly in a strange tongue. He was an Angekok, one of the native medicine men of whom presently Egede was to know much more. As he stood upon the deck and looked at these strangers for whose salvation he had risked all, his heart fell. They were not the stalwart Northmen he had looked for, and their jargon had no homelike sound. But a great wave of pity swept over him, and the prayer that rose to his lips was for strength to be their friend and their guide to the light.

Not at once did the way open for the coveted friendship with the Eskimos. While they thought the strangers came only to trade they were hospitable enough, but when they saw them build, clearly intent on staying, they made signs that they had better go. They pointed to the sun, that sank lower toward the horizon every day, and shivered as if from extreme cold, and they showed their visitors the icebergs and the snow, making them understand that it would cover the house by and by. When it all availed nothing and the winter came on, they retired into their huts and cut the acquaintance of the white men. They were afraid that they had come to take revenge for the harm done their people in the olden time. There was nothing for it, then, but that Egede must go to them; and this he did.

They seized their spears when they saw him coming, but he made signs that he was their friend. When he had nothing else to give them, he let them cut the buttons from his coat. Throughout the fifteen years he spent in Greenland, Egede never wore furs, as did the natives. The black robe he thought more seemly for a clergyman,

to his great discomfort. He tells in his diary and in his letters that often when he returned from his winter travels it could stand alone when he took it off, being frozen stiff. After a while he got upon neighborly terms with the Eskimos; but, if anything, the discomfort was greater. They housed him at night in their huts, where the filth and the stench were unendurable. They showed their special regard by first licking off the piece of seal they put before him, and if he rejected it, they were hurt. Their housekeeping, of which he got an inside view, was embarrassing in its simplicity. The dish-washing was done by the dogs licking the kettle clean. Often, after a night or two in a hut that held half a dozen families, he was compelled to change his clothes to the skin in an open boat or out on the snow. But the alternative was to sleep in a cold that sometimes froze his pillow to the bed and the tea-cup to the table in his own home. Above all, he must learn their language.

It proved a difficult task, for the Eskimo tongue was both very simple and very complex. In all the things pertaining to their daily life, it was exceedingly complex. For instance, to catch one kind of fish was expressed by one word, to catch another kind in quite different terms. They had one word for catching a young seal, another for catching an old one. When it came to matters of moral and spiritual import, the language was poor to desperation. Egede's instruction began when he caught the word "Kine?" (what is it?) and from that time on he learned every day; but the pronunciation was as varied as the workaday vocabulary, and it was an unending task.

It proceeded with many interruptions from the Ange-

koks, who tried more than once to bewitch him, but finally gave it up, convinced that he was a great medicine-man himself, and therefore invulnerable. But before that they tried to foment a regular mutiny, the colony being by that time well under way, and Egede had to arrest and punish the leader. The natives naturally clung to them, and when Egede had mastered their language and tried to make clear that the Angekoks deceived them when they said they went to the other world for advice, they demurred. "Did you ever see them go?" he asked. "Well, have you seen this God of yours of whom you speak so much?" was their reply. When Egede spoke of spiritual gifts, they asked for good health and blubber — "Our Angekoks give us that." Hell-fire was much in theological evidence in those days, but among the Eskimos it was a failure as a deterrent. They listened to the account of it eagerly and liked the prospect. When at length they became convinced that Egede knew more than their Angekoks, they came to him with the request that he would abolish winter. Very likely they thought that one who had such knowledge of the hot place ought to have influence enough with the keeper of it to obtain this favor.

It was not an easy task, from any point of view, to which he had put his hands. As that first winter wore away there were gloomy days and nights, and they were not brightened when, with the return of the sun, no ship arrived from Denmark. The Dutch traders came, and opened their eyes wide when they found Egede and his household safe and even on friendly terms with the Eskimos. Pelesse — the natives called the missionary that, as the nearest they could come to the Danish *präst*

(priest) — Pelesse was not there after blubber, they told the Dutchmen, but to teach them about heaven and of "Him up there," who had made them and wanted them home with him again. So he had not worked altogether in vain. But the brief summer passed, and still no relief ship. The crew of Haabet clamored to go home, and Egede had at last to give a reluctant promise that if no ship came in two weeks, he would break up. His wife alone refused to take a hand in packing. The ship was coming, she insisted, and at the last moment it did come. A boat coming in after dark brought the first word of it. The people ashore heard voices speaking Danish, and flew to Egede, who had gone to bed, with the news. The ship brought good cheer. The Government was well disposed. Trading and preaching were to go on together, as planned. Joyfully then they built a bigger and a better house, and called their colony Godthaab — Good Hope.

The work was now fairly under way. Of the energy and the hardships it entailed, even we in our day that has heard so much of Arctic exploration can have but a faint conception. Shut in on the coast of eternal ice and silence — silence, save when in summer the Arctic rivers were alive, and crash after crash announced that the glaciers coming down from the inland mountains were "casting their calves," the great icebergs, upon the ocean — the colonists counted the days from the one when that year's ship was lost to sight till the returning spring brought the next one, their only communication with their far-off home. In summer the days were sometimes burning hot, but the nights always bitterly cold. In winter, says Egede, hot water spilled on the table froze as it ran, and

the meat they cooked was often frozen at the bone when set on the table. Summer and winter Egede was on his travels between Sundays, sometimes in the trader's boat, more often the only white man, with one or two Eskimo companions, seeking out the people. When night surprised him with no native hut in sight, he pulled the boat on some desert shore, and, commending his soul to God, slept under it. Once he and his son found an empty hut, and slept there in the darkness. Not until day came again did they know that they had made their bed on the frozen bodies of dead men who had once been the occupants of the house, and had died they never knew how. Peril was everywhere. Again and again his little craft was wrecked. Once the house blew down over their heads in one of the dreadful winter storms that ravage those high latitudes. Often he had to sit on the rail of his boat and let his numbed feet hang into the sea to restore feeling in them. On land he sometimes waded waist-deep in snow, climbed mountains, and slid down into valleys, having but the haziest notion of where he would land. At home his brave wife sat alone, praying for his safety and listening to every sound that might herald his return. Tremble and doubt they did, Egede owns, but neither ever flinched. Their work was before them, and neither thought of turning back. . . .

The natives loved him. There came a day that brought this message from the North: "Say to the speaker to come to us to live, for the other strangers who come here can only talk to us of blubber, blubber, blubber, and we also would hear of the great Creator." Egede went as far as he could, but was compelled by ice and storms to turn back after weeks of incredible hard-

ships. The disappointment was the more severe to him because he had never quite given up his hope of finding remnants of the ancient Norse settlements. The fact that the records spoke of a West Bygd (settlement) and an East Bygd had misled many into believing that the desolate east coast had once been colonized. Not until our own day was this shown to be an error, when Danish explorers searched that coast for a hundred miles and found no other trace of civilization than a beer-bottle left behind by the explorer Nordenskjold.

Egede's hope had been that Greenland might be once more colonized by Christian people. When the Danish Government, after some years, sent up a handful of soldiers, with a major who took the title of governor, to give the settlement official character as a trading station, they sent with them twenty unofficial "Christians," ten men out of the penitentiary and as many lewd and drunken women from the treadmill, who were married by lot before setting sail, to give the thing a half-way decent look. They were good enough for the Eskimos, they seem to have thought at Copenhagen. There followed a terrible winter, during which mutiny and murder were threatened. "It is a pity," writes the missionary, "that while we sleep secure among the heathen savages, among so-called Christian people our lives are not safe." As a matter of fact, they were not, for the soldiers joined in the mutiny against Egede as the cause of their having to live in such a place, and had not sickness and death smitten the malcontents, neither he nor the governor would have come safe through the winter. On the Eskimos this view of the supposed fruits of Christian teaching made its own impression. After seeing a woman

scourged on shipboard for misbehavior, they came innocently enough to Egede and suggested that some of their best Angekoks be sent down to Denmark to teach the people to be sober and decent.

There came a breathing-spell after ten years of labor in what had often enough seemed to him the spiritual as well as physical ice-barrens of the North, when Egede surveyed a prosperous mission, with trade established, a hundred and fifty children christened and schooled, and many of their elders asking to be baptized. In the midst of his rejoicing the summer's ship brought word from Denmark that the king was dead, and orders from his successor to abandon the station. Egede might stay with provisions for one year, if there was enough left over after fitting out the ship; but after that he would receive no further help. When the Eskimos heard the news, they brought their little children to the mission. "These will not let you go," they said; and he stayed. His wife, whom hardship and privation and the lonely waiting for her husband in the long winter nights had at last broken down, refused to leave him, though she sadly needed the care of a physician. A few of the sailors were persuaded to stay another year. "So now," he wrote in his diary when, on July 31, 1731, he had seen the ship sail away with all his hopes, "I am left alone with my wife and three children, ten sailors and eight Eskimos, girls and boys who have been with us from the start. God let me live to see the blessed day that brings good news once more from home." His prayer was heard. The next summer brought word that the mission was to be continued, partly because Egede had strained every nerve to send home much blubber and many skins. But

it was as a glimpse of the sun from behind dark clouds. His greatest trials trod hard upon the good news.

To rouse interest in the mission Egede had sent home young Eskimos from time to time. Three of these died of smallpox in Denmark. The fourth came home and brought the contagion, all unknown, to his people. It was the summer fishing season, when the natives travel much and far, and wherever he went, they flocked about him to hear of the "Great Lord's land," where the houses were so tall that one could not shoot an arrow over them, and to ask a multitude of questions: Was the king very big? Had he caught many whales? Was he strong and a great Angekok? And much more of the same kind. In a week the disease broke out among the children at the mission, and soon word came from islands and fiords where the Eskimos were fishing, of death and misery unspeakable. It was virgin soil for the plague, and it was terribly virulent, striking down young and old in every tent and hut. More than two thousand of the natives, one fourth of the whole population, died that summer. Of two hundred families near the mission, only thirty were left alive. A cry of terror and anguish rose throughout the settlements. No one knew what to do. In vain did Egede implore them to keep their sick apart. In fever delirium they ran out in the ice-fields or threw themselves into the sea. A wild panic seized the survivors, and they fled to the farthest tribes, carrying the seeds of death with them wherever they went. Whole villages perished and their dead lay unburied. Utter desolation settled like a pall over the unhappy land.

Through it all a single ray of hope shone. The faith that Egede had preached all those years, and the life he

had lived with them, bore their fruit. They had struck deeper than he thought. They crowded to him, all that could, as their one friend. Dying mothers held their suckling babes up to him and died content. In a deserted island camp a half-grown girl was found alone with three little children. Their father was dead. When he knew that for him and the baby there was no help, he went to a cave and covering himself and the child with skins, lay down to die. His parting words to his daughter were: "Before you have eaten the two seals and the fish I have laid away for you, Pelesse will come, no doubt, and take you home. For he loves you and will take care of you." At the mission every nook and cranny was filled with the sick and dying. Egede and his wife nursed them day and night. Childlike, when death approached, they tried to put on their best clothes, or even to have new ones made, that they might please God by coming into his presence looking nice. When Egede had closed their eyes, he carried the dead in his arms to the vestibule, where in the morning the men who dug the graves found them. At the sight of his suffering the scoffers were dumb. What his preaching had not done to win them over, his sorrows did. They were at last one.

That dreadful year left Egede a broken man. In his dark moments he reproached himself with having brought only misery to those he had come to help and serve. One thorn which one would think he might have been spared, rankled deep in it all. Some missionaries of a dissenting sect — Egede was Lutheran — had come with the smallpox ship to set up an establishment of their own. At their head was a man full of misdirected zeal and quite devoid of common sense, who engaged

Egede in a wordy dispute about justification by faith, and condemned him and his work unsparingly. He had grave doubts whether he was in truth a "converted man." It came to an end when they themselves fell ill, and Egede and his wife had the last word, after their own fashion. They nursed the warlike brethren through their illness with loving ministrations, and gave them back to life, let us hope, wiser and better men.

At Christmas, 1735, Egede's faithful wife, Gertrude, closed her eyes. She had gone out with him from home and kin to a hard and heathen land, and she had been his loyal helpmeet in all his trials. Now it was all over. That winter scurvy laid him upon a bed of pain, and, lying there, his heart turned to the old home. His son had come from Copenhagen to help, happily yet while his mother lived. To him he would give over the work. In Denmark he could do more for it than in Greenland, now he was alone. On July 29, 1736, he preached for the last time to his people and baptized a little Eskimo to whom they gave his name, Hans. The following week he sailed for home, carrying as all his earthly wealth his beloved dead and his motherless children.

The Eskimos gathered on the shore and wept as the ship bore their friend away. They never saw him again. He lived in Denmark eighteen years, training young men to teach the Eskimos. They gave him the title of bishop, but so little to live on that he was forced in his last days to move from Copenhagen to a country town, to make both ends meet. His grave was forgotten by the generation that came after him. No one knows now where it is; but in ice-girt Greenland, where the northern lights on wintry nights flash to the natives their message

from the souls that have gone home, his memory will live when that of the North Pole Seeker whom the world applauds is long forgotten. Hans Egede was their great man, their hero. He was more: he was their friend.

A MODEL PARLIAMENT

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

Now these Greenlanders, or Eskimos, are not prone to be governed; yet the Danish rule is satisfactory to them, and they submit to it without a murmur, and none the less readily that they have a voice in their own affairs. Each little town or hunting-station is at liberty to send up a representative to sit in the Parliament of Julianashaab. The number of representatives is twelve. The names of the most important towns besides the capital are Nenortalik, Fredericksdal, Lichtenau (these two latter are missions of the Moravian Brethren), Igalliko, and Kraksimeut.

The Parliament-house is not an imposing edifice. I should say its dimensions are about sixteen by twenty feet. It is one story high, is built of boards, lined on the inside, and painted blue, and on the outside is plastered over with pitch. It has no lobby for the accommodation of people who come to the capital with axes for the public grindstone, nor committee-rooms for the better confusion of the public business.

In the center of the one room there stands a long table of plain pine boards, and along either side there is one long bench of the same material; and on each bench sit six Parliamentarians, dressed in sealskin pantaloons and boots, and Guernsey frocks, with broad suspenders across their shoulders. The faces of these Parliamentarians are all of a very dusky hue, the color of their hair is

very black, and it does not seem to have any greater familiarity with combs and brushes than their faces with soap and towels. However, they are an amiable-looking party — at least they grin and show their fine white teeth when I enter, and are altogether, perhaps, quite clean enough for ordinary Parliamentary work. Every man of them has a pencil in his hand and a piece of paper on the table before him, and each one is as busy taking notes thereon as some of our own honorable members are said to be in taking "notes" of another description.

But I must not neglect to mention one article of the Parliamentary costume, for it shines out so conspicuously that it *must* be noticed — I mean the official cap (always worn when the house is in session), which is supplied to each member by royal bounty. This cap is of the brightest kind of scarlet cloth, with a broad gilt band around it; the royal emblems are emblazoned in front, and above these there is a golden polar bear, with a crown on his head, standing uncomfortably on his hind legs, to typify Greenland. There is a thirteenth cap at the head of the table, and this thirteenth cap covers the head of the genial Mr. Anthon, pastor of Julianashaab, and president of the Julianashaab Parliament, *ex officio*.

The aggregate amount of dignity possessed by this Parliament was quite wonderful, and was, in truth, as overwhelming as the fishy odor with which it was impregnated. But neither the fishy odor nor the dignity appeared to interfere with the transaction of business; on the contrary, they seemed to be working away like beavers, and, indeed, they disposed of matters with such an amazing degree of promptness, that I fell instantly to

wondering whether dignity would not be a good thing to introduce into Parliaments, Congresses, Assemblies, and such like things generally; and as to the fishy atmosphere, I have no doubt that it was quite as wholesome as the atmosphere of some of our own legislative halls, where lobbyists are so thick about the doors and avenues that all the purity which ever does go in is soon done for. Of the kind of business brought before this dignified tribunal, I will give a few samples.

The first was a petition for relief. The petitioner himself stood there in person, looking the very picture of forlorn destitution. He stated that he had lost his canoe (kayak), and he produced evidence enough to show without any swearing, false or otherwise, that it had been crushed and lost in the ice. The man, who had hardly clothes on his back to cover his nakedness, showed further that he had a wife and family, who had no friends to assist them, and were entirely dependent upon himself for support. I thought it a doubtful support at best, and so appeared to think the Parliament, since they voted an order for a small stipend of food and clothing, as per schedule, to be drawn from the public storehouse, and paid for out of the Parliamentary funds. The man was sent to work in the Government blubber-house, at twenty-two skillings (eleven cents) a day.

The next case was similar in character, only the petitioner was a well-known young hunter, who had lost his kayak by a fearful accident, which had nearly cost him his life as well as boat, and from the effects of which he had barely now recovered. All that I could comprehend was that some of his ribs had been stove in. The case being proven, the question before Parliament was

whether they should grant him relief, which was unanimously voted in the affirmative. How much? was the next question. After thirteen pencils had ciphered for a minute or so, they made it out fourteen dollars (seven American) for material for the kayak, four dollars for harpoon, spear, etc., and six to pay debts contracted at the Government storehouse for necessary comforts during his sickness.

A third case was that of an old man who received one dollar to buy a spear with; another was from a man who had a family of girls and no oomiak. He received twenty-four dollars, one half of which he was to refund within two years. One hunter got a rifle on the same terms. A sick woman obtained some flannel for a shirt; some orphan children, an order for bread; a widow, the means to bury her dead husband.

These, and a number more of similar character, were soon disposed of. Some of the cases were represented by proxy, the applicant residing at Nenortalik or other distant outpost, whence to come would be difficult; others presented their petitions in person. Some appeals were thrown out in part, or altogether; but these were very few, for public opinion is strong in Greenland, and a lofty sense of pride prevents begging, except in the last extremity. In the case, however, of the kayak and the oomiak, there was presented a prospect of future public advantage; for, in encouraging these people by providing them with boats, the public revenues are increased by their adding to the public industry. Thus do we see that as village "Hampdens" and "mute, inglorious Miltons" may sometimes lie in the village churchyard, so savage legislators and lawgivers may be Solons and Adam

Smiths all in one, and they not know anything about it, and the world be none the wiser.

And thus we see these Greenland Parliaments serve an excellent purpose. They take care of the poor; they render assistance to the unfortunate; they provide certain means of punishing the indolent and guilty; they reward the industrious; and when they have finished with their business, they adjourn, and go home to do their talking; and what more do you want with a Parliament? Nobody, certainly, would desire them to vote away millions of acres of the public lands; for, although they might very well do so without injury to anybody, there are no dangerous corporations to be benefited thereby, and no public interests to be sacrificed by such procedure, and therefore no motive.

II

STORIES OF LIFE IN GREENLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

Save for the island-continent Australia, Greenland is the largest island in the world. Three fifths of the land is covered with ice, which is perhaps three thousand feet or more in thickness. On the lowlands of the east and west which border on the sea, the snow is not permanent, as in the interior; and here the inhabitants, some twelve thousand in number, make their homes. In the west, there is a valuable mine of cryolite; but aside from working this, the chief industries are fishing and hunting. The winter is bitterly cold, but the long days of summer bring enough of sunshine and warmth to produce not only moss and grass and flowering plants, but also trailing shrubs and even trees five or six feet in height. To the southern shores the kindly ocean currents bring quite an amount of driftwood, which is of the greatest value to the natives.

GREENLAND CUSTOMS OF TWO CENTURIES AGO

BY HANS EGEDE

GOING WHALING

When they go whale-catching, they put on their best gear or apparel, as if they were going to a wedding feast, fancying that if they did not come cleanly and neatly dressed, the whale, who cannot bear slovenly and dirty habits, would shun them and fly from them. This is the manner of their expedition: about fifty persons, men and women, set out together in one of the large boats called kone boats; the women carry along with them their sewing tackles, consisting of needles and thread, to sew and mend their husbands' spring coats, or jackets, if they should be torn or pierced through, as also to mend the boat, in case it should receive any damage; the men go in search of the whale, and when they have found him they strike him with their harpoons, to which are fastened lines or straps, two or three fathoms long, made of sealskin, at the end of which they tie a bag of a whole sealskin, filled with air like a bladder; in order that the whale, when he finds himself wounded, and runs away with the harpoon, may the sooner be tired, the air hindering him from keeping long under water. When he grows tired and loses strength, they attack him again with their spears and lances till he is killed, and then they put on their spring coats, made of dressed sealskin,

all of one piece, with boots, gloves, and caps, sewed and laced so tight together that no water can penetrate them. In this garb they jump into the sea, and begin to slice the fat of him all round the body, even under the water; for in these coats they cannot sink, as they are always full of air, so that they can, like the seal, stand upright in the sea; nay, they are sometimes so daring that they will get upon the whale's back while there is yet life in him, to make an end of him and cut away his fat.

THE HOUSES OF THE GREENLANDERS

As to their houses or dwelling places, they have one for the winter season and another for the summer. Their winter habitation is a low hut built with stone and turf, two or three yards high, with a flat roof. In this hut the windows are on one side, made of the bowels of seals dressed and sewed together, or of the maws of halibut, and are white and transparent. On the other side their beds are placed, which consist of shelves or benches made up of deal boards raised half a yard from the ground; their bedding is made of seal and reindeer skins.

Several families live together in one of these houses or huts; each family occupying a room by itself, separated from the rest by a wooden post, by which also the roof is supported; before which there is a hearth or fireplace, in which is placed a great lamp in the form of a half moon seated on a trivet; over this are hung their kettles of brass, copper, or marble, in which they boil their victuals: under the roof, just above the lamp, they have a sort of rack or shelf, to put their wet clothes upon to dry. The fore door or entry of the house is very low, so that they must stoop, and must creep in upon all fours to get

in at it; which is so contrived to keep the cold air out as much as possible. The inside of the houses is covered or lined with old skins, which before have served for the covering of their boats. Some of these houses are so large that they can harbor seven or eight families.

Upon the benches or shelves where their beds are placed, is the ordinary seat of the women, attending their work of sewing and making up the clothing. The men with their sons occupy the foremost parts of the benches, turning their back to the women: on the opposite side, under the windows, the men belonging to the family, or strangers, take their seats upon the benches there placed.

I cannot forbear taking notice that, although in one of these houses there be ten or twenty train lamps, one does not perceive the steam or smoke thereof to fill these small cottages: the reason, I imagine, is, the care they take in trimming those lamps, viz., they take dry moss, rubbed very small, which they lay on one side of the lamp, which, being lighted, burns softly and does not cause any smoke, if they do not lay it on too thick or in lumps. This fire gives such a heat that it not only serves to boil their victuals, but also heats the room to that degree that it is as hot as a bathhouse. But for those who are not used to this way of firing, the smell is very disagreeable, as well by the number of burning lamps, all fed with train oil, as on account of divers sorts of raw meat, fishes, and fat, which they heap up in their habitations.

These winter habitations they begin to dwell in immediately after Michaelmas, and leave them again at the approach of the spring, which commonly is at the latter

end of March; and then for the summer season lodge in tents, which are their summer habitations. These tents are made of rafts or long poles, set in a circular form, bending at the top, and resembling a sugar loaf, and covered with a double cover, of which the innermost is of seal or reindeer skins with the hairy side inward (if they be rich), and the outermost also of the same sort of skins, without hair, dressed with fat, that the rain may not pierce them. In these tents they have their beds, and lamps to dress their meat with; also a curtain made of the guts or bowels of seals sewed together, through which they receive the daylight instead of windows. Every master of a family has got such a tent, and a great woman's boat, to transport their tents and luggage from place to place, where their business calls them.

GAMES OF THE GREENLAND BOYS

The boys and lads have also their pastimes and plays, when they meet in the evening. They take a small piece of wood, with a hole in it at one end, to which they tie a little pointed stick with a thread of string, and throwing the piece with the hole in it up into the air, they strive to catch it upon the pointed stick, through the hole. He that does it twenty times successively and without failing gains the match or party; and he that misses gets a black stroke on his forehead for every time he misses. Another boy's play is a game of chance, like cards or dice; they have a piece of wood pointed at one end, with a pin or peg in the midst, upon which it turns; when the boys are seated around, and every one laid down what they play for, one of them turns the pointed piece of wood with his finger, that it wheels about like a mari-

ner's compass; and when it has done, he that the point aims at wins all that was laid down. Ball playing is their most common diversion, which they play two different ways. They divide themselves into two parties; the first party throws the ball to each other; while those of the second party endeavor to get it from them, and so by turns. The second manner is like our playing at football. They mark out two barriers, at three or four hundred paces distant one from the other; then being divided into two parties, as before, they meet at the starting-place, which is at the midway between the two barriers; and the ball being thrown upon the ground, they strive who first shall get at it, and kick it with the foot, each party towards their barrier. He that is the most nimble-footed and dextrous at it, kicking the ball before him and getting first to the barrier, has won the match.

Thus (they will tell you) the deceased play at football in heaven, with the head of a moose, when it lightens, or the northlight (aurora borealis) appears, which they fancy to be the souls of the deceased.

When their acquaintance from abroad come to see them, they spend whole days and nights in singing and dancing; and as they love to pass for men of courage and valor, they will try forces together, in wrestling, struggling, and playing hook and crook, which is to grapple with the arms and fingers made crooked, and intangled like hooks. Whoever can pull the other from his place, thinks himself a man of worth and valor. The women's, or rather, the maidens' plays, consist in dancing around, holding one another by the hand, forming a circle, and singing of songs.

HOW TO BUILD A "WOMAN'S BOAT"

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

[A "WOMAN'S BOAT," or *oomiak*, is rowed by women. A man will sometimes take the steering oar, but he would feel humiliated at rowing in a craft requiring so little skill. The *kayak* is a man's boat.

The Editor.]

YOU will first obtain five round sticks of wood thirty-six feet long, more or less, according to the length you desire to make the boat. These must be as light as possible, and not over two inches in diameter. Since the country produces no wood, you will of course have to go to the governor for the materials, which he keeps in his storehouses, replenishing the stock each year by shipments from Denmark. But since you will not find a stick thirty-six feet long, you will have to procure several, which you lash together until you have obtained the requisite length. Having done this, you place three of them on the ground parallel with each other, the outer ones being six feet apart. Then across them, at the middle, you lash, with firm thongs of raw seal-hide, a piece of inch plank three inches wide and six feet long. Then you bring the ends of the three long sticks together, lashing them firmly. Next you lash other pieces of board across at intervals of two feet. Of course these are of different lengths. Thus you have obtained the bottom of your oomiak. This done, you proceed to erect the skeleton, fastening the stem and stern posts firmly with lashings;

also the ribs. The ribs in their place, you secure along the inside of them, at about sixteen inches above the floor, a strip of plank. On this you place the thwarts, the middle one being six feet long, the others shorter, as you approach either end. Ten thwarts is the proper number. This completes the skeleton, all but the placing of the rails or gunwales, which are the two remaining thirty-six-foot sticks. These being fastened with thongs to the ribs, and to the stem and stern posts, your skeleton is finished, and it is exceedingly light, strong, and elastic. But now, instead of covering this novel sort of boat-skeleton with planking, you stretch over it a coat of seal-hide (it can scarcely be called leather). It has been, however, tanned and dried, and afterwards thoroughly saturated with oil, until it is as impervious to water as a plate of iron. A number of skins are necessarily required, and these the women will sew together for you so firmly with sinew thread that not a drop of water can find its way through the seams. This skin coat, being cut and fashioned to fit the skeleton as neatly as a slipper to the foot, is drawn on and firmly tied. It is very soft when you draw it on, but when it dries it is as tight and hard as a drum-head; and when the skin becomes a little old, the light will come through it as through parchment. When afloat in the oomiak, you can always discover how much water you are drawing by looking through the side of it. This is not a pleasant operation, however, for a nervous person, since one can hardly resist the impression that he is in a very treacherous sort of craft.

This light and elastic boat is propelled with short oars having broad blades, which are tied to the gunwale, instead of being thrust out through rowlocks. These

oars are shod with bone, to protect them from the ice. A single mast is erected in the bow, upon which is run up a square sail when the wind is fair. If the owner of the boat is rich enough, he gets the material for his sail from the governor; but if not, he makes it out of sealskins.

I have observed that he gets the wood from the governor's stores: not all of it, however, for the obliging sea brings him an occasional tree that has floated with the ocean current from the forests of Siberia; or a plank, perhaps, that has fallen overboard from a passing vessel; or a spar or other portion of a wreck. Thus, before the Danes came here, did the Eskímos obtain all the wood they used. From this source they also procured their iron, in the shape of spikes, nails, bands, and bars, attached to these waifs of the sea. Thus do the ocean currents, which carry heat and cold to the uttermost parts of the earth, scatter also blessings to mankind.

THE ESKIMOS AND THEIR WAYS

FROM THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

Everybody knows what manner of creature an Eskimo is: the "strange infidele, the like of whom was never seen, read, nor heard tell of," as stout Martin Frobisher describes him. From morning to night under my window in Jakobshavn Kirke — in nearly 70° north latitude — there stands a group of the queer little folks; fur-clad from head to foot; good-naturedly grinning at our small witticisms in very bad Greenlandish, until the dirt cracks into huge asterisks on their brown, globose, good-humored cheeks. All the children have their hair in their eyes, and their hands in the pockets of their ragged, mangy-looking skin breeches. It is summer time, and their toes protrude through their sealskin boots, without fear of frost-bite. No sooner do they devour their rather more than modicum of the blubbery seal which their father has killed in his skin kayak, than they hurry over the bleak, lichen-covered rocks with flowers and ferns, and creeping things, on the chance of a skilling or a biscuit from the "Nalegak Tuluit" (the big Englishman) and they will scramble amid the snow and slush, with merry shouts, for the smallest coin thrown out to them. "Kuyanke! Kuyanke!" (Thank you! thank you!) the fortunate one shouts, the last syllable echoing from behind the rocks, for young Greenland is off to Herr Mörch's, the trader, to buy lump-sugar. Then there are the women, some of them good-looking enough when clean and

tidy; as for the old ones, they are so hideous that I do not at all wonder at some of old Frobisher's sailors pulling the boots off one of them, to see if her foot was not cloven, after the fashion ascribed to the Evil One! There is now very little pure Eskimo blood in Danish Greenland; fair hair and blue eyes are just about as common as black hair and black eyes. Everybody, however, dresses *à la Eskimoiske* — man, woman, and child, blonde, or brunette. The woman's dress is not at all inelegant, and is much more suited to the climate than would be European garments. In the winter all is fur, but in summer time a little lighter and more varied raiment is ventured on. The round-hooded jacket is made of checked calico, tartan silk, or even blue velvet, fur-lined; made rather short, to show the white chemise beneath. It would, no doubt, be warmer to have it a little larger, but then fashion sways as much in Greenland as in Europe; and the Arctic belles would rather shiver and catch cold than disobey its dictates. Then the trousers are of sealskin, striped with eider-ducks' necks, or ornamented with little strips of the curious skin-embroidery so much affected among these people. The boots are the grandest of all the articles of wardrobe, and are made of dyed sealskin leather. Some of them have regular "tops" like a pair of hunting-boots, and between the foot of the boot and the top is a piece of white calico — often embroidered, so that the general effect of red and green boots and calico embroidery, when collected in a mass on some rocky point, as you sail in a Greenland fiord, is sufficiently striking, A white nun-like scarf is sedately folded round the neck and over the breast; and the hair is twisted into a top-knot doubled upon itself,

and tied with a piece of colored ribbon. Now this constant pulling up of the hair to the top of the crown is apt to result in a circlet of baldness. To conceal this defect the Greenland coquette, from eight to eighty, folds a handkerchief, generally of black silk, round her head, finishing off with a fancy knot in front. This knot is pinned on, and, like the ladies' chignons in Europe, is a hollow sham, lined with all sorts of rubbish, such as old rags, and clippings of sealskins. The color of the ribbon with which the knot is tied denotes the condition of life of the wearer. When unmarried it is pink, when married blue; if a widow in service, it is green with gold; if a widow at home, black. The description of seal used for dress is also of importance; the smooth mottled *Kassigiak* (*Phoca vitulina*) being most highly valued for this purpose. When a Greenland Pyramus would grow in favor with his Thisbe, instead of *bijouterie*, he presents her with what she values rather more (albeit she is not insensible to the charms of trinkets), a dappled sealskin to make her a pair of — trousers. Some of the young fellows are stalwart, handsome fellows, and the admixture of Danish blood shows itself in the features, the nose especially — that organ in the regular Eskimo being merely a flattened tubercle, meandering on either side of his cheeks in an expanse of nostril. . . .

Let us look in on what the English voyagers jocularly call the "Lieutenant-Governor." His duties are really more those of a country shopkeeper's assistant than anything else. "Herr Assistant" he is called in the settlement; in the books of the Government he is styled a "Volunteer"; though why he should be so called, it is hard to say, as he receives pay, though certainly that is

small enough. He is at present in *the* shop of the settlement, very busy, but yet with leisure enough to smoke the biggest of big pipes. "Merchanting," he assures us, "is strong work." He has absolutely toiled three hours to-day. He has just sold three skillings-worth of soft soap to an old woman, and six skillings-worth of coffee to a small boy, and is now putting up some eiderdown for Herr Pastor, the new missionary who has just arrived with the Hvalfisk. Every officer and missionary coming out for the first time is entitled to forty-eight pounds of uncleaned eider-down at 6d. per pound, and two bear-skins for a sleeping-bag, at the country-trade price of five rigsdaler. Troops of little boys and women drop in and out, for the shop is only open so many hours a day, and there is no opposition. If you are not pleased with your purchase, you will be (always most politely) told to go to the next shop, which is in Reykjavik in Iceland, or possibly Moose Factory in Hudson's Straits. "Kavit," or coffee, notwithstanding its high price, seems to be the article chiefly in demand. Whatever else may be wanted, *kavit* must be had, and to procure this a woman will allow her children to go about like half-skinned seals; and her husband to want the most common necessaries. No spirits being allowed to be sold, the natives take coffee instead, and to such an extent that it has been not inaptly styled "the curse of Greenland." For a family to consume one and a half pounds *per diem*, is no uncommon extravagance; and the polite little trader turns to his books, and shows me that some families, when in luck (the father having killed a white whale or many seals), will use as much as five pounds of coffee daily. Half of this is wasted in the preparation. The green

beans are roasted in a pot, or on a flat stone, until they are charred black; they are then *smashed* up with a stone in an old leather mitten without fingers, until they are roughly bruised, when they are thrown by the handful into water and boiled for some time. The result is a liquid, black enough in all conscience, with half beans floating about in it, and very bitter; but it is *strong*, and that is the main thing. A bit of candied sugar is taken into the mouth, and the coffee is sipped, the sugar meantime dissolving, and imparting a certain degree of sweetness to the bitter liquid.

This is drinking coffee *à la Gronlandice;* but practice is required to accomplish it satisfactorily, for the sugar *will* slip down without the coffee, and the coffee without receiving its proper saccharine addition. Herr Assistant asks a hulking-looking Greenlander standing at the door with his hands in his pockets, why he is not out seal-hunting (for independently of his regard for the welfare of the natives, Herr Colonibestyrer is directly interested in the produce of the hunt). He gives a growl and replies, "I have had no *kavit* to-day;" and then, as if correcting himself: "Besides, there is a hole in my kayak, and my boy is not well, and — ;" but the real truth was "no *kavit*." Just as I am talking to him, a little boy who is working for me begs a few skillings on account, as he is out of *kavit*, and finds it impossible to get along without his accustomed beverage. Then arrive two brothers from a distant settlement with blubber and skins, which net nearly £2. What do they buy? Some bread, some butter, some tobacco, a little powder and shot; the rest all goes in *coffee* and sugar. The butter is of course quite in their way: my friend the schoolmaster

of Christianshaab is rather fond of fenks (or the refuse of the blubber) and butter, — a rather greasy dish. However, the traditional blubber-eating of the natives is, so far as Danish Greenland is concerned, rather mythical. Blubber is too precious for winter light and heat to be rashly expended as food, and accordingly we find that they use it but rarely, and only as we would use fat to lean meat. The shop itself is about as dirty a little shop as could be imagined, containing everything which could possibly be required for use either among the Danes or Eskimo, all heaped up in confusion. . . .

They [the Greenlanders] are a very humorous people, fond of little rough jokes, and most communicative and pleasant with those whom they like and trust; but they are very little to be depended on, and are curiously vacillating and fickle. However, if they once decide not to go anywhere with a person whom they despise or dislike, no bribe will tempt them to change their determination; though on the other hand, even if you are a favorite, it is not altogether certain that they will really go with you until you are fairly outside of the place. The only way to secure them is to advance a little of their pay beforehand. They are never known to break a contract of this nature. But then they must have their own way, and to pass a trading-post without sleeping and drinking *kavit* would be an innovation unheard of in Greenland. On all sides you would be told that it was impossible. They are fond of ridiculing the Europeans; indeed, this forms their principal amusement in the winter. Any little peculiarity in person, manner, or conduct will be instantly noted within a day of your arrival. The result is that no European in the country is known

by anything but some sobriquet, sometimes not over-complimentary. One of the governors who has a remarkably prominent nose is called "Kringalik," the nose; another "Tulgak," the raven, from his dark complexion; a third, pitted with the smallpox, is known as "Cheese-rind"; Vahl, the naturalist, was known by a word which signifies the "diligent catcher," the name being applied in derision of his entomological and botanical researches, and not in admiration of his ability to catch seals, of which, indeed, he caught none. One of our party being a little stout man was called at one place "Apalearsoak," the little auk or rotje; and at another settlement he used to be known as "the peddler," Herr A—— being a collector of all sorts of Eskimo curiosities; while another foreigner, who did not impress the people much with his wisdom, is remembered as "Pitlokiak" — the weak-minded man, or fool. The present writer was first called "Usuk," the bearded seal, and finally settled down, as being the tallest man of the party, into "Nerkersoak" — great muscle — (*nerkê*, flesh; *soak*, great). They are very fond of a name, which by a slight twist of the tongue can be converted into a *double entendre*, as many Eskimo words can be, several only differing slightly in the sound, though with an entirely different meaning. Of course, you are the last man to know of your own name. Among themselves they are not a whit better. Ask a native his name, and he will hesitate to tell you. If it is very good, his modesty will keep him from mentioning it; but if it is the contrary, his shame will equally act as a barrier to your acquiring the desired information.

In reality very vain and great braggarts, they are

affectedly modest when speaking of themselves or their property. "Would you lend me," they would say, "your fine large kayak, as my miserable thing has got a hole in it?" In every district or two the Government appoints a parson, and all the natives are nominally Christians, and are baptized, married, and buried after the Lutheran fashion. The priest comes round when he has time, and marries them in batches, a certain dispensation being allowed in the mean time, and a refusal to complete his engagement being perfectly unknown on the side of the male lover. The Lutheran missionaries are supported by the Government, and come out for a term of years, Greenland falling to the lot generally of the least brilliant of the theological licentiates of Copenhagen University. The Moravians — the celebrated *Unitas Fratrum* of Herrnhut in Germany — also have missions in South Greenland, but they are not allowed to stretch farther north than 65°, and it is only recently that they were allowed to baptize and marry. They are a self-denying set of men and women, but much too austere for the Greenlanders' temporal welfare. Round a Moravian settlement the natives are generally a miserable, ragged set of wretches; attendance at church three times a day allowing of little time to attend to seal-catching. The Danes, though they bring out stores to them, yet do not like them; the proverbial professional hatred not being starved even out of Greenland, and, moreover, the Herrnhutians are — Germans! There is not now a real healthy Pagan in Danish Greenland — Hans Hendreich's Smith Sound wife, so celebrated in Dr. Hayes's narrative, being the last; but Shanghu's pretty daughter whose love-episode poor Kane has told us all about,

is now settled down at Proven, a regularly christened woman. Occasionally a wandering savage or two comes round Cape Farewell from the east coast, from unknown lands. Only a few years ago some came to Pamiadluk, declaring that it was two years since they had left their homes in the far north, somewhere near the Pole doubtless. Such windfalls are, however, soon pounced upon by the nearest parson, and baptized *nolens volens*, under the name of Peder, or Jens, or Hans, and a most gushing description of his conversion instantly dispatched by the next ship to the *Danske Missionair Tiddsskrift!* The last *real* Pagan, however, was an old fellow who lived up at Upernavik, in 70° north latitude. When asked to be a Christian, he would slap his broad chest, and shout in a voice as if from a drum, "Why should I be baptized — I can provide for *my* family — *I* don't hang on the whites like the baptized Greenlanders;" and so a Pagan lived and died this representative man. Every Sunday there is service in the little wooden church, the men sitting on one side, and the women on the other. The priest is a sight for gods and men — clad in his sealskin trousers and boots, with a dogskin jacket, the collar of which peeps up above his high Lutheran ruff. Service is in Eskimo, as are also the sweetly sung hymns. An Eskimo plays the organ very well indeed, while the congregation intone out some such hymn as the following: —

> "Scerbsarmeta tanko okautiagut
> Sorapok innardlungalloarmerput," etc.

On a summer morning, when it is in session, there issues through the cracks in the church door an unmistakable odor of ancient seal. The church wall seems to be a regular place for hanging up all sorts of implements

of the chase. For instance, there is a musket or two hanging in the corner, some paddles, harpoons, and seal-lines, all on the outside. It seems as if some of old Pliny's Hyperborei had hung up their arms on the walls of the Temple of Neptune, in gratitude for their escape from shipwreck.

THE FAREWELL OF THE GREENLANDERS

FROM THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

The time comes when we must leave, and all is packing up and good-bye with "Herren Englander." Every day little deputations arrive to ask us to drink coffee before some hospitable threshold, or to take some little farewell dinner. One of these kindly acts of hyperborean (though by no means frigid) hospitality seems worthy of being recorded in these notes as being one of the last of the many acts of good will and warm-heartedness received from a people whom I can scarcely hope ever to see again. Samuel was one of the most respectable of the mixed race of Greenlanders about our neighborhood; a skillful hunter, artificer, and maker of many curiosities, for which he had found a customer in me. He insisted that I should — Danish fashion — take *kavit* with him. As I saw that the invitation was intended as a special mark of favor, and that the refusal would be a mortal affront, I complied most gracefully, though I had drunk so much black coffee that day as to give me little hope of sleeping at night. His house was the ordinary turf mansion situated in a little valley and entered by the usual tunnel. The interior was in no way much different from the others, except that it boasted a greater variety of knicknacks — a Dutch clock, a cupboard, and several glaring prints of the Emperor of the French, his empress, and a fierce red-faced gentleman, whom I had some difficulty in dis-

covering to be intended for "Albert Edward, Prinds af Wales og Hertug af Cornwall." I was here introduced to Samuel's wife and daughter — the latter with the softest brown eyes and auburn hair I ever saw — both of whom were busily manufacturing articles of household attire on the "brecks," or general platform, which occupies one side of the house, and serves the purposes of bed, table, and chair. The house is very warm, and I am begged to take off my coat, following in this fashion the rest of the family, most of whom are in a state of seminudity. There are many other folks there, but they are of the commonalty, and beneath the Tuluit's attention. I, however, notice them patronizingly, and they grin from ear to ear by way of reply. While the rather lengthy operation of preparing the coffee goes on, the family produce their penates to entertain me, while the women examine the texture of my coat and scarlet shirt most knowingly. Samuel shows me his tools, and how he uses them; his spears, and harpoons, and *allunaks*, and the workbox he made for his wife (which does him much credit), and some patterns for slippers, painted in colors by his little boy, who was once one of my particular henchmen, but is now dead. He himself has just recovered from a long sickness, and is very pale. He plays a tune on the fiddle, and the younger members of his family, who have been out gathering blueberries, dance most joyfully to it. He has likewise an accordion; he apologizes for its being a little out of tune, but he had had to open it to show the children where the sound came from! And then the wife (who has been a handsome blue-eyed woman in her day, for they are, of course, all of a mixed breed), with a woman's curiosity, questions me in broken

Danish and English and Eskimo, all about my condition in life: if I am married, and how many children, and so on, and so on; and all the gossips are delighted. They, to my astonishment, inquire if I do not come from Scotland, and on my expressing astonishment at their knowledge of geography, Samuel produces an ancient map, and points out the land of my nativity. All this is done leisurely as the *kavit* boils, and as I sip it in the cleanest of cups, they pour in the soft unction of hyperborean flattery, and assure me with an air which means even more than the words would seem to express, "Efflete eyunelak Tuluit" (You are the good Englishman). "All the Innuit (Eskimo) will miss you when you are gone, and the little boys will have no one to throw skillings to them now. All of us will have sick hearts when you go away." To all of which an ancient dame on the farther side of the "brecks," whom I had hitherto thought only a bundle of sealskins, echoes in a voice as if it came out of a mattress, "Yes, especially the *Neviarsuik* (girls)!" and the house echoes with laughter, as the joke is apparently thought a good one. I grin like the rest as it is explained to me; though Samuel's daughter blushes crimson, for she is apparently the butt of it. Be it known, however, that the daughter of Samuel bears a highly proper reputation in Aetlumia, and is, I am told in a stage whisper (at which she again blushes), to be the spouse of Peder Zaccharias Brug, when that young gentleman has finished his new kayak, and Pastor Neilson has time to unite them in the bonds of wedlock. After we have finished our coffee, we have blueberries and a glass of schnapps, which last is produced with the air of smuggled whiskey; and when we consider how dearly they all

like this beverage, the extent of the favor may be imagined. When all is over, and the autumn sun is getting low, I am escorted to the door by the whole family, with many good-byes and hopes to see me again next year, and take my departure homeward. We have a long way yet to go before we meet the stout ship which is to take us to Denmark. We have to share, some snowy nights, the hospitality of an Eskimo hut — but savory and very warm — and to pass miserable days and nights enow in dreary Akajaroah.

Snow is falling fast as we leave Greenland behind. All have some little regrets at leaving it. One thinks of the eider-ducks and the reindeer, another of the glorious glaciers and icebergs, like silver castles floating in the summer sunlight, on an emerald sea. Everybody joins in one regret that the free-and-easy life — so novel and so wild — is at an end; that behind lies life in its wildest aspect — before us in its most civilized, but also most artificial form.

WHAT IS AN ICEBERG?

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

OBSERVE the little bit of ice that clinks in your tumbler at dinner-time. Observe it closely, and you will perceive how very small a part of it floats above the surface of the water. That part is about one tenth, but it floats in fresh water. Change it to sea-water, and the part above would be one eighth. Now this little bit of ice is an iceberg in miniature—an iceberg in every essential feature except that it did not in all human probability come from Greenland. In form, in general transparency, in the play of light upon it, in its prismatic character, in the shape of its projecting tongues which lie beneath the surface of the waves, in the delicate mist which plays around it in the warm air, it is the very image, on a small scale, of those great monoliths of the Arctic frost which come sailing down Baffin's Bay with the Polar Current in all their stately grandeur and magnificence.

It is difficult for the imagination to conceive of the great magnitude of some of these Greenland icebergs; and yet, they are but comparatively trifling pieces, torn by the sea from glaciers. The iceberg is indeed as the paring of a finger-nail to the whole body, when compared to the quantity of ice in the reservoir from which it came. Magnify the bit of ice in your tumbler until it becomes to your imagination half a mile in diameter each way, and you have a mass that is far from uncommon. Add to this a mile, two miles, of length, and you have what

may be sometimes seen. I have sailed alongside of an iceberg two miles and a quarter before coming to the end of it. Yet this is not greater, in proportion to the entire Greenland accumulation, than the little bit of ice in your tumbler is to the immense stores which the ice monopolists have in their storehouses when they stand ready to avow, and do avow, that the stock is nearly exhausted, and that they propose to double their charges on you just when the hottest weather oppresses the city.

The name iceberg signifies ice-mountain, and mountainous it truly is in size. Lift it out of the water, and it becomes a mountain five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, or three thousand feet high. In dimensions it is as if the city of New York were turned adrift in the Atlantic, or the Central Park were cut out and launched in the same place. And an iceberg of the dimensions of Central Park is far from unusual. In general outline of surface the resemblance is often equally good. It is undulating like the park, and craggy, and is crossed by ravines and dotted with lakes — the waters of which are formed from the melting snows of the late winter, which have fallen upon it, and also of the ice itself, after the snows have disappeared before the rays of the summer's sun. In such a lake I have even once bathed, although, I am glad to say, but once, and that was in "the days of other years," when the youthful impulse was strong to *say*, "I have done it!" a disease which I believe to be amenable to that treatment popularly known as "sad experience." Skating on an iceberg lake is more satisfactory and sensible, though it is just as well to give an iceberg as wide a berth as possible, and have as little to do with it as you can at all times, for it is liable to go to

pieces (though this rarely happens in winter) when you are least expecting it. I have often climbed them, however, and with different motives; sometimes to aid in watering the ship (for the lakes upon them are of the best and purest water); sometimes to obtain a distant view; at other times for the mere purpose of curiosity and adventure. Ordinarily, a slope may be found by which the ascent can be made without difficulty, but sometimes spikes in the heels and a boat hook in the hand become necessary. Frequently, however, the sides are quite vertical all around, and it cannot be scaled at all. On one occasion, I measured an iceberg that presented on one of its sides a vertical wall that rose three hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the sea. Another one that I saw in the upper part of Baffin's Bay, and measured carefully, I will describe minutely. The sea was quite smooth, and the day calm, so that I enjoyed a most excellent opportunity, such an one as I never had before, and probably shall never have again.

This iceberg was not only remarkable for its size, but for its great variety of feature. I rowed all the way around it, and measured it as carefully as possible. One of its sides was nearly straight and regular, having the appearance of being recently broken from the glacier. When facing the sun, it glistened marvelously. This side was six thousand five hundred feet long—about a mile and a quarter. At one end it was two hundred and forty feet high, rising squarely from the sea. At the center the height was less, being only one hundred and sixty feet; at the other end it was one hundred and ninety.

These measurements were made with as much accuracy as was attainable under the circumstances, and are

quite reliable within small limits. The log-line and chronometer — the one to measure distance, the other to note time — were of necessity the means of obtaining the length. For the height I dropped the "chip" at the base of the berg, and then, rowing out a hundred fathoms, I had a tolerably good base-line for obtaining the altitude — a pocket-sextant giving me the necessary angles. Say that I made a mistake of twenty-five feet, it is yet near enough for all practical purposes. It was big enough in all conscience, any way.

In measuring my lengths I was not so liable to error, and in the same manner as before I found one end of the berg to be eighteen hundred feet across. Here it terminated in a rounded bluff that was one hundred and twenty feet high.

Turning at the base of this rounded bluff, I came upon a side wholly different from the one I had before measured. It had evidently been for a long time the front of the glacier — perhaps for a period of fifteen or twenty years, or even more. It was everywhere irregular. In places it was cliff-like, as was the other, but for the most part it was worn into all sorts of irregular shapes. This had been done partly by the washings of the sea, partly by the sun, and partly by the streams of water which poured from the glacier while this iceberg was a part of it. There were bays in the side of it large enough to float a frigate. The Panther might have gone in and turned around upon her heel without fear of striking.

In another place there was a considerable bay, with two ice islands in it that were very peculiar. To this bay they were as Governor's Island and Ellis's Island to the bay of New York, and they had as firm a foundation,

but the bottom upon which they rested was ice. They were mere hummocks, and the water on the berg was quite shoal. Yet we went in at least a hundred yards before we reached the shore of it, all the while being really *on* the iceberg, for the ice projected away out beneath us; and as I looked over the side of the boat down through the clear bright water, which we were shoaling constantly, I thought I had never seen a more perfectly graduated tint than that from the deep water when we first came over the ice to the margin of the bay. It was as if we sailed through liquid emerald.

I "landed" upon the shore of this bay and climbed the iceberg. It was not an easy climb, even with the aid of steel spikes in my heels and a boat hook in my hand. In places the ascent was very steep; and had I lost my footing, I should have slid down at a fearful pace into the sea.

Upon reaching the surface I found it to be rolling, and much broken. There were two conspicuous hills upon it, one of which was two hundred and ninety, the other two hundred and seventy feet above the sea level. At least, this was the record of my barometer. Between these hills and among others less conspicuous, I discovered a lake a quarter of a mile long. Its course was winding like the lake of Central Park, which it resembled in size. I followed along its shore until I found the outlet, and there, through a narrow gorge, the overflow of the lake was rushing over a crystal bed in a rapid torrent, until coming at length to the side of the berg the pure cold stream leaped wildly down into the ocean, roaring like a youthful Niagara, and breaking into spray. On every side there were indeed streams, most of them quite

small, so that the whole iceberg was shedding water on every side, and the constant sound of innumerable cascades charmed the ear with their ceaseless roar.

From the lake I wandered among the icy hills until I grew bewildered, and I found my way back to the place of ascent not without embarrassment. The cause of this was partially explained — the iceberg was revolving; and as I steered my course back by the sun, I naturally mistook the direction until I had discovered what was wrong, when I began to look for the two hills first mentioned, by which I recovered my bearings, and was soon on the right track again. Upon climbing these ice-hills, I obtained a grand view. The whole sea was studded with icebergs — hundreds of them there must have been — of every conceivable shape, from the great wall-sided mass that looked like a floating huge castle to the colossal effigy of some winged monster floating upon the sea.

Although on an iceberg, I was not without life to keep me company. A flock of kittiwake gulls flew about my head, and, perching upon a hill, set up their noisy chatter; and one old burgomaster gull, who had caught a fish, came there to swallow it in peace. But, to his evident surprise and sad disgust, he was suddenly pounced upon by a predatory jager, who had seemingly been hovering round for just such a chance; and, with an angry scream, the burgomaster, who had started off when he saw his enemy, gave up his prize, which the jager quickly caught in mid-air.

It was altogether a strange sensation, afloat at so great an elevation on an ice mountain in the sea. Yet my footstool was firm and solid as the eternal hills.

Had time and circumstances permitted, I should gladly have carried up my camp-fixtures and remained there for a day or so watching the grand panorama of the hills and sea, while the sun, like a golden wheel in the blue sky, rolled around me, changing from hour to hour the aspect of every object within the range of vision — now silvering an iceberg, now coloring it, while it floated sometimes in a sea of blue, and again of green; now blazing with red the rugged cliffs of the fiord; now throwing them in shadow, as if they were the gloomy walls encompassing the abyss of Dante's Giants; now gilding the distant mountains, now robing them in purple; now silvering the far-off *mer de glace*, then melting it into a sea of rubies, or blending it with the blue sky; for such scenes I have often witnessed in the Arctic seas, though not from the summit of an iceberg.

But this camp on the iceberg was not possible; so, when I had found my way, I descended from my lofty elevation to the boat, and then, pulling on around the berg, completed my survey of it.

The scenery was much varied as we passed along. At one time we were beneath a dismantled tower; at another time, a ruined spire; then a deep cleft of blue or a dark cavern of green, in which the slow-moving billows were caught and confined, until, as if tired of their imprisonment, their hollow voices came gurgling out like the loud breathing of some mighty monster of the deep exhausted with his efforts to move the mountain from his path.

The side along which we were now passing proved to be six thousand feet in length. The end beyond was thirty-five hundred. Thus, in making the complete cir-

cuit of the iceberg, we had pulled almost three and a half miles.

The altitude of the berg I averaged at one hundred and eighty feet above the sea level, which would give a total average depth of fourteen hundred and forty feet, or more than a quarter of a mile. Multiply these figures, and we obtain a total cubical contents of 23,850,000,000 feet. Convert this into tons, and all the carrying capacity of all the ships in the world are as nothing to it. Freight them all with ice cut from it, and an impression would hardly be made upon it. It is only by such figuring that we can form anything like an adequate idea of the enormous magnitude of this huge vagrant of the Arctic seas. Its beauties are not defined so readily. Solid and mighty, it is yet a subtle object. The light plays through it, as through the opal. Flashes of every color come from it. Here we see the emerald, there chalcedony; and again transparent quartz or sapphire, the topaz or the ruby, as the sun's rays dart through its sharp angles, or the tintings of the clouds are reflected from its sides.

More than this I cannot say of the floating ice-mountain. Words fail utterly in the description of such a mighty work of nature — fail us as completely as do the pigments of the painter. Who could paint or who describe the leap of Niagara, or the roar that rises from the great abyss? At best, the effort of the artist gives but a vague idea of the truth. The iceberg — in its birth, growth, and immensity; on the varying phases which it presents at different times; the subtle quality of the light and color which play around it — is utterly beyond the reach of art. And who could paint, or who describe

its age? Nothing but actual observation will even so much as suggest the long period occupied in its formation. Close inspection will reveal an infinite number of lines of stratification, which, like the multiplied rings of the old forest oak, mark the years of its increase, and tell of the untold ages during which it was growing in the parent glacier; but there is nothing in it or about it to fix the period when the hardened snow-flakes which compose it were first dropped upon the Greenland hills; nothing to show its steady growth through the recurring cycles of time.

ESCAPING FROM A GLACIER

BY DR. ISAAC I. HAYES

During the absence of the captain and myself from the vessel, the artists had not been idle. They had landed near the glacier, and with brush and camera had begun their work. The day was warm, the mercury rising to 68° in the shade, and the sun, coming around to the south, blazed upon the cold, icy wall. This must have produced some difference of temperature between the ice touched by the solar rays and that of the interior, which was in all probability several degrees below the freezing-point, for towards noon there was an incessant crackling along the entire front of ice. Small pieces were split off with explosive violence, and, falling to the sea, produced a fine effect as the spray and water spurted from the spot where they struck. Scarcely an instant passed without a disturbance occurring of this kind. It was like a fusillade of artillery. Now and then a mass of considerable size would break loose, producing an impression both upon the eye and ear that was very startling.

By one o'clock everybody had come on board to dinner, and for a while we all stood on deck watching the spectacle and noting the changes that took place with interest. It was observed, among other curious phenomena, that when the ice broke off the fractured surface was deep blue; and that if any ice, as sometimes happened, came up from beneath the water, it bore the same

color; but after a short exposure to the sun, the surface changed, and became almost pure white, with the satin glitter before described. Our situation for a view could not have been better chosen, and it is not likely that such an opportunity was ever enjoyed before by explorers, since it is not probable that a vessel ever rode before at her anchor so near a glacier.

After dinner the work was to be resumed. The photographers hastened ashore, hoping to catch an instantaneous view of some tumbling fragment, which if they could have done would certainly have exceeded in interest any other view they had secured. The question of moving our anchorage was deferred to the captain, who decided to go over to the other side when the artists had been put ashore with their tools. Steam was indeed already up.

The boat had reached the shore for this purpose, and had shoved off for the ship, leaving the artists on the beach; and the order had been given by the captain to "up anchor," when loud reports were heard one after another in quick succession. A number of large pieces had broken off, and their fall disturbed the sea to such an extent that the vessel began to roll quite perceptibly, and waves broke with considerable force upon the shore. Then, without a moment's warning, there was a report louder than any we had yet heard. It was evident that some unusual event was about to happen, and a feeling of alarm was generally experienced.

Casting my eyes in the direction from which the sound proceeded, the cause of it was at once explained. The very center or extreme point of the glacier was in a state of apparent disintegration. Here the ice was peculiarly

picturesque, and we had never ceased to admire it, and sketch and photograph it. A perfect forest of gothic spires, more or less symmetrical, gave it the appearance of a vast cathedral, fashioned by the hands of man. The origin of these spires will be readily understood to be in consequence, first, of the formation of crevasses far up on the glacier; and, secondly, by the spaces between them widening, and sharpening and rounding off by the action of the sun as the glacier steadily approaches the sea. At the base of these spires there were several pointed arches, some of them almost perfect in form, which still further strengthened the illusion that they might be of human and not of natural creation. At the extreme point there was one spire that stood out quite detached, almost from the water's edge to its summit. This could not have been much less than two hundred feet high. I had passed very near this while crossing over in the boat, and the front of it appeared to extend vertically down to the bottom. In the clear green water (for the muddy water of the southern side did not reach over so far) I could trace it a long way into the sea. I had little idea then how treacherous an object it was, or I would not have ventured so near, for I was not more than a boat's length from it.

The last and loudest report, as above mentioned, came from this wonderful spire, which was sinking down. It seemed, indeed, as if the foundations of the earth were giving way, and that the spire was descending into the yawning depths below. The effect was magnificent. It did not topple over and fall headlong, but went down bodily, and in doing so crumbled into numberless pieces. The process was not instantaneous, but lasted for the

space of at least a quarter of a minute. It broke up as if it were composed of scales, the fastenings of which had given way, layer after layer, until the very core was reached, and there was nothing left of it. But we could not witness this process of disintegration in detail after the first few moments, for the whole glacier almost to its summit became enveloped in spray — a semi-transparent cloud through which the crumbling of the ice could be faintly seen. Shouts of admiration and astonishment burst from the ship's company. The greatest danger would scarcely have been sufficient to withdraw the eye from the fascinating spectacle. But when the summit of the spire began to sink away amidst the great white mass of foam and mist, into which it finally disappeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded.

By this time, however, other portions of the glacier were undergoing a similar transformation, influenced, no doubt, by the shock which had been communicated by this first disruption. Other spires, less perfect in their form, disappeared in the same manner, and great scales peeling from the glacier in various places fell into the sea with a prolonged crash, and followed by a loud hissing and crackling sound. Then, in the general confusion, all particular reports were swallowed up in one universal roar, which woke the echoes of the hills and spread consternation to the people on the Panther's deck.

This consternation increased with every moment; for the roar of the falling and crumbling ice was drowned in a peal, compared to which the loudest thunder of the heavens would be but a feeble sound. It seemed as if the foundations of the earth, which had given way to admit

the sinking ice, were now rent asunder, and the world seemed to tremble. From the commencement of the crumbling to this moment the increase of sound was steady and uninterrupted. It was like the wind, which, moaning through the trees before a storm, elevates its voice with its multiplying strength, and lays the forest low in the crash of the tempest.

The whole glacier about the place where these disturbances were occurring was enveloped in a cloud, which rose up over the glacier as one sees the mist rising from the abyss below Niagara, and, receiving the rays of the sun, hold a rainbow fluttering above the vortex.

While the fearful sound was pealing forth, I saw a blue mass rising through the cloud, at first slowly, then with a bound; and now, from out the foam and mist, a wave of vast proportions rolled away in a widening semicircle. I could watch the glacier no more. The instinct of self-preservation drove me to seize the first firm object I could lay my hands upon, and grasp it with all my strength. The wave came down upon us with the speed of the wind. The swell occasioned by an earthquake can alone compare with it in magnitude. It rolled beneath the Panther, lifted her upon its crest, and swept her towards the rocks. An instant more and I was flat upon the deck, borne down by the stroke of falling water. The wave had broken on the abrupt shore, and after touching the rocks with its crest a hundred feet above our heads, had curled backward, and, striking the ship with terrific force, had deluged the decks. A second wave followed before the shock of the first had fairly ceased, and broke over us in like manner. Another and another came after in quick succession; but each was smaller

than the one preceding it. The Panther was driven within two fathoms of the shore, but she did not strike. Thank Heaven, our anchor held, or our ship would have been knocked to pieces, or landed high and dry with the first great wave that rolled under us.

When it became evident that we were safe, our thoughts naturally flew to our comrades on the shore. To our great joy, they too were safe; but they had not had time to clamber up the steep acclivity before the first wave had buried them. Flinging themselves flat upon the ground when they discovered that escape was hopeless, and clinging to each other and to the rocks, they prevented themselves from being carried off or seriously hurt. One had been lifted from his feet and hurled with much force against a rock, but, excepting a few bruises, he was not injured, and with much fervor thanked Heaven that it was no worse. He had, indeed, abundant cause. Had the party not been favored by the rocks, which were of such formation that they could readily spring up from ledge to ledge, they must all have perished. The wave, before it reached them, had expended much of its force. If they had been upon the beach and received the full force of the blow, they would inevitably have been killed outright or drowned in the undertow. Their implements — bottles, plates, everything — were either gone, or were a perfect wreck. Fortunately, their cameras were upon the hillside, and beyond the reach of the wave, where they had used them in the morning. The boat, also, was safe; she had been hauled out some distance from the shore, and by putting her head to the waves she rode in security.

The agitation of the sea continued for half an hour

after the first wave broke upon us. This was partly a prolongation of the first disturbance, but proceeded mainly from the original cause still operating. The iceberg had been born amidst the great confusion, and as it was the rolling up of the vast mass which sent that first wave away in a widening semicircle, so it was the rocking to and fro of the monster that continued the agitation of the sea; for this new-born child of the Arctic frosts seemed loath to come to rest in its watery cradle. And what an azure gem it was! glittering while it moved there in the bright sunshine like a mammoth *lapis lazuli* set in a sea of chased silver, for the waters all around were but one mass of foam.

I measured this iceberg afterwards and found its height above the surface of the water to be one hundred and forty feet, which, supposing the same proportions to continue all the way down, would give a total depth of eleven hundred and twenty feet, since the proportion of ice below to that above is as seven to one. Its circumference was almost a mile. No wonder that its birth was attended with such fearful consequences.

The part which had been the top of the glacier had become the bottom of the iceberg. The fragment, when it broke off, had performed an entire half-revolution. Hence it was that no part of it was white. But as the day wore on, the delicate hue which it first showed vanished, and before the berg finally disappeared down the fiord it wore the usual opaque white which distinguishes its older brothers who have drifted in Baffin's Bay for perhaps a score of years.

As may well be supposed, we did not wait for another iceberg to catch us in such a defenseless situation. Our

jolly captain was now quite content to own that he held glaciers in profound respect, and lost no time, therefore, in picking up his anchor. Then, as soon as our bruised and thoroughly drenched artists were brought aboard, the Panther wheeled upon her heel and steamed over to the opposite side, where, at a more respectful distance, anchorage was found which promised safety if the glacier should take upon itself once more to perform such fantastic freaks as the one of which we had like to have been victims; and we had no mind now for another such dangerous encounter.

THE SEARCH FOR THE POLES

I

ADVENTURES IN THE FROZEN NORTH

HISTORICAL NOTE

Lord Dufferin thus describes the intense cold of the North: "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six months' winter in this part of the world. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of its occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the flesh, it brings the skin away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burnt off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, — what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside!"

In Arctic exploration there is danger of freezing, of starvation, of death by a score of different accidents, and yet there is a "lure of the North" so strong and so fascinating that those who have once felt it are rarely satisfied without making a second trial of its beauties and its perils.

SPITZBERGEN, THE ISLAND THAT BELONGS TO NO ONE

BY LORD DUFFERIN

[In the Icelandic sagas it is written that in 1194 land was discovered a four days' sail to the northeast of Iceland. This land was undoubtedly Spitzbergen.

The Editor.]

It was at one o'clock in the morning of the 6th of August, 1856, that after having been eleven days at sea, we came to an anchor in the silent haven of English Bay, Spitzbergen.

And now, how shall I give you an idea of the wonderful panorama in the midst of which we found ourselves? I think, perhaps, its most striking feature was the stillness — and deadness — and impassability of this new world; ice, and rock, and water surrounded us; not a sound of any kind interrupted the silence; the sea did not break upon the shore; no bird or any living thing was visible; the midnight sun — by this time muffled in a transparent mist — shed an awful, mysterious luster on glacier and mountain; no atom of vegetation gave token of the earth's vitality; an universal numbness and dumbness seemed to pervade the solitude. I suppose in scarcely any other part of the world is this appearance of deadness so strikingly exhibited. On the stillest summer day in England, there is always perceptible an undertone of life thrilling through the atmosphere; and though no breeze should stir a single leaf, yet — in default of

motion — there is always a sense of growth; but here not so much as a blade of grass was to be seen, on the sides of the bald excoriated hills. Primeval rocks — and eternal ice — constitute the landscape.

The anchorage where we had brought up is the best to be found, with the exception perhaps of Magdalena Bay, along the whole west coast of Spitzbergen; indeed, it is almost the only one where you are not liable to have the ice set in upon you at a moment's notice. Ice Sound, Bell Sound, Horn Sound — the other harbors along the west coast — are all liable to be beset by drift-ice during the course of a single night, even though no vestige of it may have been in sight four-and-twenty hours before; and many a good ship has been inextricably imprisoned in the very harbor to which she had fled for refuge. This bay is completely landlocked, being protected on its open side by Prince Charles's Foreland, a long island lying parallel with the mainland. Down towards either horn run two ranges of schistose rocks about fifteen hundred feet high, their sides almost precipitous, and the topmost ridge as sharp as a knife, and jagged as a saw; the intervening space is entirely filled up by an enormous glacier, which — descending with one continuous incline from the head of a valley on the right, and sweeping like a torrent round the roots of an isolated clump of hills in the center — rolls at last into the sea. The length of the glacial river from the spot where it apparently first originated, could not have been less than thirty or thirty-five miles, or its greatest breadth less than nine or ten; but so completely did it fill up the higher end of the valley that it was as much as you could do to distinguish the farther mountains peeping up above its sur-

face. The height of the precipice where it fell into the sea, I should judge to have been about one hundred and twenty feet.

On the left, a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung half suspended halfway on the hillside, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain.

I have tried to convey to you a notion of the falling impetus impressed on the surface of the Jan Mayen ice rivers; but in this case, so unaccountable did it seem that the overhanging mass of ice should not continue to thunder down upon its course, that one's natural impulse was to shrink from crossing the path along which a breath — a sound — might precipitate the suspended avalanche into the valley. . . . Nothing is more dangerous than to approach these cliffs of ice. Every now and then, huge masses detach themselves from the face of the crystal steep, and topple over into the water; and woe be to the unfortunate ship which might happen to be passing below. Scoresby himself actually witnessed a mass of ice, the size of a cathedral, thunder down into the sea from a height of four hundred feet; frequently during our stay at Spitzbergen we ourselves observed specimens of these ice avalanches; and scarcely an hour passed without the solemn silence of the bay being disturbed by the thunderous boom resulting from similar catastrophes occurring in adjacent valleys.

As soon as we had thoroughly taken in the strange features of the scene around us, we all turned in for a night's rest. I was dog tired, as much with anxiety as want of sleep; for in continuing to push on to the northward in spite of the ice, I naturally could not help feeling

that if any accident occurred, the responsibility would rest with me; and although I do not believe that we were at any time in any real danger, yet from our inexperience in the peculiarities of Arctic navigation, I think the coolest judgment would have been liable to occasional misgivings as to what might arise from possible contingencies. Now, however, all was right; the result had justified our anticipations; we had reached the so-longed-for goal; and as I stowed myself snugly away in the hollow of my cot, I could not help heartily congratulating myself that — for that night at all events — there was no danger of the ship knocking a hole in her bottom against some hummock which the look-out had been too sleepy to observe; and that Wilson could not come in the next morning and announce "Ice all round, a-all ro-ound!" In a quarter of an hour afterwards, all was still on board the Foam; and the lonely little ship lay floating on the glassy bosom of the sea, apparently as inanimate as the landscape. . . . Immediately after breakfast we pulled to the shore, carrying in the gig with us the photographic apparatus, tents, guns, ammunition, and the goat. Poor old thing! she had suffered dreadfully from seasickness, and I thought a run ashore might do her good. On the left-hand side of the bay, between the foot of the mountain and the sea, there ran a low, flat belt of black moss, about half a mile broad; and as this appeared the only point in the neighborhood likely to offer any attraction to reindeer, it was on this side that I determined to land. My chief reason for having run into English Bay, rather than Magdalena Bay, was, because we had been told at Hammerfest that it was the more likely place of the two for deer; and as we were sadly in want of fresh meat, this

advantage quite decided us in our choice. As soon, therefore, as we had superintended the erection of the tent and set Wilson hard at work cleaning the glasses for the photographs, we slung our rifles on our backs, and set off in search of deer. But in vain did I peer through my telescope across the dingy flat in front; not a vestige of a horn was to be seen, although in several places we came upon impressions of their track. At last our confidence in the reports of their great plenty became considerably diminished. Still the walk was very refreshing after our confinement on board; and although the thermometer was below freezing, the cold only made the exercise more pleasant. A little to the northward I observed — lying on the seashore — innumerable logs of driftwood. This wood is floated all the way from America by the Gulf Stream, and as I walked from one huge bole to another, I could not help wondering in what primeval forest each had grown, what chance had originally cast them on the waters, and piloted them to this desert shore.

Mingled with this fringe of unhewn timber that lined the beach — lay (waifs and strays of a more sinister kind), pieces of broken spars, an oar, a boat's flagstaff, and a few shattered fragments of some long-lost vessel's planking. Here and there, too, we would come upon skulls of walrus, ribs and shoulder-blades of bears, brought possibly by the ice in winter. Turning again from the sea, we resumed our search for deer; but two or three hours more very stiff walking produced no better luck. Suddenly a cry from Fitz, who had wandered a little to the right, brought us helter-skelter to the spot where he was standing. But it was not a stag

he had called us to come and look upon. Half embedded in the black moss at his feet, there lay a gray deal coffin falling almost to pieces with age; the lid was gone — blown off probably by the wind — and within were stretched the bleaching bones of a human skeleton. A rude cross at the head of the grave still stood partially upright, and a half-obliterated Dutch inscription preserved a record of the dead man's name and age.

. . . . . VANDER SCHELLING . . . .
COMMAN . . . . JACOB MOOR . . . . .
OB 2 JUNE 1758 ÆT 44.

It was evidently some poor whaler of the last century, to whom his companions had given the only burial possible in this frost-hardened earth, which even the summer sun has no force to penetrate beyond a couple of inches, and which will not afford to man the shallowest grave. A bleak resting-place for that hundred years' slumber, I thought, as I gazed on the dead mariner's remains! . . .

On another part of the coast we found two other corpses yet more scantily sepulchered, without so much as a cross to mark their resting-place. Even in the palmy days of the whale-fisheries, it was the practice of the Dutch and English sailors to leave the wooden coffins in which they had placed their comrades' remains, exposed upon the shore; and I have been told by an eye-witness, that in Magdalena Bay there were to be seen even to this day, the bodies of men who died upwards of two hundred and fifty years ago, in such complete preservation that when you pour hot water on the icy covering which encases them, you can actually see the unchanged

features of the dead, through the transparent incrustation.

As soon as Fitz had gathered a few of the little flowering mosses that grew inside the coffin, we proceeded on our way, leaving poor Jacob Moor — like his great namesake — alone in his glory.

Turning to the right, we scrambled up the spur of one of the mountains on the eastern side of the plain, and thence dived down among the lateral valleys that run up between them. Although by this means we opened up quite a new system of hills, and basins, and gullies, the general scenery did not change its characteristics. All vegetation — if the black moss deserves such a name — ceases when you ascend twenty feet above the level of the sea, and the sides of the mountains become nothing but steep slopes of schist, split and crumbled into an even surface by the frost. Every step we took unfolded a fresh succession of these jagged spikes and break-neck acclivities, in an unending variety of quaint configuration. Mountain climbing has never been a hobby of mine, so I was not tempted to play the part of Excelsior on any of these hillsides; but for those who love such exercise a fairer, or a more dangerous opportunity of distinguishing themselves could not be imagined.

The supercargo or owner of the very first Dutch ship that ever came to Spitzbergen broke his neck in attempting to climb a hill in Prince Charles's Foreland. Barentz very nearly lost several of his men under similar circumstances, and when Scoresby succeeded in making the ascent of another hill near Horn Sound, it was owing to his having taken the precaution of marking each

upward step in chalk that he was ever able to get down again. . . .

During the whole period of our stay in Spitzbergen, we had enjoyed unclouded sunshine. The nights were even brighter than the days, and afforded Fitz an opportunity of taking some photographic views by the light of a *midnight* sun. The cold was never very intense, though the thermometer remained below freezing; but about four o'clock every evening, the salt-water bay in which the schooner lay was veneered over with a pellicle of ice one eighth of an inch in thickness, and so elastic that even when the sea beneath was considerably agitated, its surface remained unbroken — the smooth round waves taking the appearance of billows of oil. If such is the effect produced by the slightest modification of the sun's power, in the month of August, — you can imagine what must be the result of his total disappearance beneath the horizon. The winter is, in fact, unendurable. Even in the height of summer, the moisture inherent in the atmosphere is often frozen into innumerable particles, so minute as to assume the appearance of an impalpable mist. Occasionally persons have wintered on the island, but unless the greatest precautions have been taken for their preservation, the consequences have been almost invariably fatal.

About the same period as when the party of Dutch sailors were left at Jan Mayen, a similar experiment was tried at Spitzbergen. At the former place it was scurvy rather than cold which destroyed the poor wretches left there to fight it out with winter; at Spitzbergen, as well as could be gathered from their journal, it appeared that they had perished from the intolerable

severity of the climate, — and the contorted attitudes in which their bodies were found lying, too plainly indicated the amount of agony they had suffered.

[Summer excursions to Spitzbergen by steamer are now arranged for the accommodation of tourists.

The Editor.]

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON FLOATING ICE

[1871–1872]

BY HANS HENDRIK[1]

[Hans Hendrik, the author of the following narrative, was a native Greenlander. He became a member of four Arctic expeditions; under Kane, Hayes, Hall, and Nares respectively. It was during the expedition under Hall that the events occurred which are here narrated. Before the Polaris had been at sea five months, Captain Hall died. Soon the ship was caught in the ice and so terribly shattered by a storm that all expected her to go to the bottom at the next split. The only thing to do was to put as much of the stores as possible on the ice-floe, in the hope that it would hold together until its occupants could be rescued. When nineteen persons were on the ice, a sudden split came, and they were separated from the ship. Then occurred the marvelous voyage of fifteen hundred miles which is so graphically described by the Greenlander.

Contrary to the expectation of all, the men on the Polaris managed to keep her afloat and finally to bring her near the shore. During the winter they succeeded in making two boats with timber from the vessel. When summer had come, they sailed away in these toward the south, and were rescued by a whaler.

The Editor.]

After two days we stuck in the pack, and were brought down with it towards the south. While thus we were blocked, my comrade and I caught seals every day, and

[1] Translated from the Eskimo by Dr. Henry Rink.

then began collecting a store of unskinned seals. At the same time while the ship rested immovable, they put up a tent on the ice, and filled it with bread. When we were off Kap Allikisat, a gale sprang up from the south. It was a pitch-dark night, when the ice began moving northward, and the floes were jammed and pushed over each other. At last our ship began to crack terribly from their pressure. I thought she would be crushed.

On perceiving this we brought our wives and children down upon the ice, and hurried to fetch all our little luggage, and remove the whole to a short distance from the ship. Then the ice broke up close to the vessel, and her cables broke; but in the awful darkness we could only just hear the voices on board, and when the craft was going adrift we believed she was on the point of sinking. Here we were left, ten men, our wives and children, and the Tuluks [English or Americans], making nineteen in all, and having two boats, no boat remaining with the ship. When the others drifted from us, we thought they had gone to the bottom, while we ourselves were in the most miserable state of sadness and tears.

But especially I pitied my poor little wife and her children in the terrible snowstorm. I began thinking: "Have I searched for this myself [brought this upon myself] by traveling to the north? But, no! we have a merciful Providence to watch over us." At length our children fell asleep, while we covered them with ox-hides in the frightful snowdrift. At dawn our Commander Tarsta [?] said he would make for the land with the men, as soon as their meal was done. When they had cooked and got their breakfasts, they set off towards

an island called Pikiulek, but before they could reach the shore they were stopped by new ice.

About this time we sighted the ship, which was approaching us, to our great joy. They steamed on, and I believed they would have observed us, but suddenly they turned, a heavy squall from the north coming on at the same time.

When our Tuluk companions were going to make for the land, they asked us to follow them, but my comrade and I preferred to stay behind, knowing that they could not get to shore. The cook also kept us company, saying that he found it pitiful to abandon us. Those who tried to land returned after a while, not having succeeded. The north wind blew furiously, and the heavy seas threw us towards the Westland. Suddenly the ice on which we dwelt parted, and we were separated from the tent which contained our store of bread. When the ice touched the Westland it stopped, and packed together all around us. Here we made a snow-hut. My comrade went out sledging, and how lucky! — he caught sight of the tent. Directly we started, dragging a boat to fetch some bread. At the tent we filled the boat with bread, and drew it over the ice to our camping-place. When we left our wives and children, I was afraid a bear would devour them, now I was consoled to see them unhurt, and after our arrival we had a good meal. Since we left the ship, this was the first time we ate sufficiently.

The following day we deliberated whether we should remove to the floe where stood the tent, as it was very large and might serve us for an island during the winter. We resolved to proceed, and first brought thither one of the boats, loaded with bread and luggage, whereupon

we filled the other in the same way. My wife and daughter loaded the sledge with our little properties and pulled it, my wife carrying the baby in her hood. Our son was seven years of age, our youngest daughter four, and these poor things walked over the rough ice, my wife and daughter pulling the sledge, and I assisting those who dragged the boat — a sad sight. When they were going to be left behind, I told my wife I should return to her. When we had brought the boat to our new camping-place, I went back, followed by one of the sailors, and, finding my little daughter Sophie Elisabeth very tired, we placed her on the sledge, and more men came to help us. When we had finished our removal, we turned the boat over, I and my family going to sleep under it, while the Tuluks were lodged in the tent, and the Westlanders made a snow-hut for themselves.

The next day we built a snow-hut in the middle of the ice-floe. Fancy! this was to be our settlement for the whole winter. One day we rested; then my comrade and I went out sledging towards the land. On approaching it, we fell in with new ice; I remained to look for breathing-holes, while my comrade proceeded towards the shore. I found some holes, and heard the sound of breathing; but as the ice was covered with snow, I could not get at the seals [which were scared by the noise]. My comrade had been on shore, and told me he had seen footprints of hares and foxes.

When we returned, we made up our minds to remove to the land the following day. We also drove in another direction, but without discovering anything. Next morning we tried to go shorewards, but our island, the ice-floe, began moving. It drifted seawards, conse-

quently we turned back, and now we continued to be carried off incessantly in a southern direction throughout the winter. After some time we caught sight of land, but by-and-by lost it again. Every day my dear comrade, the Westlander John, and I went out hunting. In this way once he succeeded in getting a seal. What a joy when we had a meal of flesh, and our lamps became supplied with blubber! Afterwards I again got a seal, a small one; I killed it at one shot. Wonderful, indeed, that we were so blessed with seals for our support, and that we so continued the whole winter.

Once, when we were out shooting, I fell through, having both legs under water. My comrade asked: "Art thou wet?" I answered: "No, I did not get wet." When we had tried shooting we returned, but quite near to our encampment a strong northern gale suddenly overtook us, and made both of us lose our way. The snow drifted terribly. As I was tired with walking, I stopped. Looking up towards the sky, I perceived many stars. Thereupon I proceeded, but came to a broad crack; and on going back, I fell in with the open sea. Now I thought my last day was come. I considered the miserable position of my dear wife and children, on a piece of ice in mid-ocean. Then I pronounced my prayer: —

"Jesu, lead me by the hand,
While I am here below;
Forsake me not.
If Thou dost not abide with me, I shall fall;
But near to Thee I am safe."

When I had finished these words I ascended a heap of ice-blocks, and discovered a star rising a little above the

surface of the ice. But it was my comrade, who had lighted a torch, and pointed it all round from the highest part of the uneven ice. I went down in the direction of what I saw; but on my road I again fell in with a fissure, turned, and went on, but again discovered something like a light. I moved forward, examining it, but was again stopped by the break. While here, some people were heard approaching; and when they came close they shouted: "Art thou Hans?" I answered: "Yes." Whereupon they said: "We had nearly fired at thee, believing it was a bear." I answered: "Never more I had reason to be thankful to anybody than to you, as I was quite unable to make out whither I had to go." When we came home I found my wife and children had been most sorrowful, but I thanked the merciful Providence on high.

While we drifted in this way throughout the winter, my comrade and I frequently got a seal. Our lamps were never out for want of oil. When sometimes our supply was almost consumed, one of us used to catch. Just before Christmas, each of us took a seal. Christmas! During Yule we finished all the provisions we had, except the bread; but we were consoled by knowing that daylight was near.

When the sun reappeared, we fell in with a great many black guillemots. Of course we also availed ourselves of them, as we were well off for guns — I had four myself, namely, three rifles and one double-barreled fowling-piece. And we had plenty of shot. These articles I and my comrade John had taken care to provide ourselves with when we left the ship. At first we only threw them down upon ice, then we brought them some distance

from the ship. We could, therefore, afford to shoot guillemots.

Although the sun again shone, no land could be seen, and it was truly appalling to think that our Tuluk companions and our wives and children would probably starve. However, we were taken care of by Providence, and the whole winter were supplied with seals. While still we lived on our island of ice, we fell in with bladder-nose and saddle-back seals, and they gave us a good supply of food.

As we advanced far south, we had a heavy swell, and, in a pitch-dark night, the floe, our refuge, split in two. At length the whole of it was broken up all around our snow-huts. When we rose in the morning, and I went outside, the sea had gone down, and the ice upon which stood our house had dwindled down to a little round piece. Wonderful! There must be an All-merciful Father.

Some days after, when we had gone to sleep, we heard a gun fired. I went out and saw that a bear had been hit and had fallen. My comrade exclaimed: "We have got a big bear; how cheerful, we shall now have bear's flesh!"

When we came still farther south the ice appeared more dispersed, and at last we made up our minds to go in search of land, although none at all was in sight. At the same time, we again met the heavy swell. We started in the boat, which was heavily laden. For some days we pushed on pretty well. When the seas came rolling they looked as if they were going to swallow us up, for which reason, at intervals, we landed on ice-floes. At length we made out land.

Again we rested upon a piece of ice. During the night a heavy sea came on; we slept with our children in the boat, while the others used the tent. As the sea rose still higher, it began washing over our place of sojourn. They were obliged to remove the tent, placing it upon the top of an ice-hillock, whereupon all of us had to keep hold of the boat. The children were placed in it, the women assisted us. When the sea began to move the boat, we all kept hold of the gunwales; the breakers looked as if they would engulf us. We exerted ourselves to the utmost each time when the sea began lifting us, whereas when it retired we pushed the boat to remove it to windward, because there was a danger of our being washed down into the sea to leeward. We did not stop until we had brought the skiff close to the edge of the ice. But now the sea reached the tent which was placed on the hillock. To be sure, it was awful! Whenever the waves washed over us, we were in water up to the waist, while at the same time we clung to the gunwale, and all the while one heard nothing but exclamations: "Now use all your strength."

Towards morning the sea had abated, and when it grew light we discovered that some smaller floes were less exposed to the swell. I spoke with my comrade about removing to one of these, and our Commander Tarsta agreed. We put the boat into the water, loaded it, and went to a smaller ice-floe, which we found much better as it was not washed over.

As the sea grew calmer, we pushed on. Seals were plentiful; we had no want of meat; and we used to take our rest on the floes. One night it happened that the ice which served us for our camping-place parted be-

tween the boat on which I slept and the tent. I jumped out to the other side, while that piece on which the boat was placed moved off quickly with Mister Maje, who was seated in the boat, and we were separated from it by the water. Our Master asked the sailors to make a boat [raft] out of a piece of ice, and try to reach it, but they refused. We never had felt so distressed as at this moment, when he had lost our boat. At last I said to my comrade: "However, we must try to get at it." Each of us then formed an *umiardluk* [literally, a bad boat] out of a piece of ice, and in this way we passed to the other fragment. As now we were three men, we could manage to put the boat into the water. But when, on doing so, it sank forward, Mister Maje fell into the sea. My comrade jumped into the boat at the same moment, and pulled him up; I, being unable to follow, remained standing on the ice. When they had taken me along with them, we proceeded towards the others; but meanwhile the ice had screwed together, and we stood still. We three men alone then hauled up the boat. At this time night fell, and our companion who had been in the sea, and now was lying in the boat, was like to freeze to death. I said to my comrade that if he remained so, he would really die; if he could walk about, it would be better. I had witnessed such a case before. When I had spoken thus, we asked him to rise, saying, that if he remained, he would perish. The first time he rose, he tumbled down; but, after having walked for a long time, he recovered. At daybreak we discovered our friends close by, and the ice joined together. When first they had examined the road, they came to us and assisted us to drag the boat over to them.

When we had started from this place, we were soon stopped by the pack, and no live thing was to be seen. We began to be in need of provisions. We had no seal-flesh left, and the next day our small stock of bread was to be shared out. In the night I had just fallen asleep, as I was to have my turn of the watch, when I was wakened by hearing people speaking about a bear. Rising up, I saw a bear walking towards us. I said to the others that they must lie down near the boat, imitating seals, while my comrade and I went towards the bear, who alternately sank and reappeared behind the ice-hillocks. We waited until he came close up to us, whereupon my comrade gave him a shot, and I finished him off. Thereupon the others joined us to drag him to the boat. How wonderfully did Providence bring us through the winter, and give us supplies! At length we were off the remotest part of the Westland, whither the ice had brought us since last year: we left the ship in the far north. We were now near the country of the Tuluks without having suffered any real misfortune. Before we had finished the last of our bear's-flesh the field opened, and we began catching seals, and sighted land, and when we proceeded towards it we fell in with a ship.

Once in the afternoon, while still making for the land, we discovered a vessel steaming northwards. We tried to follow it; but night fell, and we stopped at the ice. At the same time there rose a dense mist. During the night we showed two lights near the boat, making them pretty large, that people on board might observe us. After midnight I went to sleep, when the others had risen. Towards morning I was awakened by hearing

them talking about "ship"; and when I got up I saw it emerging from the fog. I directly set off in my kayak; and when I came to them, they questioned me: "Who are ye?" I answered: "Nord Polen mut Polaris Bebeles" [peoples]. Then furthermore they asked: "How do ye do?" I answered: "Captain Ull diet" [Captain Hall died]; whereupon they said: "Where 's the ship?" I answered: "Last year we left it." On hearing this they said to me: "Just follow a little alongside the ship; we will soon stop her."

When we had come up to my companions, they lay to, to take them on board. I was the first who set foot on deck, then followed the others; and when all had come on board it was as if we were ashore. The master of the ship and the crew altogether were exceedingly kind to us, and pitied us, who had spent the whole winter, with our little children, on a piece of ice. They gave us tobacco and pipes, and, before all, a good meal. Their master, from mere kindness, was like a kinsman to us.

HOW TO BUILD A SNOW-HUT

BY ROALD AMUNDSEN

In order to obtain a correct idea as to how a hut should be built in the most approved style, we will pay a visit to the master-builder, Atikleura. He is standing just below the summit of the ridge beckoning to Nalungia to intimate that he has found a suitable spot and that she is to bring him his snow-shovel. A glance at the site he has selected shows that Atikleura is a practical man as well as a man of taste. The position is well sheltered to the north, east, and west, and the crest of the ridge at the back will prove a barrier to the biting north wind. Towards the south the prospect is open and will have the full benefit of the sunshine. Close by there is a small lake or pond which will supply the most delicious drinking water for the family. The country hereabouts consists mainly of spacious plains and beautiful lakes. Meanwhile Nalungia has arrived with the snow-shovel. This is made of a wooden board which Atikleura has obtained by barter from tribes dwelling farther south, as there is no wood in Nechilli, nor does the smallest piece of driftwood ever find its way to these latitudes. The shovel is made in a very workmanlike manner, and excellently suited for its purpose as long as the snow is loose. For hard snow, of course, our iron spades would be preferable. It is strengthened at the lower end with reindeer bone. Now, the first thing Atikleura does, is to

shovel away the upper loose layer of snow, in the circumference within which he had planned to erect his hut. He does so with a true eye, as the large number of huts he has built in his lifetime has given him good practice. Then he draws out the knife which has hitherto been suspended by a loop on the bone peg at the back of his "anorak." It is quite a monster knife, enough to frighten any one who had not seen it before. The blade is as large as that of an ordinary good-sized butcher's knife, and is made of iron, which has also come from the south; the handle is about a foot long, and is of wood or bone. Taking the handle with both hands he commenced to cut out his ice-blocks for building the hut. These are cut out to a size about eighteen inches wide, twenty-four inches long, and four inches thick. If cut out in this way, the building site itself will yield sufficient material for the whole construction.

It is a pleasure to see how a good builder cuts each block so that it just fits where he sets it. Atikleura is a veritable prodigy at this work. Not one of his blocks ever breaks in pieces, although he appears to cut them out without any particular care. Just a cut here and there, then a kick, and the thin neat block stands separated from the mass of snow. All the blocks from Atikleura's hand are so exactly equal in size that they look as if they had been accurately measured. The hut is built up in spirals in the form of a haycock or beehive, so that one layer of blocks rests on the previous one and extends a little farther inward. In joining the blocks the sides must be fitted to each other so that the walls are perfectly tight. The builder's skill can be gauged by the tightness of the hut: but even with Atikleura's skill

it is impossible to avoid some few small chinks here and there. It is Nalungia's task to fill up these chinks. For this purpose she works the shoveled-up, loose snow until it is as fine as grated sugar, for it is only when it is in this state that it can be used for making the joints tight. It is thrown up against the blocks as soon as they are placed in position, and fills in every little hole and crevice. The walls of the hut rise quickly. As the blocks are cut out, the ground is cleared downwards; and as they are set into their places, they serve to increase the height of the walls of the cleared site. Atikleura looks as if he had been standing on his head in a flour-tub; he is covered with snow all over; his clothes, hair, and beard are white as chalk. His long gloves prevent the snow from getting into the sleeves of the "anorak."

Building the roof of such a snow-hut is a very complicated affair to the uninitiated. Many a snow-block did I get on my head when I essayed this work. The snow-blocks have to be set back gradually inward, and when the work is nearing completion, the last blocks would appear to be literally suspended in the air, without any base or support. The last block (or keystone) which closes the roof in the center, is quite small, and in most cases triangular. To fix it in its position from the outside, it must first be juggled out through the hole which it is eventually to fill. This looks impossible, but the Eskimo achieves the impossible. With one hand he raises his block to the outside, through the hole at the top, and while holding it he cuts it into the shape of a wedge with the knife he holds in the other; and when he lowers it into the hole, it fits it as if it had been moulded for the purpose.

Nalungia, aided by Errera, has perseveringly plastered over the outside of the hut with fine snow, so that it simply looks like a snow-heap. The outlines of the blocks are now quite concealed under the snow. But the hut is perfectly tight, as the fine snow works itself in wherever there is the slightest hole or crevice. The master-builder himself is not yet visible; he is still busy in the interior of the hut, where he is now completely built in. At last his long-bladed knife protrudes from the wall of snow, and with a rapid movement he cuts a hole just large enough for him to creep through. I am surprised to see how high up the wall he cuts the hole, as in all the huts I have hitherto seen, this entrance hole was quite down to the floor. Now Nalungia creeps in through the aperture, and I follow her to see what she is going to do in the way of further internal arrangements. I am at once enlightened as to why the aperture is made so high up; Atikleura has cut it on a level with the sleeping-berth, to expedite the work of "moving in." He has constructed the sleeping-berth as follows: He has first divided the hut by a row of snow-blocks into two compartments, of which the inner one is twice as large as the outer. He throws all the loose, refuse snow lying in the hut, into the inner compartment, until it reaches the level of the row of blocks, and there you have the "bedstead" quite ready. At the opposite end of the hut is another small erection, made of two blocks set on edge, and a third laid across them, like a table slab.

Now commences the moving in, through the aperture above the sleeping-berth. Large quantities of skins are thrown in and slung topsy-turvy upon the sleeping-

place. Next comes all the furniture — a drying grid, water bucket, cooking pot, blubber lamp, provisions, blubber, meat and fish; and lastly the women's personal belongings — which I dare not specify more fully. Now it looks as if all were over and Mrs. Nalungia casts an inquiring look at me, as much as to say: "Are you going to creep out?" I have no idea what is about to happen, but my curiosity prompts me to remain, thinking that anything much worse than I had seen before was hardly likely to occur; but I certainly was a little taken aback when the hole over the sleeping-berth was suddenly blocked up again from outside and I was alone, with one lady, in a closed-up hut. However, as Nalungia did not seem to mind it in the least, why should I trouble? Disregarding me, she set to work with a will. The heavy blubber lamp was first raised upon the little snow-table near the wall opposite the sleeping-berth. This lamp is made of a kind of stone they obtain from the Utkohikchyallik Eskimo; it is carved in the form of a crescent, and is heavy and clumsy. It is placed upon three pieces of bone inserted in the snow-slab, so that the inner edge of the crescent is turned towards the interior of the hut, while the outer edge is towards the wall. The blubber bag is now brought out and a piece of frozen blubber taken from it; this is beaten with a specially made club of musk-ox bone until it is quite soft. Now she produces, from one of her repositories, a little tuft of moss, which she carefully soaks with seal-oil — ugh, I remember with horror those mysterious "light pastilles" — and then she sets to work to get a light by rubbing pieces of wood together. The "pastille" soon sends out the most dazzling rays; the crushed

blubber is put into the lamp, and a wick of moss is laid along the whole of the straight inner edge; this is sprinkled with seal-oil and ignited by means of the burning tuft of moss. The whole wick is now blazing, and a brilliant flame lights up the roomy hut. I ask myself what in the world she wants with this brilliant flame, as she has now finished arranging the hut, and I am almost on the point of upbraiding her for this waste of precious oil, but I refrain, as I remember that an Eskimo never does anything without good reason. In fact it soon becomes apparent that here, too, my judgment is premature. Gradually an oppressive heat spreads from the mighty flame, and now I understand that her object is to cause the newly built hut to settle well down at the joints. As the result of the heat thus produced, the snow blocks gradually close up till they may be said to form one single continuous wall.

While this is going on, Nalungia makes good use of her time, and gets the sleeping-berth into proper order. The waterproof kayak skins are laid next to the snow; these have been taken from the kayaks in the autumn, and will keep the moisture of the snow away from the reindeer skins neatly arranged over them, and the sleeping-berth looks quite cozy. Again she turns her attention to the lamp and trims the wick (this has to be done frequently); the saucepan is then filled with snow and suspended over the flame by two cords, secured to two bones fastened into the wall. The family may want refreshment after this job. The drying grid, made of reindeer bone, strung over with a network of sinew thread, is now fixed up over the saucepan, but not too near the fire. The skins will not bear too much heat.

Finally, the "anauta," a small, round, thick wooden stick with a handle, used for beating the snow off the clothes, is, by way of a finishing touch, driven into the wall. Everything is now ready. And none too soon; for at this moment Atikleura is calling from outside asking if he may come in. Nalungia casts a last critical look round the walls, and tells him to wait a little. He goes off muttering something. Nalungia looks as though she meant to pay him out for his courtesy by keeping him waiting a little longer, and it is quite another half hour before she calls him in. Then an opening is made through the wall, right down to the floor, large enough for a man to creep through, and Atikleura's head appears through it. A moment later he is inside the hut; he takes off his soaking wet gloves, then throws them towards his wife, who turns them inside out and hangs them on the drying grid; then she takes his coat, shakes it and well beats it with the "anauta," for it is important to remove every little grain of snow to prevent its melting and wetting the coat, which is then rolled up and thrown on the bed. The outer trousers are then treated in the same way and placed with the coat next the "anorak." Atikleura stands there in his under garb. This does not sound exactly *comme il faut*, according to our ideas, but it calls for no comment among the Eskimo. He now walks up to the sleeping-place and sits down, not, as we might do, on the edge, but well back so that he can rest his legs. Now the footgear must be removed, and this is not a very simple matter, as an Eskimo's footgear consists of five different articles. Outermost are the low reindeer-skin shoes, made with the hairy side inwards. For a man of Atikleura's high

descent these are half-soled with sealskin. On the bottom of the sole there are some perceptible ridges which, on closer inspection, prove to be strips of skin sewed on to prevent the foot from slipping. Next come the "kamiks," which at this time of year are exclusively of reindeer skin. There are two pairs of these. The outer are made of the hide from the reindeer's leg, which is short-haired and very strong. They are made with the hairy side inwards, and reach up to the knee, where they are laced up with a thong. Underneath these is another pair, exactly of the same length and appearance, but with the hairy side outwards. These are made out of the hide of a one-year-old reindeer, taken from the abdomen, as the skin there is very fine and soft. Between these two pairs of "kamiks" the Eskimo wears a pair of short reindeer-skin socks, with the hairy side outward; and, lastly, another pair of socks next to the skin, with the hairy side inwards, so that altogether the feet have five different coverings. When I first saw this I thought that, after all, we were rather more hardy than the Eskimo, as we only used three articles of footgear; but on my first sleighing tour I realized that it was not simply for protection against cold that the Eskimo used all these articles, but, to a great extent, to protect the feet against the hard snow and ice on which they are always walking. With my triple footgear I became so footsore that I could scarcely walk. Like the gloves, all the footgear must be put on the grid to dry. The inconvenience of skin clothing is that, unless kept well aired, it is very apt to absorb and retain any moisture. The Nechilli Eskimo did not know of sedge-grass; they put loose reindeer hair into their boots and take it out

at night; this was better than nothing, but not nearly so good as our grass.

When Atikleura has removed his wet footgear, he puts on a pair of dry "kamiks" and a pair of low seal-skin shoes ("kamileitkun") corresponding to our slippers. In winter these are used inside the hut only; but during the transition period between winter and spring, they are worn outside. As far as the care of the outer man is concerned, Atikleura is now ready, and is therefore at liberty to think of the needs of the inner man. And these are not trivial, after the trying day's work. A fine salmon is served up, and all the members of the family partake freely. Frozen though it is, it seems to be highly relished, and very shortly there is nothing left but the clean-stripped skeleton. The saucepan, now full of fresh, clean water, — a few hundreds of reindeer hairs, of course, are not looked upon as impurities, — is emptied, and refilled with snow and suspended again over the fire. Water is the only drink the Nechilli Eskimo know; no "half-and-half" of any kind is to be had there. They now announce that there is no more room in their stomachs for either salmon or water, and the meal is finished. It is time to turn in. Nalungia prepares the bed for the night, arranging the beautiful soft skins; Atikleura closes up the entrance securely with a block of snow, slips in under the large family bed-rug, and there disrobes. Unlike the Greenland Eskimo, these people, of either sex, never disrobe in the presence of strangers, except in the greatest emergency. The guest of the family is assigned a place at one side of the hut — little Anni and Errera have turned in long ago — and the berth nearest the fireplace is reserved for

Nalungia. She extinguishes the light and arranges her toilet in the dark. The large skin bed-rugs are their only covering at night. Vigorous snoring soon announces that they are asleep.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

(*English painter*, 1829–1896)

"It might be done, and England should do it."

THE search for the Northwest Passage arose from the wish to find a short way to China; and with this search the names of many celebrated navigators are connected. Among these are John Davis, William Baffin, John Ross, William E. Parry, Sir John Franklin, and many others. In 1854, Sir Robert McClure sailed partly through the Passage, but was obliged to abandon his ship in Mercy Bay and join another expedition by a long sledge journey. The first complete voyage through the Northwest Passage was made by Roald Amundsen in 1902–06.

In the accompanying picture, a weather-beaten sea-captain sits in a great armchair, listening to the stories of search for the Northwest Passage read to him by his daughter. Through the open window is a view of the sea. On the table behind him is his glass of grog and a telescope. Leaning against the table legs are the log-books of former voyages. One of the pictures on the wall represents Admiral Nelson; the other, a ship in an ice-floe. At the right is a table whereon are flowers and the gloves of the young girl, but almost concealed by the national flag and a map of the polar regions. The captain's hands are clenched in the eagerness of his longing, and on one of them his daughter has laid her hand as if to detain him from the quest. The model for the sea-captain was Trelawny, the friend of Byron and Shelley.

PAYING A CALL IN THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE

[1906]

BY ROALD AMUNDSEN

To some, perhaps, it may occur that we could very well have done this survey under canvas, and that it was unnecessary to stop and retard our voyage on that account. This may be so, but it must not be forgotten that our position was not quite an ordinary one. Bearing in mind our running aground at Matty Island, we had quite decided not to risk a recurrence of that experience if we could possibly avoid it. We would rather sacrifice a few hours than jeopardize our vessel in these very hazardous waters, with a ragged stone bottom and shallow water under her keel, an unsafe compass, and a small crew. We were, so to speak, standing on the threshold of our goal, attempted unsuccessfully by so many before us, and, taking this into consideration, it was an easy task to restrain our impatience to get along as speedily as possible and out of our difficulties.

At the first sign of daybreak we were at it again. We were compelled to keep southwards to avoid the shoals between the mainland and Douglas Island. The water was now getting deeper. Finding eventually that we had got far enough to the south, we turned off to the west, shaping our course towards the point where we expected to find an opening. It was an exciting time.

Fortunately the deep water continued,—we found nowhere less than seven fathoms,—we neared the mainland without trouble, and found the passage all right. At 3 P.M. we passed Liston and Sutton Islands, and stood off into Dolphin and Union Strait. My relief at having thus got clear of the last difficult hole in the Northwest Passage was indescribable. I cannot deny that I had felt very nervous during the last few days. The thought that here in these troublesome waters we were running the risk of spoiling the whole of our so far successful enterprise was anything but pleasant, but it was always present to my mind. The whole responsibility for crew and vessel rested on me, and I could not get rid of the possibility of returning home with the task unperformed. The thought was anything but cheering. My hours of rest and sleep were principally spent, during this time, in brooding over such thoughts, and they were not very conducive to sleep. All our precautions and everybody's attention notwithstanding, any moment might have some surprise in store for us. I could not eat. At every meal-time I felt a devouring hunger, but I was unable to swallow my food. When finally we got out of our scrapes and I regained my usual calm, I had a most rapacious hunger to satisfy, and I would rather not mention what I managed to dispose of.

We could now discontinue the laborious watches of eighteen hours a-day, and revert to the normal arrangement of six-hour watches. Barring a few small interruptions in the shape of fog and contrary wind, we made fair progress westwards. We did not sight Clerk Island at all, although the weather was clear, and it should

have been well within the range of vision. Its existence would, therefore, seem somewhat doubtful. We encountered small lots of ice now and then which reminded us that we were in the Arctic regions and must be prepared for eventualities.

On August 26, at 4 P.M., we sighted a high land to windward. The air was very misty, and as, according to our reckoning, we should be abreast of Cape Parry, I thought this was what we saw. During the early morning the air became clearer, and I knew then that this land was not Cape Parry on the mainland of America, but Nelson Head on Baring Island. The error was not quite insignificant, to be sure. But my misgivings on this head were appeased when told later by American whalers of the ludicrous mistakes they often made in these waters. There is probably a lot of iron in the mountains here, and the compass therefore becomes utterly distracted. Then there are strong currents, and the united influence of these factors may confuse the most conscientious navigator even more than it did when we mistook Nelson Head for Cape Parry. We were, of course, wholly unacquainted with the condition of things. When we had found our bearings, we continued our voyage at full speed, having a fair wind as well as the current right behind us.

At 8 A.M. my watch was finished, and I turned in. When I had been asleep some time, I became conscious of a rushing to and fro on deck. Clearly there was something the matter, and I felt a bit annoyed that they should go on like that for the matter of a bear or a seal. It must be something of that kind, surely. But then Lieutenant Hansen came rushing down into the cabin

and called out the ever memorable words: "Vessel in sight, sir!" He bolted again immediately, and I was alone.

The Northwest Passage had been accomplished — my dream from childhood. This very moment it was fulfilled. I had a peculiar sensation in my throat; I was somewhat overworked and tired, and I suppose it was weakness on my part, but I could feel tears coming to my eyes. "Vessel in sight!" The words were magical. My home and those dear to me there at once appeared to me as if stretching out their hands — "Vessel in sight!"

I dressed myself in no time. When ready, I stopped a moment before Nansen's portrait on the wall. It seemed as if the picture had come to life, as if he winked at me, nodding, "Just what I thought, my boy!" I nodded back, smiling and happy, and went on deck.

It was a wonderfully fine day. The breeze had veered round somewhat to the east, and with the wind abaft and all sails set, we made excellent headway. It seemed as if the Gjöa understood that the hardest part of the struggle was over, she seemed so wonderfully light in her movements. Nelson Head was a long way off to the north. The flat-topped promontory looked grand in the morning sunshine, melting in the white snow, and throwing dark-blue shadows into the parallel fissures of the mountain side. A heavy, bright swell rocked the vessel pleasantly, and the air was mild and soft. All this was observed in a moment. But it did not arrest our attention for long. The only objects between sky and sea that possessed any interest for us then were the two mastheads on the horizon. All hands had come on

deck, and all glasses were leveled at the approaching vessel. All faces were wreathed in smiles. Not much was said; one of the telescopes was lowered — "I wonder —!" And it was raised again. Another one lowered the telescope, and also remarked: "I wonder!" On the appearance of the unknown vessel we hoisted our Norwegian flag. It glided slowly up under the gaff, every eye watching it. Many pleasant words were whispered to the flag; it seemed as if everybody wanted to caress it. It had become a bit worn and ragged, but it bore its wounds with honor.

"I wonder what he'll think when he sees it?"

"He'll think it is a venerable old flag."

"Perhaps he's an American."

"I should n't be surprised if he were an Englishman."

"Yes, he will see by the flag what we are!"

"Oh, yes — he will see we are boys from good old Norway!"

The vessels were approaching each other very rapidly.

"There! up goes the American flag," sang out the watchman. He had the long telescope, which had been placed on deck. This proved to be correct, and we could now all see the Stars and Stripes under the vessel's gaff. They had seen and recognized our flag by now, that was certain. Dense steam was issuing from the vessel's side; evidently they had a motor, the same as we had, and were advancing rapidly.

It was time now to tidy ourselves a little in preparation for the first meeting. Four of us were to go on board the ship, the other three had to remain on the Gjöa and look after our vessel. Our best clothes were hurriedly got out. We dressed ourselves according to

our individual taste. Some preferred Eskimo costumes, and others our Norwegian russet. One found that sealskin boots looked best for the occasion, others preferred ordinary sea-boots. We also cleared up on deck as well as we could. The American could certainly scan our deck in every detail, from his crow's nest, through his telescope, and we wanted to make as decent an impression as possible. We were now so near each other that the whole ship was visible from our deck. It was a small, two-masted schooner, painted black; she had a powerful motor, and the foam at her bows was spurting high. She also carried sail. We got the boats clear, hove to, and lowered the dory, the most seaworthy of them. It was certainly not much to look at, and the commander had no easy stern-sheets, with a flag, to sit on. But the boat was in the style of the vessel to which it belonged, and we were not on a pleasure trip. The American had stopped his engine, and was waiting for us. With two men at the oars we were soon alongside of him. A line was thrown down to us; I caught it, and was again linked with civilization. It did not, however, make its appearance in any great glory.

The Charles Hanson, of San Francisco, did not seem to be rigged out in a very luxurious manner. A ladder, by the by, was superfluous, as the ship was deep in the water. We took hold of the chain-wales and crawled on board. Our first impression was most peculiar. Every available space on deck was occupied to such an extent that it was nearly impossible to get along. Eskimo women in red dresses, and Negroes in the most variegated costumes were mingling together, just as in a land of fable.

An elderly man with a white beard advanced towards me on the quarter-deck. He was newly shaven, and nicely dressed, evidently the master of the ship. "Are you Captain Amundsen?" was his first remark. I was quite surprised to hear that we were known so far away, and answered in the affirmative, owning that I was the man. "Is this the first vessel you have met?" the old man asked. And when I admitted it was so, his countenance brightened up. We shook hands long and heartily. "I am exceedingly pleased to be the first one to welcome you on getting through the Northwest Passage." We were then most courteously invited down below to his cabin. There was not much room, though slightly more than on board our own vessel, the Gjöa.

Captain James McKenna, the master of the Charles Hanson, was a man of medium height, corpulent, and between fifty and sixty years of age. That he was an old Arctic trader was evident from his looks. The deep wrinkles and copper-colored face told plainly of cold and murky weather. His personality was jovial and agreeable. He asked if we wanted anything, in which case he was ready to help us to the best of his ability. The only thing we missed so far was news from home. But unfortunately he had none. That is to say he had some old newspapers, but — "Old! Yes, to you! To us they are certainly absolutely fresh!" He brought out a bundle, and by a wonderful coincidence my eye first alighted upon a headline which made me stare. "War between Norway and Sweden." I swallowed the article in hot haste, but it gave only a moderate amount of information. Captain McKenna had left home long

ago and could give no more particulars. We sought further information all over the ship, but no one knew any more about it. This uncertainty was more unsettling than our previous ignorance, but it could not be helped; we had to put aside our anxiety and wait.

After a very good dinner Lieutenant Hansen and I began culling as much information as possible regarding the navigation ahead of us. McKenna was the senior of the American whalers and knew the North American coast better than any one else. What we prized particularly was the set of American charts for the continuation of our voyage. They were of a more recent date than ours, and contained many new items. With marginal notes and indications of courses by the old, experienced captain, they were a real treasure to us. They were somewhat worn and tattered, and we therefore packed them up most carefully. Then about the condition of the ice. Did he think we could continue in a westerly direction without hindrance? He told us that when inward bound he had been hampered by ice near Herschel Island, but that at the present late period of the season we were hardly likely to meet any obstacles of consequence. We should in any case reach Herschel Island quite easily. He was certain of this, and as he was himself going to winter on that island, it might happen that we should meet again. Before going into winter quarters he intended making a trip as far as Banks's Land to look for whales; so far he had been unlucky and got none. His motor was very powerful, and he would probably catch us up on his return voyage to Herschel Island. In addition he gave us every possible information about the waters ahead of us. It was

pleasant to hear that the bottom along the whole coast westwards was even, so that we could navigate safely by the lead. We had not been spoilt by safe navigation, so we looked upon the remainder of our voyage as a mere pleasure trip.

The breeze kept up well, and as I considered I could not afford to lose more of it, we said good-bye to our amiable host after a visit of two hours' duration. When leaving, he made us a present of a bag of potatoes and another of onions. As it was a long time since we tasted such luxuries, we gratefully accepted the gifts.

We were awaited on board with eager expectation. For the present, we agreed to look with great distrust on the reported war between the two united kingdoms. The potatoes and onions became the center of joy, most of us being fond of these vegetables. We then dipped our flag, set all sail, and continued our voyage. McKenna proceeded eastwards to try his luck.

II

THE NORTH POLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

The first Arctic explorer of whom history makes mention was one Pytheas, a Greek, who about 325 B.C. sailed as far as northern Norway. Another early explorer was Ottar, or Othere, a Norwegian sea-captain, who told King Alfred of England of a voyage into the White Sea about 870.

Nearly four centuries ago, a deep interest was felt in the Far North. For one thing, it was hoped that good fishing-grounds might be found. Another reason was that several nations were eager to find either a Northwest Passage or a Northeast Passage to Asia. After better ways of reaching Asia than by a polar route had been discovered, the interest continued, and one nation after another took up the search. In 1818, a reward of $100,000 was offered by England for making the Northwest Passage, and $25,000 for reaching the Pole. It is said that since 1800, 578 expeditions have been sent into the North, and our knowledge of the Arctic regions has steadily increased. In 1875, Nordenskjöld managed to slip through the Northeast Passage, the Northwest Passage was made in 1906 by Roald Amundsen, and in 1909 the long-sought Pole was reached by Admiral Peary.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

[1849]

BY ELIZABETH DOTEN

[SIR JOHN FRANKLIN went from England to the North four times on voyages of exploration and discovery. From his last voyage, in 1845, he never returned. Between 1847 and 1857, thirty-nine relief expeditions were sent from England and America in the hope of finding the lost leader. It was finally learned that he had died in 1849.

The Editor.]

AWAY! away! cried the stout Sir John,
  While the blossoms are on the trees,
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
  As we sail for the Northern seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz James!
  We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern seas
  That never was found till now!
A good stout ship is the Erebus,
  As ever unfurled a sail.
And the Terror will match as brave a one
  As ever outrode a gale!
So they bade farewell to their pleasant homes,
  To the little hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
  And three for the English Queen.
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
  Where the night and day are one,

Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright
  And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below, save the fields of snow,
  That stretch to the icy pole;
And the Eskimo, in his strange canoe,
  Was the only living soul!
Along the coast, like a giant host,
  The glittering icebergs frowned,
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
  And crashed with a fearful sound;
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
  Looked down from the frozen heights,
And the stars in the skies, with their great wild eyes,
  Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James,
  And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill thro' their warm hearts thrill,
  As they urged the good ships on.
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
  Where even the tear-drops freeze.
But no way was found, by a strait or sound,
  To sail through the Northern seas;
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
  And they sought, but they sought in vain,
For no way was found thro' the ice around,
  To return to their homes again.
Then the wild waves rose and the waters froze,
  Till they closed like a prison wall;
And the icebergs stood in the sullen flood
  Like their jailers, grim and tall.
O God! O God! it was hard to die
  In that prison house of ice!

For what was fame, or a mighty name,
  When life was the fearful price?
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James,
  And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
  As the weeks and the months passed on;
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,
  And looked on that fated crew;
His chilling breath was cold as death,
  And it pierced their warm hearts thro';
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep
  Came over their weary eyes,
And they dreamed strange dreams
Of the hills and streams
  And the blue of their native skies;
The Christmas chimes
Of the good old times,
  Were heard in each dying ear,
And the dancing feet, and the voices sweet
  Of their wives and their children dear;
But it faded away — away — away,
  Like a sound on a distant shore,
And deeper and deeper grew the sleep,
  Till they slept to wake no more.
O, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child,
  They will weep and watch and pray,
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain
  As the long years pass away.
The gallant Crozier and brave Fitz James
  And the good Sir John have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
  And a port where we all are bound;

THE SEARCH FOR THE POLES

Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore
  That circles the frozen pole,
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep
  That can hold a human soul.

A BALLOON SEARCH FOR THE NORTH POLE

[1897]

BY G. FIRTH SCOTT

THE expedition of Herr Andrée [is] perhaps the most novel of all Arctic expeditions, inasmuch as it was undertaken by balloon. The idea which actuated Herr Andrée in his enterprise was to utilize the current of air which, in July, almost invariably blows over Dane's Island to the north. Being an experienced balloonist, he realized that, could he once rise into that current in a balloon, he would be carried right across the Polar region in a few days. From the balloon car he would be able to observe the character of the region below him, and set at rest the question whether perpetual ice, open water, or land, occupied the extreme northerly spot of the world's surface.

With two companions, Dr. Strindberg and Herr Fraenkel, and a specially prepared balloon, an attempt was made to get away in July, 1896, but was unsuccessful, and the start was postponed for a year. In July, 1897, the members of the expedition were again ready, and on July 11 they were cut loose and floated away out of sight to the north. Since then no authentic news has been heard of them.

They went away prepared to face a long detention in the frozen world. In the car of the balloon they carried weapons, ammunition, and material wherewith to build

a shelter, should the balloon collapse and leave them on the ice. An aluminum boat was also carried, so that the party could escape by sea if necessary. Several carrier pigeons were taken, and were to be liberated at intervals on the passage; but although one pigeon is said to have been shot in the Far North, it is doubtful whether it was one of the Andrée birds.

The balloon, when it went out of sight, was traveling at a speed which would have carried it over the Pole in a few days, and probably have enabled it to descend in Siberia in about a week. For the first fortnight after it had started, therefore, interest all over the world was keenly excited for further news. But the fortnight passed without any reliable intelligence being received, and a month followed, and so on until a year had gone by. Then relief and search parties were talked about, and the Swedish Geographical Society sent one out to look for the missing balloonists in Siberia. It did not meet with Andrée, nor did it obtain any reliable information respecting him. News was certainly published in every civilized country to the effect that some outlying tribes had come upon a huge bag, having a mass of cordage attached to it, together with the remains of some human bodies. The Russian, Swedish, and Norwegian Governments immediately sent forward auxiliary search parties, but their only success was to trace the origin of the report, and find that a Siberian trader had, in a moment of mischievous humor, hoaxed a too confiding telegraph agent.

Later, on September 12, 1899, a Swedish sloop, the Martha, reached Hammerfest with the information that a buoy, branded with the name of the Andrée

expedition, had been found to the northeast of King Charles Islands. The buoy had lost the screw plug from the top, and had been so damaged by coming in contact with some hard substance that the interior cylinder was too dented to permit of an examination being made of the inside.

Andrée was well supplied with these buoys, and at any time one may be discovered containing a record of his doings from the moment he disappeared with his balloon sailing towards the north. It is not likely; it is scarcely probable that any sign will ever be discovered of the balloon or its occupants. For years the frozen North held all traces of the Franklin expedition from the eyes of the searchers who were able to conduct their operations along the route they knew Franklin had followed. No search party can knowingly follow the route Andrée and his companions took. Their fate will probably be forever a mystery, for so many things might have happened that no one theory can claim for itself more probability than another. All that is certain is that the party went out of sight drifting towards the north. They carried their lives in their hands, and knew that they did so. Had they succeeded, they would have achieved a mighty triumph; they failed, and in doing so set their names as indelibly on the scroll of Fame as any hero who has laid down his life in the contest with the measureless mystery of the Pole.

THE ATTACK OF THE ICE

[1893]

BY FRIDTJOF NANSEN

[Fridtjof Nansen, of Christiania, Norway, was trained as a zoölogist, and expected to become one, but a trip to the waters of East Greenland in search of specimens aroused in him an intense interest in the Far North. A few years later he made the first journey across Greenland, and spent a winter among the natives of that country. He had a theory that a ship setting out from above Siberia would drift across the Pole, and in 1893 he set out in the Fram (Forward) to test its truth. For six months he drifted as he had hoped. Then he and one companion left the vessel and with dog-sledges pushed on northward. He came within two hundred and seventy-two miles of the Pole, a point one hundred and eighty-four miles nearer than had been reached before. The following article pictures one of his experiences while the Fram was drifting.

The Editor.]

Friday, January 4th. The ice kept quiet during the night, but all day, with some intervals, it has been crackling and settling, and this evening there have been several fits of pressure from 9 o'clock onward. For a time it came on, sometimes rather lightly, at regular intervals; sometimes with a rush and a regular roar; then it subsided somewhat, and then it roared anew. Meanwhile the pressure-ridge towers higher and higher and bears right down upon us slowly, while the pressure comes on at intervals only, and more quickly when the

onset continues for a time. One can actually see it creeping nearer and nearer; and now, at 1 o'clock at night, it is not many feet — scarcely five — away from the edge of the snowdrift on the port side near the gangway, and thence to the vessel is scarcely more than ten feet, so that it will not be long now before it is upon us. Meanwhile the ice continues to split, and the solid mass in which we are embedded grows less and less, both to port and starboard. Several fissures extend right up to the Fram. As the ice sinks down under the weight of the ridge on the port side and the Fram lists more that way, more water rushes up over the new ice which has frozen on the water that rose yesterday. This is like dying by inches. Slowly but surely the baleful ridge advances, and it looks as if it means going right over the rail; but if the Fram will only oblige us by getting free of the ice, she will, I am confident, extricate herself yet, even though matters look rather awkward at present. We shall probably have a hard time of it, however, before she can break loose, if she does not do so at once. I have been out and had a look at the ridge, and seen how surely it is advancing! I have looked at the fissures in the ice and noted how they are forming and expanding round the vessel; I have listened to the ice crackling and crunching underfoot, and I do not feel much disposed to turn into my berth before I see the Fram quite released. As I sit here now I hear the ice making a fresh assault, and roaring and packing outside, and I can tell that the ridge is coming nearer. This is an ice-pressure with a vengeance, and it seems as if it would never cease. I do not think there is anything more that we can do now. All is in readiness for leaving the vessel, if need be.

To-day the clothing, etc., was taken out and placed ready for removal in separate bags for each man.

It is very strange; there is certainly a possibility that all our plans may be crossed by unforeseen events, although it is not very probable that this will happen. As yet I feel no anxiety in that direction, only I should like to know whether we are really to take everything on to the ice or not. However, it is past 1 o'clock, and I think the most sensible thing to do would be to turn in and sleep. The watch has orders to call me when the hummock reaches the Fram. It is lucky it is moonlight now, so that we are able to see something of all this abomination.

The day before yesterday we saw the moon for the first time just above the horizon. Yesterday it was shining a little, and now we have it both day and night. A most favorable state of things. But it is nearly 2 o'clock, and I must go to sleep now. The pressure of the ice, I can hear, is stronger again.

Saturday, January 5th. To-night everybody sleeps fully dressed, and with the most indispensable necessaries either by his side or secured to his body, ready to jump on the ice at the first warning. All other requisites, such as provisions, clothing, sleeping-bags, etc., etc., have been brought out on the ice. We have been at work at this all day, and have got everything into perfect order, and are now quite ready to leave if necessary, which, however, I do not believe will be the case, though the ice-pressure has been as bad as it could be.

I slept soundly, woke up only once, and listened to the crunching and jamming and grinding till I fell asleep again. I was called at 5.30 in the morning by Sverdrup, who told me that the hummock had now reached the

Fram, and was bearing down on us violently, reaching as high as the rail. I was not left in doubt very long, as hardly had I opened my eyes when I heard a thundering and crashing outside in the ice, as if Doomsday had come. I jumped up. There was nothing left for it but to call all hands, to put all remaining provisions on the ice, and then put all our furs and other equipment on deck, so that they could be thrown overboard at a moment's notice if necessary. Thus the day passed, but the ice kept quiet. Last of all, the petroleum launch, which was hanging in the davits on the port side, was lowered, and was dragged towards the great hummock. At about 8 o'clock in the evening, when we thought the ice-pressure had subsided, it started thundering and crashing again worse than ever. I hurried up. Masses of snow and ice rushed on us, high above the rail amidships and over the tent. Peter, who also came up, seized a spade and rushed forward outside the awning as far as the forepart of the half-deck, and stood in the midst of the ice, digging away, and I followed to see how matters stood. I saw more than I cared to see; it was hopeless to fight that enemy with a spade. I called out to Peter to come back, and said, "We had better see to getting everything out on to the ice." Hardly had I spoken when it pressed on again with renewed strength, and thundered and crashed, and, as Peter said, and laughed till he shook again, "nearly sent both me and the spade to the deuce." I rushed back to the maindeck; on the way I met Mogstad, who hurried up, spade in hand, and sent him back. Running forward under the tent towards the ladder, I saw that the tent-roof was bent down under the weight of the masses of ice, which were

rushing over it and crashing in over the rail and bulwarks to such an extent that I expected every moment to see the ice force its way through and block up the passage. When I got below, I called all hands on deck; but told them when going up not to go out through the door on the port side, but through the chart-room and out on the starboard side. In the first place, all the bags were to be brought up from the saloon, and then we were to take those lying on deck. I was afraid that if the door on the port side was not kept closed the ice might, if it suddenly burst through the bulwarks and tent, rush over the deck and in through the door, fill the passage and rush down the ladder, and thus imprison us like mice in a trap. True, the passage up from the engine-room had been cleared for this emergency, but this was a very narrow hole to get through with heavy bags, and no one could tell how long this hole would keep open when the ice once attacked us in earnest. I ran up again to set free the dogs, which were shut up in "Castle Garden" — an inclosure on the deck along the port bulwark. They whined and howled most dolefully under the tent as the snow masses threatened at any moment to crush it and bury them alive. I cut away the fastening with a knife, pulled the door open, and out rushed most of them by the starboard gangway at full speed.

Meantime the hands started bringing up the bags. It was quite unnecessary to ask them to hurry up — the ice did that, thundering against the ship's sides in a way that seemed irresistible. It was a fearful hurly-burly in the darkness; for, to cap all, the mate had, in the hurry, let the lanterns go out. I had to go down again to get something on my feet; my Finland shoes

were hanging up to dry in the galley. When I got there the ice was at its worst, and the half-deck beams were creaking overhead, so that I really thought they were all coming down.

The saloon and the berths were soon cleared of bags, and the deck as well, and we started taking them along the ice. The ice roared and crashed against the ship's side, so that we could hardly hear ourselves speak; but all went quickly and well, and before long everything was in safety.

While we were dragging the bags along, the pressure and jamming of the ice at last stopped, and all was quiet again as before.

But what a sight! The Fram's port side was quite buried under the snow; all that could be seen was the top of the tent projecting. Had the petroleum launch been hanging in the davits, as it was a few hours previously, it would hardly have escaped destruction. The davits were quite buried in ice and snow. It is curious that both fire and water have been powerless against that boat; and it has now come out unscathed from the ice, and lies there bottom upward on the floe. She has had a stormy existence and continual mishaps; I wonder what is next in store for her?

It was, I must admit, a most exciting scene when it was at its worst, and we thought it was imperative to get the bags up from the saloon with all possible speed. Sverdrup now tells me that he was just about to have a bath, and was as naked as when he was born, when he heard me call all hands on deck. As this had not happened before, he understood there was something serious the matter, and he jumped into his clothes anyhow.

Amundsen, apparently, also realized that something was amiss. He says he was the first who came up with his bag. He had not understood, or had forgotten, in the confusion, the order about going out through the starboard door; he groped his way out on the port side and fell in the dark over the edge of the half-deck. "Well, that did not matter," he said; "he was quite used to that kind of thing;" but having pulled himself together after the fall, and as he was lying there on his back, he dared not move, for it seemed to him as if tent and all were coming down on him, and it thundered and crashed against the gunwale and the hull as if the last hour had come. It finally dawned on him why he ought to have gone out on the starboard and not on the port side.

All that could possibly be thought to be of any use was taken out. The mate was seen dragging along a big bag of clothes with a heavy bundle of cups fastened outside it. Later he was stalking about with all sorts of things, such as mittens, knives, cups, etc., fastened to his clothes and dangling about him, so that the rattling noise could be heard afar off. He is himself to the last.

In the evening the men all started eating their stock of cakes, sweetmeats, and such-like, smoked tobacco, and enjoyed themselves in the most animated fashion. They evidently thought it was uncertain when they should next have such a time on board the Fram, and therefore they thought it was best to avail themselves of the opportunity. We are now living in marching order on an empty ship.

By way of precaution we have now burst open again the passage on the starboard side which was used as a

library and had therefore been closed, and all doors are now kept always open, so that we can be sure of getting out, even if anything should give way. We do not want the ice-pressure to close the doors against us by jamming the doorposts together. But she certainly is a strong ship. It is a mighty ridge that we have in our port side, and the masses of ice are tremendous. The ship is listing more than ever, nearly 7°; but since the last pressure she has righted herself a little again, so that she must surely have broken away from the ice and begun to rise, and all danger is doubtless over. So, after all, it has been a case of "Much ado about nothing."

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE[1]

[1909]

BY ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY

[The discovery of the North Pole is much more than a mere matter of sentiment and goes far beyond the solving of a tantalizing academic problem. Its scientific results are of the utmost importance. Chief among them is the knowledge which it has given us of the American polar basin and the "continental shelf." Scientists have discovered that neither continents nor islands rise abruptly from the depths of the ocean; there is around them a somewhat level submarine platform where the water is comparatively shallow. This platform has received the name of the "continental shelf." How far it extended beyond the northernmost land in the American Arctic, no one could say. A "shelf" of great extent would indicate, according to the scientists, the probable existence of a group of islands or possibly a continent far within the Arctic Circle. Deep water, on the other hand, would mean an unbroken Polar Sea.

This important question was decisively settled by Peary. Fifty miles north of Cape Columbia he took a sounding that revealed a depth of 660 feet. At about forty miles farther north the depth had increased to 1950 feet. Within five miles of the Pole all his wire, 9000 feet, was sent down in a vain attempt to reach the bottom. The northern apex of the earth, therefore, is now known to be an ocean of vast depth.

Besides collecting much valuable data of which geographical students have long been in need, Peary brought Arctic travel to a science, introducing methods that have been of profound value to all recent explorers. He carried

[1] From Peary's dispatch to the New York *Times*, September 8, 1909.

ADMIRAL PEARY IN HIS NORTH-POLE COSTUME

ADMIRAL PEARY IN HIS NORTH-POLE COSTUME

ROBERT E. PEARY was born at Cresson Springs, Pennsylvania, in 1856. He became a civil engineer in the navy in 1881, and later was engineer-in-chief of the Nicaragua Ship Canal surveys. In 1886, he made a reconnoissance of the Greenland inland ice-cap east of Disco Bay. His thoughts turned toward the North, and now, with the instincts of the born explorer and the skill of a trained mind, he gave his spare time to the problem of preparations for Arctic research. No detail of the subject was too small for his closest attention and his most careful thought. In 1891–92, he made a brilliant record for explorations in Greenland. He discovered and named Melville Island and Heilprin Land, and solved in the affirmative the long-debated question whether Greenland was an island. Voyage followed voyage. He investigated the "Arctic Highlanders"; discovered the half-mythical "Iron Mountain," and found it to be three enormous meteorites, which he brought to New York; he rounded the northern extremity of Greenland Archipelago; and at length reached, in 1906, 87° 6′ north latitude, which was then "farthest north."

All this was by way of preparation for his greatest achievement, the discovery of the North Pole, which he himself has described so vividly in the following article. He tells of his success quietly and simply, and, as has been well said, his account "will live as a piece of strong, vivid, and dramatic writing of fine literary quality and of permanent historic interest."

Arctic sledging to its present proficiency, perfected every detail of equipment, and devised the most efficient machine that has ever invaded the mysterious polar regions. Much scientific work in the Far North remains to be done, and all future explorers must lie under great obligations to this man who has led the way; who has shown how to plan and organize and equip, how to provide for every contingency, and how to make the delays, difficulties, and disappointments all contribute to a final success.

The Editor.]

I TURNED to the problem before me. This was what I had worked for during twenty-two years, for which I had lived the simple life, for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip, for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about non-success.

Now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim — fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earlier years. My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization — as loyal and responsive to my will as the fingers of my right hand.

Four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice, and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Henson and Ootah, were my companions to my "farthest north" three years before. Two others, Egingwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere in my immediate party, but were not willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in my expeditions, but who was, if possible, even

more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts — a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc. — which I had promised to each of them who reached the Pole with me; for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a stubborn father the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.

All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. I recognized that all the impetus of the party centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would make good. If I played out, it would stop like a car with a punctured tire. I had no fault to find with these conditions.

My dogs were the very best, the pick of one hundred and thirty-three with which we had left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere; and, what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condition. My supplies were ample for forty days, and, with the reserve represented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last fifty.

Pacing back and forth in the lee of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches, I settled on my programe. I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of twenty-five miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and open water permitting, I believed I

could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve for making up the deficit:—

First, to make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea and rest the dogs, but not to sleep.

Second, at the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs, and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever-present possibility of open leads and impassable water, and the knowledge that a twenty-four hours' gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep, I hit the trail, leaving the others to break up camp and follow.

As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I took up another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated, either through some gap or up some huge drifts.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took us well beyond the eighty-eighth parallel. While we were building our igloos, a long lead formed to the east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles. A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. The

weather was fine and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning, when pickaxes were required. This, and a brief stop at another lead, cut down our distance. But we had made twenty miles in ten hours, and were halfway to the eighty-ninth parallel.

The ice was grinding audibly in every direction, but no motion was visible. Evidently it was settling back into equilibrium, and probably sagging northward with its release from the wind pressure.

Again a few hours' sleep, and we hit the trail before midnight. The weather and going were even better than before. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hekla to Columbia, and harder.

We marched something over ten hours, the dogs being often on the trot, and made twenty miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across a lead one hundred yards wide, which buckled under our sledges and finally broke as the last sledge left it.

We stopped in sight of the eighty-ninth parallel, in a temperature of 40° below. Again a scant sleep, and we were on our way once more and across the eighty-ninth parallel.

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going. The last few hours it was on young ice; occasionally the dogs were galloping, and we made twenty-five miles or more. The air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it crackled, reminded me of the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was as keen as frozen steel.

A little longer sleep than the previous ones had to

be taken here, as we were all in need of it. Then on again.

Up to this time, with each successive march, my fear of an impassable lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead; and when I arrived at the summit, I would catch my breath with relief — only to find myself hurrying on in the same way at the next one.

But on this march, by some strange shift of feeling, this fear fell from me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness as before turning in I had taken an observation which indicated our position as 89.25.

A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white, with no relief — a striking contrast to the glimmering, sunlit ice-fields over which we had been traveling for the previous four days.

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the sapphire ice of the previous summer's lakes.

A rise in temperature to 15° below zero reduced the friction of the sledges, and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails, frequently tossed their heads, with short, sharp barks and yelps.

In twelve hours we made thirty miles. There was no sign of a lead in this march.

I had now made my five marches, and was in time for

a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journal some hours later: —

"The Pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it.

"It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions, which no mortal had ever penetrated before: —

"'It is just like every day!'"

The thirty hours at the Pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding.

Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left, and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7 the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the thirty hours was 33° below zero, the maximum 11° below.

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach the land before the next spring tides, and we must strain every nerve to do this.

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be "big travel, little sleep, and a hustle every minute." We would try, I told them, to double march on the return — that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our luncheon in the

igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our homeward journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail, we could double our speed; and we need waste no time in building new igloos.

Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the trail. Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly, or southerly wind would make this region an open sea.

In the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time, and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

Five miles from the Pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickaxe, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, fifteen hundred fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up, the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface, and lead and wire went to the bottom.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the Captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow, and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it.

South of where Marvin had turned back, we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still farther south we found where the Captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged

to camp. Fortunately, the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and there had been no lateral motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the Captain, Marvin, and, as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a potent charm, and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across; sometimes a short détour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice-cake, enabled us to keep the trail without difficulty down to the tenth outward march.

There the trail disappeared completely, and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks, there were now broad leads, one of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the Captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

From here we followed the Captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier fringe, a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up, I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled and called and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge, he remarked in Eskimo: —

"The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

A few hours later we arrived at Crane City under the

bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet, we had at last our chance to sleep.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again, with never a thought of the morrow, or of impassable black leads. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a fatigue-numbed brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them stepped out with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads, and their iron legs treading the snow with piston-like regularity.

We reached Hekla in one march and the Roosevelt in another. When we got to the Roosevelt, I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had been either less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the leads at some time during the journey.

The "big lead," cheated of its prey three years before, had at last gained its human victim.

The rest can be quickly told. McMillan and Borup had started for the Greenland coast to deposit caches for me. As soon as I arrived, an Eskimo courier from me overtook them with instructions that the caches were no longer needed, and that they were to concentrate their energies on tidal observations and soundings, at Cape Morris K. Jesup and north from there.

These instructions were carried out, and after their

return in the latter part of May, McMillan made some further tidal observations at other points. The supplies remaining at the various caches were brought in, and on July 18 the Roosevelt left her winter quarters and was driven out into the channel pack off Cape Union.

She fought her way south in the center of the channel and passed Cape Sabine on August 8, or thirty-nine days earlier than in 1908, and thirty-two days earlier than the British expedition in 1876.

We picked up Whitney and my party and the stores at Etah. We killed seventy-odd walrus for my Eskimos, whom I landed at their homes. We met the Jeanie off Saunders Island and took over her coal, and cleared from Cape York on August 26, one month earlier than in 1906.

On September 5 we arrived at Indian Harbor, whence the message, "Stars and Stripes nailed to North Pole," was sent vibrating southward through the crisp Labrador air.

The culmination of long experience, a thorough knowledge of the conditions of the problem (gained in the last expedition), together with a new type of sledge which reduced the work of both dogs and driver, and a new type of camp cooker which added to the comfort and increased the hours of sleep of the members of the party, combined to make the present expedition an agreeable improvement upon the last in respect to the rapidity and effectiveness of its work, and the lessened discomfort and strain upon the members of the party.

[Peary here speaks in praise of the members of the party and of the special work of each.]

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber

for their winter, with coffee, sugar, biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the Pole, a boat and tent each to requite them for their energy and the hardship and toil they underwent to help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this — the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the Roosevelt, the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos — would have gone for naught but for the sinews of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic Club.[1]

And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the final result been more signally due than to my friend, the late Morris K. Jesup, the first president of the club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for three hundred years, — the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

[1] The Peary Arctic Club is the organization which made Peary's attainment of the Pole possible. Its president is General Thomas H. Hubbard; vice-president, Zenas Crane; secretary and treasurer, Herbert L. Bridgman.

III
THE SOUTH POLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

Far less interest was felt in the South Pole than in the North. As early as 1600 it was known that at 64° South there was a rocky coast, but no one seemed to care particularly about any further knowledge of it, and during more than two hundred years, few expeditions sailed to the Antarctic regions. In the nineteenth century the British Government sent out Sir James C. Ross with the Erebus and the Terror, vessels whose names were given to two of the Antarctic volcanoes. Toward the end of the century, people began to be more desirous of knowledge of the extreme South, and expeditions were sent out by England, Germany, Sweden, Australia, Norway, Japan, and other countries, besides those sent by private individuals. The prize, however, of being first at the South Pole was won by Roald Amundsen. He set sail in Nansen's vessel, the Fram, which had already done such good service in the North; and at the end of 1911 the Norwegian flag floated at the South Pole, as that of the United States had already floated at the North.

IN ANTARCTIC WINTER QUARTERS

[1908–1909]

BY SIR ERNEST H. SHACKLETON

[THE British Antarctic Expedition, led by Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, pushed on to within one hundred and eleven statute miles of the South Pole. This expedition had well profited by the experiences of its predecessors. It was provided with Manchurian ponies, an automobile specially built for journeying over the ice, an acetylene gas-plant, a printing press, a supply of books, and a store of food carefully planned to provide a thoroughly healthful nourishment in a small bulk. Indeed, so far as previous arrangements could make it, this journey was, compared with the earlier expeditions, a truly luxurious pilgrimage.

The Editor.]

THE inside of the hut was not long in being fully furnished, and a great change it was from the bare shell of our first days of occupancy. The first thing done was to peg out a space for each individual, and we saw that the best plan would be to have the space allotted in sections, allowing two persons to share one cubicle. This space for two men amounted to six feet six inches in length and seven feet in depth from the wall of the hut towards the center. There were seven of these cubicles, and a space for the leader of the expedition; thus providing for the fifteen who made up the shore-party. One of the most important parts of the interior construction was the dark-room for the photographers. We were very short of wood, so cases of bottled fruit, which

had to be kept inside the hut to prevent them freezing, were utilized for building the walls. The dark-room was constructed in the left-hand corner of the hut as one entered, and the fruit cases were turned with their lids facing out, so that the contents could be removed without demolishing the walls of the building. These cases, as they were emptied, were turned into lockers, where we stowed our spare gear, and so obtained more room in the little cubicles. The interior of the dark-room was fitted up by Mawson and the Professor. The sides and roof were lined with the felt left over after the hut was completed. Mawson made the fittings complete in every detail, with shelves, tanks, etc., and the result was as good as any one could desire in the circumstances.

On the other side of the doorway, opposite the dark-room, was my room, six feet long, seven feet deep, built of boards and roofed, the roof being seven feet above the floor. I lined the walls inside with canvas, and the bed-place was constructed of fruit boxes, which, when emptied, served, like those outside, for lockers. My room contained the bulk of our library, the chronometers, the chronometer watches, barograph, and the electric-recording thermometer; there was ample room for a table, and the whole made a most comfortable cabin. On the roof we stowed those of our scientific instruments which were not in use, such as theodolites, spare thermometers, dip circles, etc. The gradual accumulation of weight produced a distinct sag in the roof, which sometimes seemed to threaten collapse as I sat inside, but no notice was taken, and nothing happened. On the roof of the dark-room we stowed all our photographic gear and our few cases of wine, which were

only drawn upon on special occasions, such as Midwinter Day. The acetylene gas-plant was set up on a platform between my room and the dark-room. We had tried to work it from the porch, but the temperature was so low there that the water froze and the gas would not come, so we shifted it inside the hut, and had no further trouble. Four burners, including a portable standard light in my room, gave ample illumination. The simplicity and portability of the apparatus and the high efficiency of the light represented the height of luxury under polar conditions, and did much to render our sojourn more tolerable than would have been possible in earlier days. The particular form that we used was supplied by Mr. Morrison, who had been chief engineer on the Morning on her voyage to the relief of the Discovery. The only objectionable feature, due to having the generating-plant in our living-room, was the unpleasant smell given off when the carbide tanks were being recharged; but we soon got used to this, though the daily charging always drew down strong remarks on the unlucky head of Day, who had the acetylene plant especially under his charge. He did not have a hitch with it all the time. Flexible steel tubes were carried from the tank, and after being wound round the beams of the roof, served to suspend the lights at the required position.

A long ridge of wire rope was stretched from one end of the hut to the other on each side, seven feet out from the wall; then at intervals of six feet another wire was brought out from the wall of the hut, and made fast to the fore and aft wire. These lines marked the boundaries of the cubicles, and sheets of duck sewn together hung

from them, making a good division. Blankets were served out to hang in the front of the cubicle, in case the inhabitants wanted at any time to "sport their oak." As each of the cubicles had distinctive features in the furnishing and general design, especially as regards beds, it is worth while to describe them fully. This is not so trivial a matter as it may appear to some readers, for during the winter months the inside of the hut was the whole inhabited world to us. The wall of Adams's and Marshall's cubicle, which was next to my room, was fitted with shelves made out of Venesta cases, and there was so much neatness and order about this apartment that it was known by the address, "No. 1 Park Lane." In front of the shelves hung little gauze curtains, tied up with blue ribbon, and the literary tastes of the occupants could be seen at a glance from the bookshelves. In Adams's quarter the period of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic era filled most of his bookshelves, though a complete edition of Dickens came in a good second. Marshall's shelves were stocked with bottles of medicine, medical works, and some general literature. The dividing curtain of duck was adorned by Marston with life-sized colored drawings of Napoleon and Joan of Arc. Adams and Marshall did Sandow exercises daily, and their example was followed by other men later on, when the darkness and bad weather made open-air work difficult. The beds of this particular cubicle were the most comfortable in the hut, but took a little longer to rig up at night than most of the others. This disadvantage was more than compensated for by the free space gained during the day, and by permission of the owners it was used as consulting-room, dispensary,

and operating theater. The beds consisted of bamboos lashed together for extra strength, to which strips of canvas were attached, so that each bed looked like a stretcher. The wall end rested on stout cleats screwed on to the side of the hut, the other ends on chairs, and, so supported, the occupants slept soundly and comfortably.

The next cubicle on the same side was occupied by Marston and Day, and as the former was the artist and the latter the general handy man of the expedition, one naturally found an ambitious scheme of decoration. The shelves were provided with beading, and the Venesta boxes were stained brown. This idea was copied from No. 1 Park Lane, where they had stained all their walls with Condy's Fluid. Marston's and Day's cubicle was known as "The Gables," presumably from the gabled appearance of the shelves. Solid wooden beds, made out of old packing cases and upholstered with wood shavings covered with blankets, made very comfortable couches, one of which could be pushed during meal times out of the way of the chairs. The artist's curtain was painted to represent a fireplace and mantelpiece in civilization; a cheerful fire burned in the grate, and a bunch of flowers stood on the mantelpiece. The dividing curtain between it and No. 1 Park Lane, on the other side of the cubicle, did not require to be decorated, for the color of Joan of Arc, and also portions of Napoleon, had oozed through the canvas. In "The Gables" was set up the lithographic press, which was used for producing pictures for the book which was printed at our winter quarters.

The next cubicle on the same side belonged to Army-

tage and Brocklehurst. Here everything in the way of shelves and fittings was very primitive. I lived in Brocklehurst's portion of the cubicle for two months, as he was laid up in my room, and before I left it I constructed a bed of empty petrol cases. The smell from these for the first couple of nights after rigging them up was decidedly unpleasant, but it disappeared after a while. Next to Brocklehurst's and Armytage's quarters came the pantry. The division between the cubicle and the pantry consisted of a tier of cases, making a substantial wall between the food and the heads of the sleepers. The pantry, bakery, and storeroom, all combined, measured six feet by three, — not very capacious, certainly, but sufficient to work in. The far end of the hut constituted the other wall of the pantry, and was lined with shelves up to the slope of the roof. These shelves were continued along the wall behind the stove, which stood about four feet out from the end of the house, and an erection of wooden battens and burlap or sacking concealed the biological laboratory. The space taken up by this important department was four feet by four, but lack of ground area was made up for by the shelves, which contained dozens of bottles soon to be filled with Murray's biological captures.

Beyond the stove, facing the pantry, was Mackay's and Roberts's cubicle, the main feature of which was a ponderous shelf, on which rested mostly socks and other light articles, the only thing of weight being our gramophone and records. The bunks were somewhat feeble imitations of those belonging to No. 1 Park Lane, and the troubles that the owners went through before finally getting them into working order afforded the

rest of the community a good deal of amusement. I can see before me now the triumphant face of Mackay, as he called all hands round to see his design. The inhabitants of No. 1 Park Lane pointed out that the bamboo was not a rigid piece of wood, and that when Mackay's weight came on it the middle would bend and the ends would jump off the supports unless secured. Mackay undressed before a critical audience, and he got into his bag and expatiated on the comfort and luxury he was experiencing, so different from the hard boards he had been lying on for months. Roberts was anxious to try his couch, which was constructed on the same principle, and the audience were turning away when suddenly a crash was heard, followed by a strong expletive. Mackay's bed was half on the ground, one end of it resting at a most uncomfortable angle. Laughter and pointed remarks as to his capacity for making a bed were nothing to him; he tried three times that night to fix it up, but at last had to give it up for a bad job. In due time he arranged fastenings, and after that he slept in comfort.

Between this cubicle and the next there was no division, neither party troubling about the matter. The result was that four men were constantly at war regarding alleged encroachments on their ground. Priestley, who was long-suffering, and who occupied the cubicle with Murray, said he did not mind a chair or a volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" being occasionally deposited on him while he was asleep, but that he thought it was a little too strong to drop wet boots, newly arrived from the stables, on top of his belongings. Priestley and Murray had no floor-space at all in their

cubicle, as their beds were built of empty dog-biscuit boxes. A division of boxes separated the two sleeping-places, and the whole cubicle was garnished on Priestley's side with bits of rock, ice-axes, hammers, and chisels, and on Murray's with biological specimens.

Next came one of the first cubicles that had been built. Joyce and Wild occupied the "Rogues' Retreat," a painting of two very tough characters drinking beer out of pint mugs, with the inscription "*The Rogues' Retreat*" painted underneath, adorning the entrance to the den. The couches in this house were the first to be built, and those of the opposite dwelling, "The Gables," were copied from their design. The first bed had been built in Wild's storeroom, for secrecy's sake; it was to burst upon the view of every one, and to create mingled feelings of admiration and envy,—admiration for the splendid design, envy of the unparalleled luxury provided by it. However, in building it, the designer forgot the size of the doorway he had to take it through, and it had ignominiously to be sawn in half before it could be passed out of the storeroom into the hut. The printing press and type case for the polar paper occupied one corner of this cubicle.

The next and last compartment was the dwelling-place of the Professor and Mawson. It would be difficult to do justice to the picturesque confusion of this compartment; one hardly likes to call it untidy, for the things that covered the bunks by daytime could be placed nowhere else conveniently. A miscellaneous assortment of cameras, spectroscopes, thermometers, microscopes, electrometers, and the like lay in profusion on the blankets. Mawson's bed consisted of his two

boxes, in which he had stowed his scientific apparatus on the way down, and the Professor's bed was made out of kerosene cases. Everything in the way of tin cans or plug-topped, with straw wrappers belonging to the fruit bottles was collected by these two scientific men. Mawson, as a rule, put his possessions in his storeroom outside, but the Professor, not having any retreat like that, made a pile of glittering tins and colored wrappers at one end of his bunk, and the heap looked like the nest of the Australian bower bird. The straw and the tins were generally cleared away when the Professor and Priestley went in for a day's packing of geological specimens; the straw wrappers were utilized for wrapping round the rocks, and the tins were filled with paper wrapped round the more delicate geological specimens. The name given, though not by the owners, to this cubicle was "The Pawn Shop," for not only was there always a heterogeneous mass of things on the bunks, but the wall of the dark-room and the wall of the hut at this spot could not be seen for the multitude of cases ranged as shelves and filled with a varied assortment of notebooks and instruments.

In order to give as much free space as possible in the center of the hut, we had the table so arranged that it could be hoisted up over our heads after meals were over. This gave ample room for the various carpentering and engineering efforts that were constantly going on. Murray built the table out of the lids of packing-cases, and though often scrubbed, the stenciling on the cases never came out. We had no table-cloth, but this was an advantage, for a well-scrubbed table had a cleaner appearance than would be obtained with such

washing as could be done in an Antarctic laundry. The legs of the table were detachable, being after the fashion of trestles, and the whole affair, when meals were over, was slung by a rope at each end about eight feet from the floor. At first we used to put the boxes containing knives, forks, plates and bowls on top of the table before hauling it up, but after three had fallen on the unfortunate head of the person trying to get them down, we were content to keep them on the floor.

I had been very anxious as regards the stove, the most important part of the hut equipment, when I heard that after the blizzard that kept me on board the Nimrod, the temperature of the hut was below zero, and that socks put to dry in the baking-ovens came out as damp as ever the following morning. My anxiety was dispelled after the stove had been taken to pieces again, for it was found that eight important pieces of its structure had not been put in. As soon as this omission was rectified, the stove acted splendidly, and the makers deserve our thanks for the particular apparatus they picked out as suitable for us. The stove was put to a severe test, for it was kept going day and night for over nine months without once being out for more than ten minutes, when occasion required it to be cleaned. It supplied us with sufficient heat to keep the temperature of the hut sixty to seventy degrees above the outside air. Enough bread could be baked to satisfy our whole hungry party of fifteen every day; three hot meals a day were also cooked, and water melted from ice at a temperature of perhaps twenty degrees below zero in sufficient quantities to afford as much as we required for ourselves and to water the ponies twice a day; and all this work was

done on a consumption not exceeding five hundred-weight of coal per week. After testing the stove by running it on an accurately measured amount of coal for a month, we were reassured about our coal-supply being sufficient to carry us through the winter right on to sledging time.

As the winter came on and the light grew faint outside, the hut became more and more like a workshop, and it seems strange to me now, looking back to those distant days, to remember the amount of trouble and care that was taken to furnish and beautify what was only to be a temporary home. One of our many kind friends had sent us a number of pictures, which were divided between the various cubicles, and these brightened up the place wonderfully. During our first severe blizzard, the hut shook and trembled so that every moment we expected the whole thing to carry away, and there is not the slightest shadow of a doubt that if we had been located in the open, the hut and everything in it would have been torn up and blown away. Even with our sheltered position I had to lash the chronometers to the shelf in my room, for they were apt to be shaken off when the walls trembled in the gale. When the storm was over we put a stout wire cable over the hut, burying the ends in the ground and freezing them in, so as to afford additional security in case heavier weather was in store for us in the future.

NORWAY AT THE SOUTH POLE[1]

[1911]

BY ROALD AMUNDSEN

On the 1st of December we left this broken glacier, with holes and crevices without number, with its height of 9100 feet. Before us, looking in the mist and snowdrift like a frozen sea, appeared a light, sloping ice plateau filled with small hummocks.

The walk over this frozen sea was not pleasant. The ground under us was quite hollow, and it sounded as though we were walking on the bottoms of empty barrels. As it was, a man fell through, then a couple of dogs. We could not use our skis on this polished ice. Sledges had the best of it.

The place got the name the "Devil's Dancing-Room." This part of our march was the most unpleasant. On December 6 we got our greatest height, according to the hypsometer and aneroid, 10,750 feet, at 87 degrees 40 minutes south.

On December 8 we came out of the bad weather. Once again the sun smiled down upon us. Once again we could get an observation. Dead reckoning and observation were exactly alike — 88 degrees, 16 minutes, 16 seconds south.

Before us lay an absolutely plain plateau, only here

[1] From *The South Pole*, by Captain Roald Amundsen. Copyright, (U.S.A.), 1913, by Lee Keedick, New York. Reproduced by permission.

and there marked with a tiny sastrugi [a wind furrow in the snow].

In the afternoon we passed 88 degrees, 23 minutes (Shackleton's farthest south was 88 degrees, 25 minutes). We camped and established our last depot, Depot No. 10. From 88 degrees, 25 minutes, the plateau began to slope down very gently and smoothly toward the other side.

On the 9th of December we reached 88 degrees, 39 minutes; on December 10, 88 degrees, 56 minutes; December 11, 89 degrees, 15 minutes; December 12, 89 degrees, 30 minutes; December 13, 89 degrees, 45 minutes.

Up to this time the observations and dead reckoning agreed remarkably well, and we made out that we ought to be at the Pole on December 14 in the afternoon.

That day was a beautiful one — a light breeze from southeast, the temperature minus 23 Celsius (9.4 degrees below zero Fahrenheit), and the ground and sledging were perfect. The day went along as usual, and at 3 P.M. we made a halt.

According to our reckoning we had reached our destination. All of us gathered around the colors — a beautiful silk flag — all hands taking hold of it and planting it.

The vast plateau on which the Pole is standing got the name of the "King Haakon VII Plateau." It is a vast plain, alike in all directions; mile after mile during the night we circled around the camp.

In the fine weather we spent the following day taking a series of observations from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M. The result gave us 89 degrees 55 minutes.

In order to observe the Pole as close as possible, we traveled, as near south as possible, the remaining 9 kilometers.

On December 16 there we camped. It was an excellent opportunity. There was a brilliant sun. Four of us took observations every hour of the day's twenty-four hours. The exact result will be the matter of a professional private report.

This much is certain — that we observed the Pole as close as it is in human power to do it with the instruments we had — a sextant and an artificial horizon.

AT THE SOUTH POLE

AT THE SOUTH POLE

The Norwegian explorer, Roald Amundsen, was educated for a physician, but gave up medicine for the sea. His record as a discoverer includes the determination of the position of the magnetic pole, the achievement of the Northwest Passage, and the discovery of the South Pole. On his latest voyage, he planned to go to the North Pole, but while lying in Funchal Harbor, suddenly proposed to his men that they go to the South Pole instead. They agreed with enthusiasm. The following is his own account of the planting of his country's flag in the frozen South: —

"We proceeded to the greatest and most solemn act of the whole journey — the planting of our flag. Pride and affection shone in the five pairs of eyes that gazed upon the flag, as it unfurled itself with a sharp crack, and waved over the Pole. I had determined that the act of planting it — the historic event — should be equally divided among us all. It was not for one man to do this; it was for *all* who had staked their lives in the struggle, and held together through thick and thin. This was the only way in which I could show my gratitude to my comrades in this desolate spot. I could see that they understood and accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered. Five weather-beaten, frost-bitten fists they were that grasped the pole, raised the waving flag in the air, and planted it as the first at the geographical South Pole. 'Thus we plant thee, beloved flag, at the South Pole, and give to the plain on which it lies the name of King Haakon VII's Plateau.' That moment will certainly be remembered by all of us who stood there."

In this picture the Norwegian flag is shown planted at the Pole, while beside it stands Oscar Wisting, a member of Amundsen's party, with his team of dogs harnessed to a loaded sled.

From "The South Pole" by Captain Roald Amundsen. Copyright 1913 by Lee Keedick, New York. Reproduced by permission

THE RIVALS IN THE ANTARCTIC

[1911]

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

ROALD AMUNDSEN planted the Norwegian flag at the South Pole on December 14 last [1911], at three o'clock in the afternoon, upon a vast plateau stretching away in every direction without a break in the monotony of its flat surface. The temperature was 9.4 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). In considering this comparatively high temperature, we must remember that the date was only a week before midsummer.

Captain Amundsen knows nothing of the whereabouts of Captain Scott, the commander of the rival expedition. England has not abandoned the hope that her flag was planted first at "the Pole," — for the exact location of this geographical point cannot, of course, be determined absolutely by means of a sextant and artificial horizon, such as Amundsen carried, and there would be room for two flags to wave, so far apart as to be invisible each from the other, yet each approximating to the site of the Pole. However, the appearances are that Captain Amundsen has won the race.

The lowest temperature recorded was 76° below zero, on the Fahrenheit scale. Only two blizzards were encountered in place of the violent hurricanes which had been expected. A new range of mountains was found.

Ever since the news arrived, a year ago, that Scott

and Amundsen had met at the edge of the great ice-barrier which surrounds the southern polar regions, the world had been awaiting news of the expeditions. The conquest of the North Pole had stimulated the interest of the world, and the successful outcome of this attempt to reach the southernmost point of the globe was believed to be inevitable.

Never before had representatives of so many nations striven against one another for such a prize. Five expeditions were in the field: an English, a Norwegian, an Australian, a German, and a Japanese. But of these five only the English and the Norwegian were believed to have any chance of success. The Australians, under the command of Dr. Mawson, sailed with a small ship, the Aurora, in November, 1910. The German expedition, headed by Lieutenant William Filchner, left Buenos Ayres on board the Deutschland on October 5, 1911. The Japanese, commanded by Lieutenant Shirase, sailed on November 20 last, from Sydney, and although poorly equipped are believed to have pressed on toward their destination.

At the outset only the expedition of Captain Scott was thought to have a chance of attaining the South Pole. Amundsen's plans originally were to attempt to reach the North Pole, and he had sailed with that purpose. But one hot night, while the Fram — Nansen's old ship, which they had adopted — was lying in Funchal Harbor, Madeira, Amundsen proposed that they should alter their quest and sail toward the extreme opposite end of the world. The crew accepted his proposition with enthusiasm, and Scott found that he had a formidable rival — one, moreover, who had six months'

advantage of him and seemed likely to anticipate him in planting his nation's flag at the South Pole.

But Amundsen's expedition was much less suitably equipped than his chief rival's. His main reliance was upon the hundred Eskimo dogs that he took to draw the sledges. His crew of nineteen men, moreover, had for the most part participated in journeys over the Arctic ice-packs. On February 4 of last year, Scott found Amundsen in the Bay of Whales, at the edge of the Antarctic ice-barrier, about seven hundred miles from the Pole; since then, until his arrival at Hobart, no news of him was received.

The expedition of Captain Scott was far better equipped than that of his rival. The British Government contributed the sum of $100,000, and an equal amount was raised by public subscription. It was Scott's intention to profit by the experiences of Lieutenant Shackleton, who had come to within ninety-seven miles of the Pole a year or so before, and to follow the same course that his predecessor had taken. On June 1, 1910, he sailed from London in the Terra Nova, a Dundee whaler, twenty-eight years old, but refitted and remodeled, with sixty men and a supply of stores sufficient for three years. Much of Sir Ernest Shackleton's equipment had been copied and some had been improved. Despite the failure of Shackleton to profit by his motor sleigh, Scott took with him two such sledges, upon which he was placing much reliance. One of these was lost in the landing at McMurdo Sound in January, 1911, according to the news brought back at that time. He still had the other, however, a motor with driving-wheels composed of hickory and steel and

sledge-runners for the front. Like Shackleton, he took Manchurian ponies, believing they could be depended upon better than dogs. Dogs, however, were to be used as well. The motor sled, when subjected to severe tests in Norway, had proved itself capable of covering from two to three and a half miles an hour. It was to be the main feature of the transportation plans of the Scott expedition.

Scott's plan was to enter Ross Sea and sail to McMurdo Sound on the shore of Victoria Land, landing there and marching across the ice-barrier, toward the Pole. The ice-barrier extends between Victoria Land and King Edward VII Land for a distance of about two hundred miles. This crossed, there would be a toilsome ascent up what Shackleton called the Great Glacier, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, after which would come the journey across the summit of the south polar continent at an altitude of ten thousand feet, until the Pole was reached.

Like Shackleton, Scott planned to divide his party. One body, consisting of Lieutenant Campbell and five men, was to be sent east to attempt a landing on King Edward VII Land, forming the eastern shore of Ross Sea. While this land was discovered years ago, nobody had ever been able to step foot on it because of the ice surrounding it. As a matter of fact, subsequent reports brought back by the Terra Nova last year showed that this party had failed in accomplishing its object on account of the ice and had shifted the scene of exploration to Victoria Land.

The main party was to be led by Scott himself and was to consist of at least sixteen men, and possibly more

at the start. Following the example of Peary and other explorers, however, some of these men would be sent back from time to time as the journey progressed, until a few would make the final dash for the Pole.

At the Pole Scott intended to plant the two flags which had been presented to him just before he started by Queen Alexandra. They were two Union Jacks. The larger one was to be hoisted at the Pole, if reached, and then brought back and presented to her. The other flag, made of stronger texture, it was planned to leave flying as a permanent record.

The Antarctic has not been the scene of so much exploration as have the Arctic regions. Among the earlier names linked with the discovery of the southern continent are those of the American Wilkes — whose discovery of Wilkes Land was disputed for many years — and the Englishman, James Clark Ross. It was the latter who, after making his way through the pack-ice with two sailing-vessels, the Erebus and the Terror, in 1842, came across the great ice-barrier, one hundred feet in height, which for nearly fifty years was believed to be insurmountable. It was not until 1900 that Carsten Borchgrevink, a Norwegian, found an opening in the huge wall of ice and entered it. He then discovered that a wide expanse of land, over which travel was plainly possible, lay behind it. Captain Scott, following him, succeeded in penetrating McMurdo Strait. In 1908 Shackleton reached a latitude of 88° 23′, and would have reached the Pole but for the loss of a pony laden with supplies. Shackleton found that the land was the most desolate in the world, containing no animal life except a single species of flea.

Roald Amundsen, the conqueror of the Pole, is about forty years of age. He is a graduate of the University of Christiania, but, after taking his doctor's degree, he abandoned medicine to follow the sea as his forebears had done for generations. In 1903, he effected the conquest of the Northwest Passage in a little sloop called the Gjöa, manned by seven men — a feat which had been attempted vainly by many since Franklin's voyage, and had involved the loss of many ships and men.

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST MESSAGE

[1910]

BY ROBERT F. SCOTT

[CAPTAIN SCOTT, in command of the British South Polar Expedition, succeeded in reaching his goal on January 18, 1912. On his return, weakened by need of food, he was overtaken by a blizzard only eleven miles from the camp where fuel and provisions had been deposited. The following message was written by him shortly before his death, and was found by the relief expedition some months later.

The Editor.]

THE causes of this disaster are not due to faulty organization, but to misfortune in all the risks that had to be undertaken. One, the loss of pony transport in March, 1911, obliged me to start later than I had intended, and obliged the limits of stuff transported to be narrowed. The weather throughout the outward journey, and especially the long gale in 83 degrees south, stopped us. The soft snow in the lower reaches of the glacier again reduced the pace.

We fought these untoward events with will and conquered, but it ate into our provisions reserve. Every detail of our food supplies, clothing, and depots made on the interior ice-sheet and on that long stretch of seven hundred miles to the Pole and back worked out to perfection. The advance party would have returned to the glacier in fine form and with a surplus of food but for the astonishing failure of the man whom we had least expected to fail. Seaman Evans was thought to be the

strongest man of the party, and Beardmore Glacier is not difficult in fine weather. But on our return we did not get a single completely fine day. This, with a sick companion, enormously increased our anxieties. I have said elsewhere that we got into frightfully rough ice, and Edgar Evans received a concussion of the brain. He died a natural death, but left us a shaken party, with the season unduly advanced.

But all the facts above enumerated were as nothing to the surprise which awaited us at the Barrier. I maintain that our arrangements for returning were quite adequate, and that no one in the world would have done better in the weather which we encountered at this time of the year. On the summit, in latitude 82 degrees to 86 degrees, we had minus twenty to minus thirty. On the Barrier, in latitude 82 degrees, ten thousand feet lower, we had minus thirty in the day and minus forty-seven at night pretty regularly, with a continuous head-wind during our day marches.

These circumstances came on very suddenly, and our wreck is certainly due to this sudden advent of severe weather, which does not seem to have any satisfactory cause.

I do not think human beings ever came through such a month as we have come through, and we should have got through in spite of the weather but for the sickening of a second companion, Captain Oates, and a shortage of fuel in our depots, for which I cannot account, and, finally, but for the storm which had fallen on us within eleven miles of the depot at which we hoped to secure the final supplies. Surely misfortune could scarcely have exceeded this last blow!

CAPTAIN SCOTT'S LAST MESSAGE

We arrived within eleven miles of our old One Ton camp with fuel for one hot meal and food for two days. For four days we have been unable to leave the tent, the gale blowing about us. We are weak.

Writing is difficult, but for my own sake I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We took risks. We knew we took them. Things have come out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the last.

But if we have been willing to give our lives to this enterprise, which is for the honor of our country, I appeal to our countrymen to see that those who depend on us are properly cared for. Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance, and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman.

These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale. But surely, surely, a great rich country like ours will see that those who are dependent on us are properly provided for.

(Signed) R. Scott.

March 25, 1912.

END OF VOLUME VIII

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A